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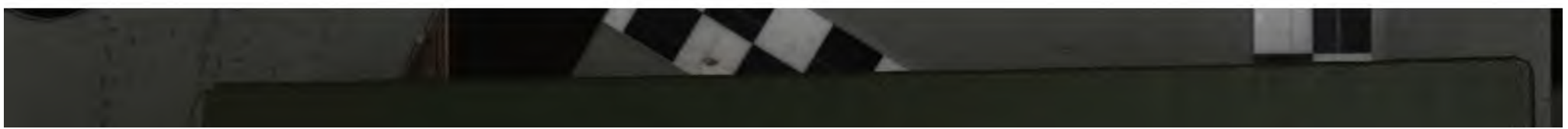

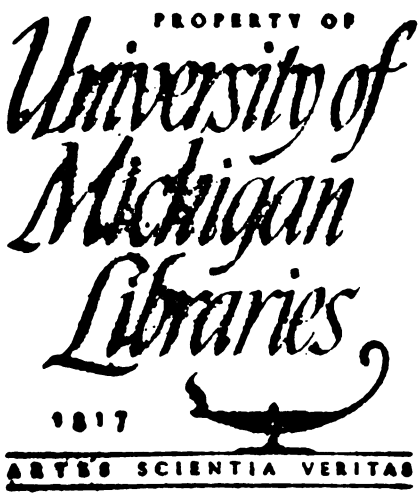
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The Life and Works of Alfred (Lord) Tennyson

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

VOLUME IV

Study Window, Aldworth.

from a drawing by W. Biscombe Gardner.

Alfred Lord Tennyson

A Memoir

By HIS SON

I have fought my fight, and clear which I have seen
May He within Himself make pure!

VOLUME IV

LONDON
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1899

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Alfred Lord Tennyson

A Memoir

By HIS SON

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure!

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CHAPTER I

SPEDDING'S DEATH. "THE PROMISE OF MAY." GLADSTONE.

1881-1883

AT the beginning of 1881 we were again in London. My father sat to Millais for his portrait, now in Mr. Knowles' possession, and Mrs. Andrew Hichens generally drove him to his sittings. She says that she remembers what numberless stories, suggested by any passing sight in the streets, he would tell her.

An interesting discussion took place one evening after dinner between Mr. Gladstone, Froude, Tyndall and my father on historical belief in the immortality of the soul. My father and Gladstone spoke strongly on the side of belief. The latter ended the discussion by saying: "Let the scientific men stick to their science, and leave philosophy and religion to the poets, philosophers and theologians."

My father's letters were at this period gener-

ally of the shortest, as for instance this which he wrote to Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales, in May 1881 :

I always feel with the Empire, and I read with great interest of these first steps in Federation.

Go on, and prosper in the good work, and with many thanks for the Blue Book,

I am yours very truly,

A. TENNYSON.

And this which he sent to Roden Noel :

"I congratulate you on your new volume, and trust that it will fight the good fight against materialism successfully."

And this to an unknown correspondent :

"I thank you for your poem 'To the Dead Premier.'

The feeling of American brotherhood which it bespeaks cannot but be welcome to an Englishman.

Thank you also for your courteous words to myself."

In this year Spedding, one of my father's oldest and most intimate friends, died in St. George's Hospital, having been run over by a cab in Hill Street. His loss was deeply mourned by my father.

Edward FitzGerald wrote :

Laurence has written me some account of his visit to St. George's : J. S. all patience, only somewhat wishful to be at home; somewhat weary with lying without book or even watch for company. What a man ! as in life so in death, "which," as Montaigne says, "proves what is at the bottom of the vessel." I had not seen him for more than 20 years, and should never have seen him again unless in the street, where cabs were crossing ! He did not *want* to see me, he wanted nothing I think, but I was always thinking of him and should have done till my own life's end. I know I only wrote to him about twice a year : he only cared to answer when one put some definite question to him, and I had usually as little to ask as to tell. I was thinking that, but for the cab, I might even now be asking him what I was to think of his cousin Froude's *Carlyle Reminiscences*. I see but one quotation in the book, which is "of the days that are no more," which clung to him when his sorrow came, as it will to many and many who will come after him.

I certainly hope that some pious and judicious hand will gather and choose from our dear Spedding's letters : no fear of indelicate personality with *him*, you know : and many things which all the world would be the wiser and better for. Archdeacon Allen sent me the other day a letter about Darwin's Philosophy, so wise and so true, so far as I could judge, only, though written off, unfit to go as it was into print, and do all the world good. Will not Master Alfred say something on this score ? Why it would be a good work for Hallam, a pious work.

It was fine too of Carlyle ordering to be laid among his own homely kindred in the village of his birth

without questions of Westminster Abbey. So think I, at least: and dear James Spedding at Mirehouse, where your husband and I stayed, very near upon 50 years ago, in 1835 it was, in the month of May, when the daffodils were out in a field before the house and I see them, though not in such force, owing to cold winds, before my window now. Does A. T. remember them? And what J. S. persisted in calling "gale" which grew by the lake? No other answer could be got in spite of demand for extra definition. "If not *gale* I don't know what it is."

Matthew is in his grave, but now methinks I see him stand as at that moment

In the days that are no more.

Tell Alfred that, since this happened, I have turn'd to him "for Auld Lang Syne," and did not write to any of the Spedding party, whom I scarce ever saw, because I thought they would have enough of nearer and dearer friends to write to. I should still wish them to know, if they know of my existence, that I had a report every day from Mowbray Donne, who lives near them.

Here is a long letter, dear Mrs. Tennyson, which you will like well enough. You give me no address with your letter.

Mr. Norman Lockyer wrote as to a red rainbow my father had seen at Aldworth opposite the sunset:

I have been much interested by Macmillan's account of the red rainbow which you saw. It is I think the first I have heard of, and I hope you will send us a note to *Nature* on the subject, as it gives a fresh interest to sunrise and sunset phenomena.

In November his poem of "Despair" was published in the *Nineteenth Century*. Much bitter criticism followed, since the public did not recognize it as a "dramatic monologue." Miss Gladstone (Mrs. Harry Drew) had suggested the subject in a short paragraph she sent my father, which he somewhat altered, and put as the heading of his poet's protest against the denial of these two great truths of his faith which were to him the life of life.

"A man and his wife having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come, and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning."

1882

When we were at 86 Eaton Square in February, "Hands all round," written in 1852, and recast by request of Sir Frederic Young into a patriotic song for the Empire, was published with my mother's setting,[1] and sung throughout Great Britain and the Colonies on the Queen's birthday.

Sir Alfred Lyall writes about the reception of the song in India:

I think I should write a line to tell you that your song of "Hands all round," part of which you repeated to me one day last spring when I had the pleasure of walking with you across Blackdown, was sung in chorus,

[1] Arranged by Professor Stanford.

and very well sung, on the Queen's birthday here. We had collected all the English folk for a ball, and the song was new to by far the greater part of them: it interested all very much.

India is just now, so far as one can see, quiet throughout its length and breadth; and when the country is quiet it is apt to be dull, except to those for whom it finds incessant work. Of course the Mahommedans, of whom we have between thirty and forty millions, are watching very closely our proceedings in Egypt, and are not easily disabused of the idea that we intend to seize the country and to upset another Mahommedan dynasty. But I hope we shall rapidly and successfully clear away the complications that have been gathering there; it does not suit us to be constantly fighting against Mahommedans; and, however plainly we may prove that our expeditions are just and necessary, the Asiatic persists in believing us still to be a fierce, unscrupulous, earth-conquering race.

Nainee Tal, where I now am, is a very picturesque little settlement in the Himalayas; my house looks down on a fine mountain lake; and beyond, the level plains stretch far away. I may take this occasion of expressing the pleasure that my good fortune in meeting you at home gave me. I fear it may be some years before I see England again.

The Executive Committee of the "Good Templars" were offended because "First drink a health" was the opening line of the poem. I had to answer a letter of remonstrance in these terms:

"My father begs to thank the Committee of the Executive of the Grand Lodge of England

Good Templars for their resolution. No one honours more highly the good work done by them than my father. I must, however, ask you to remember that the common cup has in all ages been the sacred symbol of unity, and that my father only used the word 'drink' in reference to this symbol."

Further, I might have mentioned that my father had supported a movement for the closing of public-houses on Sunday throughout the Isle of Wight.

On Aug. 9th my father and I started for Dovedale. From Ashbourne we drove through wide-sweeping valleys to Ilam, and stayed in the "Izaak Walton" at the entrance of Dovedale.

Ilam is a "land of streams," and round the hotel were the greenest of meadows. We walked up by the Dove, through a richly-wooded glen with gray pinnacles of limestone here and there. The vivid green of the ash trees, the islands of meadow-sweet, willow-herb and harebell, and the rippling stream itself, enchanted my father. We lunched at the Doveholes, about which were circling innumerable martins. We then sauntered down the stream, and he smoked a lonely pipe near where the Dove rushes round beech-boles into the Manifold. He always kept up the habit of smoking a solitary pipe when he came to a place which he particularly liked. "I want my pipe alone for ten minutes," he would say.

Aug. 10*th*. Went by the Manifold, gliding under witch-elms, to Ilam Hall. This valley is Johnson's "Happy Valley." In the afternoon we strolled up

Dovedale again. My father said, "The Dove is various in its dales, like a great genius. Does not this particular Dovedale remind you of 'lætantia loca aquarum'?" He quoted an unpublished line of his on a Norway torrent,

Storming and streaming through its wooded isles.

Aug. 11th. Drove over broad backs of downs, strewn with villages, to Hartington, walked to Hall Dale and beautiful Beresford Dale—fine piles of rock there with trees and rich green-sward. Mill Dale a contrast—sinuous, spacious and bare.

After another day we returned, and his verdict was that Dovedale was one of the most unique and delicious places in England.

"The Promise of May"

In October Mrs. Bernard Beere resolved to act "The Promise of May" at The Globe, after having heard my father read it at Aldworth. She wrote thus:

October 7th, 1882.

Even at the risk of troubling you, I must write to thank you for letting us have the immense advantage of hearing you read your play. The comedy-touches alone, as you read them, ought to make the success of the piece. I am particularly fascinated by Dora's speech in the 3rd Act, when left alone after paying her people. I hope to be able to interpret it in a way that would please you.

Previously Mr. and Mrs. Kendal had read the play, and Mr. Kendal had written as follows:

It is full of dramatic incident and character, but it appears to me, if I may be allowed to say so, that the dramatic incident and character are so *strong*, the whole requires to be very much more fully developed! When next we meet I can better explain myself.

In November "The Promise of May" was produced. I am bound to say that my father had written it, somewhat unwillingly, at the importunate entreaty of a friend who had urged him to try his hand on a modern village tragedy.

The unlucky piece ran for five weeks, but received very rough treatment on the first night, owing to the advertisements having announced that it was an attack on Socialism, and to the fact that it had been imperfectly edited for the stage. The public had mistaken the purpose of the author. The temper of the house was shown even before the performance began, for the pit doors were broken. One of the most popular playwrights of the day said, "If I had had that play for twenty minutes, I could have made it one of the successes of the season. The hero is unconventional; he is a thinker and is consequently not understood." This is probably a true criticism. The dialect scenes and the songs, and especially "The last load home," were very effective.

In the middle of one of the performances

Lord Queensberry rose, and in the name of Free Thought protested against "Mr. Tennyson's abominable caricature."

I subjoin the analysis of the hero's character by my brother, as it best gives my father's conception.

Edgar is not, as the critics will have it, a freethinker, drawn into crime by his Communistic theories; Edgar is not even an honest Radical, nor a sincere follower of Schopenhauer; he is nothing thorough and nothing sincere. He has no conscience until he is brought face to face with the consequences of his crime, and in the awakening of that conscience the poet has manifested his fullest and subtlest strength. At our first introduction to Edgar, we see him perplexed with the haunting of a pleasure that has sated him. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die" has been his motto; but we can detect that his appetite for all pleasure has begun to pall. He repeats wearily the formulæ of a philosophy which he has followed because it suits his mode of life. He plays with these formulæ, but they do not satisfy him. So long as he had on him the zest of libertinism he did not, in all probability, trouble himself with philosophy. But now his selfishness compels him to take a step of which he feels the wickedness and repugnancy. He must endeavour to justify himself to himself. The companionship of the girl he has betrayed no longer gives him pleasure; he hates her tears because they remind him of himself—his proper self. He abandons her with a pretence of satisfaction; but the philosophical formulæ he repeats no more satisfy him than they satisfy the poor girl whom he deserts. Her innocence has not, however,

been wantonly sacrificed by the dramatist. She has sown the seed of repentance in her seducer, though the fruit is slow in ripening. Years after he returns, like the ghost of a murderer to the scene of his crime. He feels remorse. He is ashamed of it; he battles against it; he hurls the old formulæ at it; he acts the cynic more thoroughly than ever. But he is changed. He feels a desire to "make amends." Yet that desire is still only a form of selfishness. He has abandoned the "Utopian Idiocy" of Communism. Perhaps, as he says, with a self-mockery that makes the character so individual and remarkable, "because he has inherited estates." His position of gentleman is forced on his notice; he would qualify himself for it, selfishly and without doing excessive penance. To marry the surviving sister and rescue the old father from ruin would be a meritorious act. He sets himself to perform it. At first everything goes well for him; the old weapons of fascination, that had worked the younger sister's ruin, now conquer the heart of the elder. He is comfortable in his scheme of reparation, and lays that flattering "unction to his soul."

Suddenly, however, the girl whom he has betrayed, and whom he thought dead, returns; she hears him repeating to another the words of love she herself had heard from him and believed. "Edgar!" she cries, and staggers forth from her concealment, as she forgives him with her last breath.

Then, and not till then, the true soul of the man rushes to his lips; he recognizes his wickedness, he knows the blankness of his life. That is his punishment.

He feels then, and will always feel, aspirations after good which he can never or only imperfectly fulfil. The position of independence, on which he prided

himself, is wrested from him, he is humiliated. The instrument of his selfish repentance turns on him with a forgiveness that annihilates him; the bluff and honest farmer whom he despises triumphs over him, not with the brute force of an avenging hand, but with the pre-eminence of superior morality. Edgar quits the scene, never again, we can believe, to renew his libertine existence, but to expiate with lifelong contrition the monstrous wickedness of the past.

In the midst of the storm among the Free-thinkers my father answered one of the many correspondents who admired the play:

"I am grateful for your letter. I had received others to the same purport.

I had a feeling that I would at least strive (in my plays) to bring the true drama of character and life back again. I gave them one leaf out of the great book of truth and nature."

Mr. Gladstone wrote to Mrs. Lionel Tennyson:

Nov. 13th, 1882.

Like the Corinthians in religion, a London gallery requires to be fed with milk rather than strong meat, or the strong meat must be greatly boiled down. My own profession, and art, if I may call it so, teaches me a lesson. We are obliged to throw aside all idea of abstract excellence or beauty, take the audience for our standard, and deliberately work by it for immediate results. There is nothing, so far as my experience goes, which the great divinity we thus worship more resents, than an attempt to speak above his head. Most of all would this be the case if our subject seemed to promise

that everything should be absolutely on his level. Among the higher order of makers, who are called makers by preference, Shakespeare as an actor had that felicity that he had the stage as it were for his starting point, and was fastened to it by necessity, while on the other side he was able to bring down to it unimpaired, in most things, his marvellous inspirations. Homer was happier still in singing to a people who, without anything conventional either to guide or fetter them, seem to have had given them in their pure infancy a truly perfect gift of appreciation.

This whole question of the theatrical "gods" and their inexorable and irresponsible proceedings, is a most curious one, and suggestive of many things. Every human being should find lessons in every turn of accident; in this case, however, it seems that the author's bigness has prevented him from pressing through the little wicket which a smaller man would have entered without difficulty and which was the appointed road to acceptance in the gallery.

Through Lowell the Pennsylvanians asked for a poem on Penn, which my father felt himself at that time unable to write, although he had a great love for Penn:

10 LOWNDES SQUARE,
Nov. 7th, 1882.

MY DEAR TENNYSON,

I enclose the note of our Quaker friends and hope you will say yes to them if you can. Perhaps a few verses are harder to do than a good many.

At any rate, you can do them if anybody can, and a few will answer.

I think it pretty that they should recognize you as the laureate of the Tongue and not only of the Nation.

I send also a small tribute of baccy. I can't see that it does you any harm if I may judge by your latter harvest.

Very sincerely yours,
J. R. LOWELL.

To the Pennsylvanians

86 EATON SQUARE, S.W.

MY FRIENDS,

I would have written ere this to thank you for the honour you have done me, in asking me to write a few verses on the 200th anniversary of the founding of Pennsylvania, but I have had the gout in my right hand and writing was impossible, and just now it seems to me that a verse upon anything is beyond my power; but does that matter much while you have your noble old Longfellow among you and other poets, who might be more likely than myself to give you something which would not fall below the subject? I do not say that I will not make the attempt, but I cannot promise you anything, except that I will be with you in spirit on the 8th of November [1883], and rejoice with your rejoicing; for, since I have been ill, I have read the life of your noble countryman, and mine, William Penn, and find him no "comet of a season," but the fixt light of a dark and grace-

less age, shining on into the present, not only great but good, καλὸς κἀγαθός as the Athenians said of their best.

Believe me most faithfully yours,

A. TENNYSON.

Letters from Edward FitzGerald to Hallam Tennyson

Nov. 30th, 1882.

Thank you very much for your letter. I know that you have plenty to do in that way: but I will look to you for a few lines of reply to my half-yearly enquiries. I expect no more; and you will not have to write what little I ask for many years to come.

I used to require the same from Carlyle's niece when he grew unable to write, and, latterly, to dictate for himself. Now he is gone, I wrote about a fortnight ago for a word about herself: for she had always been very kind in answering me before. In her reply it "came into her head," she says, to tell me how she happened to see our Spedding about half-an-hour before you know what, walking briskly toward Piccadilly, looking cold, and wearing a cape such as her uncle used. When you speak of having lately returned from Newstead, and Sherwood (whither you had gone to gather local colour for "The Foresters"), I suppose you mean *before* the leaves had fallen from the trees; or were you content with the gnarled trunks? The gale of a month ago (which blew down four of my few trees) play'd the deuce even with the foliage of the oak which generally hangs on for months longer: but it may not have been in merry Sherwood as hereabout.

And you did not go to old Lincolnshire? Aldis Wright, who went on Bursar business to Horncastle, went also to Somersby, not on business, and sent me a large photo of the Rectory, but it looked to me new and hard: not half so good in my eyes as the feeble lithograph which your father (I suppose) gave me years ago.

I think he must have been good-humouredly amused at Lord Selborne's adjudicating the palm between me and Mr. Morshead (in our translations of *Agamemnon*). I did not know he had that great work to lend: till I remembered my poor Donne writing me something about it. I say "my poor Donne" because he is now in a very helpless state of mind and body; so much so that he scarce seems conscious of any but his own family's society (so Mrs. Kemble writes me), otherwise I should go up to see him. Thompson, Trinity's Master, is also in a very feeble state of *body*. All this is rather for your father than for you: and not very cheerful matter either for him or me.

But tell him (*à propos* of the Greek) that, when I saw his version of your "Battle of Brunanburh," I said to myself, and afterwards to others, "There's the way to render Æschylus' Chorus at last!" unless indeed it might overpower *any* blank verse dialogue. When I said in my printed word of apology, that such a work was for a *poet* to do, I was not thinking of Mr. Browning. But the poet must follow his own will and genius.

Annie Thackeray's paper on Mrs. Barbauld is very pretty, as also her book on Sévigné, but of the latter she gives little more than *one* side as probably best suited to the purpose of her book. How can she say, however, that there is more of the laughable than of the humorous in those letters?

Well, you have had enough of mine at any rate. I need not say that I am right glad that your father is well, and your mother fairly so. You are I take for granted "all right" as the fashion is now to say. Of myself I need not complain, though not quite, as Sévigné somewhere says, so well that "I cannot think what God means to do with me."

I am yours sincerely,
The Laird of Littlegrange.

WOODBRIDGE, 1882.

MY DEAR HALLAM,

I believe I ought to be ashamed of reviving the little thing [*Euphranor*] which accompanies this letter. My excuse must be that I have often been asked for a copy when I had no more to give; and a visit to Cambridge last summer, to the old familiar places, if not faces, made me take it up once more and turn it into what you now see. I should certainly not send a copy to you or yours but for what relates to your father in it. He did not object so far as I know to what I said of him, though not by name, in a former edition; but there is more of him in this, though still not by name, nor, as you see, intended for publication. All of this you can read to him if you please at pp. 25 and 56. I do not ask him to say that he approves of what is said or meant to be said in his honour, and I only ask you to tell me if he disapproves of it going any further. I owed you a letter in return for the kind one you sent me, and *if I do not hear from you to the contrary*, I shall take silence, if not for consent, at least for publication. I really did and do wish my first, which is also my last, little work to record, for a few years at least, my love and admiration of that dear old fellow, my old friend.

Ah, if you all of you were living out of the reach of many guests, at Locksley Hall even, I might answer your kind invitations in person. I tell my dear old Frederick that, if ever I cross the seas again, it will be to visit him, but I am not the less grateful to you and yours for your thought of me, being ever yours and theirs.

E. F. G.

1883

In April 1883 my father and I stayed with Dr. Bradley at the Deanery, Westminster, where, when in London, in the later years of his life he oftenest liked to be.

On this occasion Archdeacon Farrar asked him to write an epitaph on Caxton for the painted window in St. Margaret's, placed there by the printers of London to his memory. He willingly complied with the Archdeacon's request, and wrote the lines:

Thy prayer was "Light—more Light—while
Time shall last!"
Thou sawest a glory growing on the night,
But not the shadows which that light would
cast,
Till shadows vanish in the Light of Light.

With the exception of that on Sir John Franklin in Westminster Abbey, he thought this the best of his epitaphs.

1883 TALK WITH GLADSTONE

One evening Mr. Gladstone came to the Deanery to meet my father. Among other subjects they talked of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone told us that he felt irritated, having been badgered to death by Irish obstruction.

Then he related this story. "Some Irish labourers from South Ireland had walked up to the North of Ireland, and crossed to the northern English counties to cut the 'Sassenach's wheat,' and a Yorkshire farmer had lent them a barn where they might sleep, and next season, when they came north, they carried on their shoulders by turns a keg of whiskey as a present to the farmer." Whereupon my father observed that he feared that the Irish people were seldom grateful to England: adding however that, when he was in Ireland during the great famine year, he had one day watched an English ship, laden with corn, sail into an Irish harbour, and a peasant had said to him, "There, your honour, there's England like a good sister doing what she can to save Ireland."

The Dean, I think, interposed: "I hear one of the Phœnix Park murderers has been let off today." Mr. Gladstone became much excited and raising his voice very loud exclaimed, "What! is it possible?"

It turned out to be the driver of the car which had carried the murderers.

The Prime Minister had softened about

Parnell. In Downing Street, a year or two before, he had denounced him to us as if he were the leader of a great revolution and the real cause of the implacability of Ireland; but Parnell's offer to resign his seat in the House of Commons, after the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, had evidently impressed Mr. Gladstone as most unselfish, and he now felt generously towards him. Throughout Lady Frederick Cavendish had behaved nobly. When she saw Gladstone just after the tragedy she spoke of her husband: "Uncle William," she said, "you did right to send him."

On another evening my father went to *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Lyceum.

He liked the acting of "Beatrice" best in the later scenes; but thought that Ellen Terry ought to have been more of 'the great lady' in her playing of the part. He spoke highly of the trouble which Irving had taken; but he still considered Irving's best Shakespearian study was Richard III., especially in his witty and sardonic moments.

The next morning we wandered about the Abbey for a long time. We climbed up to the chantry, and, while the organ and voices of the choristers were sounding through the cathedral, my father suddenly said: "It is beautiful, but what empty and awful mockery if there were no God!"

1883 FITZGERALD'S LAST LETTER

This year his old and valued friend FitzGerald died, and my father wrote of him :

Gone into darkness, that full light
Of friendship ! past, in sleep, away
By night, into the deeper night !
The deeper night ? A clearer day
Than our poor twilight dawn on earth—
If night, what barren toil to be !
What life, so maim'd by night, were worth
Our living out ? Not mine to me
Remembering all the golden hours
Now silent, and so many dead,
And him the last.

Fitz's last letter had been as humorous and full of warm friendship as ever.

From Edward FitzGerald to Hallam Tennyson

April 19th, 1883.

My DEAR HALLAM,

It is now some six months since I heard of you all, from Annie Ritchie, I think. So be a good boy and write me just enough to tell me how it fares with mother, and father, all your party.

Of myself I will tell you that I got through what should have been winter well enough ; yes, and even through the March that was winter ; but, since sun and wind (east wind) combined, I have been somewhat croaky again.

By the way, do you understand by Lady Macbeth's

raven the bird himself, or (as I had always supposed) the messenger who had but breath to deliver his message, as Aldis Wright interprets? and *may* old Hamlet's (does papa remember my "Gimlet Prince of Dunkirk"?) "eternal Blazon" mean not so much of the *Eternal* as of the *Infernal* world, as Wright thinks *possible* from the use of the word in other places by "Williams," "the divine Villiams," as in the case of Fags, an "eternal" willain. I fear I had never even thought of the word but as meaning "*long-winded*," which however I do not propose to the commentators.

This, among other things, Wright and I talked about when he was with me here at Easter, which reminds me of a *crow* (not a *raven*) I have to pick with your father. For Wright had heard from some one that he, the Laureate, had added to his wreath one of the very grandest lines in all blank verse,

"A Mister Wilkinson, a clergyman"—

of which I was the author while speaking of my brother-in-law, but which the paltry poet took up as it fell from my inspired lips and has adopted for his own.

You see that bronchitis, ever flourishing his dart over me, fails to make me graver, that is at least while referring to my dear old comrade, whom I should call "master," and with whom (in spite, perhaps *because*, of his being rather a "gloomy" soul sometimes, as Carlyle wrote to Emerson) I always did talk more nonsense than to any one, I believe. Pray heaven I may not be trifling unseasonably with him now, that is, when he or his may not be in the proper mood for it. Write me word of this, dear Hallam, and believe me in sober earnest,

Yours and all yours as ever at 75,

E. FITZGERALD.

At this time the following letter was sent by my father to a working man who asked whether he should adopt poetry as a profession :

"I write in compliance with your request, tho' I fear that I can say little to comfort you. Believe me, however, that I am grieved for your loneliness and your sorrow.

Let me hope that you, having, as I think, found the God of Love, will feel day by day less lonely among your fellow-men : for, loving God, you cannot but grow in love towards them, and so forget yourself in them, since love begets love.

As to your poem it is so much the habit of the age to try and express thought and feeling in verse, each one for himself, that there are not I suspect many listeners (for such work as yours), and therefore poetry is not generally profitable in a money point of view. By all means write, if you find solace in verse, but do not be in a hurry to publish. Poetry should be the flower and fruit of a man's life, in whatever stage of it, to be a worthy offering to the world."

CHAPTER II

VOYAGE ON THE "PEMBROKE CASTLE," SEPTEMBER 1883
TALK ON POETS AND POETRY

THE following is taken from my journal kept on the voyage:

My father and I met the Gladstones at Chester. Thence to Barrow we had a triumphal progress, crowds shouting "Gladstone" at every station. At Barrow we embarked on a tug for the *Pembroke Castle*, and left our native land in a tumult of acclaim! Thousands of people lining the shore, and cheering for "Gladstone" and "Tennyson."

The first evening, Sept. 8th, we anchored off the Isle of Man. Gladstone and my father talked of the fact that in England poets and literary men were less known by face to the people than actors and orators. Gladstone advanced the theory that writers being supposed by the public to live in strict seclusion, the public deemed it useless to learn their faces by photographs, since the said public would never see them. Some one noted in the course of the conversation that the photographs of preachers were said by a photographer to sell better than those of any other literary men.

They then discussed the allocution of the Archbishop at the coronation of Edward III. which had been based on the old proverb *Vox populi, vox Dei.* The Tudors, according to Gladstone, soon stamped out this ancient English feeling.

The next morning the two at breakfast were deploring Arthur Hallam, and saying what a noble intellect he had, and, as a student, how great a loss he had been to Dante scholarship.

We steamed past the Ailsa Crag up the coast, and arrived at Islay in the evening.

During the day Sir Arthur Gordon [now Lord Stanmore] was closely questioned by my father as to what he thought Nirwana was. "I understand," said my father, "that the Buddhists hold their end to be a negation of the known, which equals, according to them, a positive apprehension of the unknown." Sir Arthur said that Nirwana was undoubtedly a quenching of all human passion, and that a Buddhist on being asked what Nirwana was, after pondering some time, answered, "I cannot explain, Nirwana is Nirwana." My father suggested as an illustration that "The soul is like a cork in a bucket of water rising through the different strata, until at last it reaches the top and is at rest."

From Oban we went to Loch Hourn. Gladstone and my father conversed on Homer, both admiring Worsley's translation of the *Odyssey*. My father wanted "a translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* into Biblical prose." Gladstone said that he fully approved of young men taking up the translation of Homer. "It was like warriors storming the walls of a city; all the warriors were slain, but perhaps some day the city might be taken."

We returned from Loch Hourn to Tobermory for the purpose of taking Sir Andrew and Lady Clark on

board. Sir William Harcourt met us at Ardnamurchan Point. We were talking about tobacco, and my father said that his morning pipe after breakfast was the best in the day. Sir William interposed (laughing at his own burlesque), "The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds."

In the evening the Gladstones and Miss Laura Tennant ("the little witch" as my father nicknamed her) begged him to read "The Promise of May." Gladstone expressed his admiration of the play, and his opinion that the row on the first night of the play was "because it was above the comprehension of the vast mass of the people present."

From Tobermory we steamed past the grand headlands of Skye to Gairloch. We landed, and drove to Loch Maree—between ferny, heathery hills, covered with gray crags, very wild,—by the side of a rushing burn. The loch is about eighteen miles long, with rich pine-grown islands scattered here and there, and wooded hills, on either hand, sloping up to a grand fellow, Ben Slioch. Gladstone and my father thought the whole landscape one of the most beautiful they had ever seen.

We returned on board, and rounded Cape Wrath. Sir Arthur Gordon's Fijian servant amused us this afternoon by striking fire with two bits of stick.

On arriving at Kirkwall at ten in the morning of Sept. 13th, the *Pembroke Castle* was boarded by a deputation of the Town Council and Magistrates, who wished Gladstone and my father to accept the freedom of the Burgh. Their petition being granted, we rowed ashore, walked up through a narrow winding street, gay at intervals with Orkney and Shetland wool-shops, to the Cathedral of St. Magnus. Gladstone and my father admired the noble simplicity of the church and its massive stone pillars, but we all shuddered at the liberal

whitewash and the high pews. From the Cathedral we went to the Bishop's palace, and the banqueting hall (described in *The Pirate*). We had a drive of ten miles to Maeshowe, a Pict burial-mound, and lunched there. We then returned to Kirkwall, and drove to the United Presbyterian Church. The freedom of the Burgh was conferred. There were throngs of people and children, all enthusiastic, very stalwart, and independent-mannered.

My father said to me: "I am never the least shy before great men. Each of them has a personality for which he or she is responsible: but before a crowd, which consists of many personalities, of which I know nothing, I am infinitely shy. The great orator cares nothing about all this. I think of the good man, and the bad man, and the mad man, that may be among them, and can say nothing. *He* takes them all as one man. *He* sways them as one man."

So Gladstone spoke for himself and for my father in acknowledgment of the honour done to them, and ended his speech as follows:

"Mr Tennyson's life and labours correspond in point of time as nearly as possible to my own, but Mr. Tennyson's exertions have been on a higher plane of human action than my own. He has worked in a higher field, and his work will be more durable. We public men—who play a part which places us much in view of our countrymen—we are subject to the danger of being momentarily intoxicated by the kindness, the undue homage of kindness, we may receive. It is our business to speak, but the words which we speak have wings, and fly away and disappear. The work of Mr. Tennyson is of a higher order. I anticipate for him the immortality, for which England and Scotland

have supplied in the course of their long national life many claims. Your record to-day of the additions which have been made to your municipal body may happen to be examined in distant times, and some may ask, with regard to the Prime Minister, 'Who was he, and what did he do? We know nothing about him.' But the Poet Laureate has written his own song on the hearts of his countrymen, that can never die. Time is powerless against him, and I believe this, that were the period of the inquiry to be so long distant as between this day and the time when Maeshowe was built, still in regard to the Poet Laureate of to-day there would be no difficulty in stating who he was, and what he had done to raise the intellects and hearts of his fellow-creatures to a higher level, and by so doing acquire a deathless fame. It is an unmixed pleasure, on behalf of Mr. Tennyson and myself, to acknowledge the great kindness we have received. For any services rendered to the country, on this and on many other occasions, in a thousand other places, I have been received with a tribute far beyond anything I could by any possibility deserve."

It seemed to me that, in the conversations between my father and Gladstone, my father was logical and brilliant in his talk, made his points clearly, and every word and phrase of his, as in his poems and plays, bore directly on the subject under discussion; that Gladstone took longer to go from point to point, and wrapt up his argument in analogies which he thoroughly thrashed out before he returned to his thesis. What struck me most in Gladstone's expression of his thoughts was his eagerness, and mastery of words, coupled with a self-control and a gentle persuasiveness; and a certain persistence in dwelling on those topics which he had

himself started for discussion. Yet, like my father, he was always most anxious to learn from any one whom he thought better informed than himself on the matter in hand. He made some remarkable statements, such as that "No man since Æschylus could have written *The Bride of Lammermoor*."

Both men were as jovial together as boys out for a holiday; but they took good care to keep off the quagmire of politics.

A dense fog came upon us in the middle of the North Sea, and our fog-horn blew all one morning. The lane of moon-lit sea behind us, as we rushed along at night, seemed to my father "Like a glorious river rushing to the city of God."

After a calm voyage we reached Christiansand. The entrance to the fiord is very rocky. The Norwegians my father thought "English-looking"; and the town was clean. From Christiansand we drove through wooded walls, like the Trossachs, by the side of the river Torreschal to see a cataract. Our ponies trotted along well, and we passed many one-seated curricles.

Gladstone said, "The Norwegians are a happy, unambitious people." They seemed, by what they said to us, to be fond of the English. As we left the quay they cheered with a shrill sharp cheer, like the old war-cry at the battle of Senlac, "Harou! Harou!"

When again on board, my father was interested by a story which Captain —— told as having happened "when his ship conveyed the Rifles to the Crimea." In the hold they found a French girl hiding: "Je cherche mon amant," she said. They took her as far as Constantinople, and then turned her out of their ship, as they were bound by law to do. But there was a collection made among the men to enable her to go on

to the Crimea, which she eventually reached, found her lover, and married him.

We had a fine voyage from Christiansand to Copenhagen, and my father was continually leaning over the bulwarks, and watching the "rainbow hang on the poising wave."

We passed between Denmark and Sweden, and saw the Castle of Elsinore, but Elsinore is by no means a "wild and stormy steep," but a very flat shore. As we drew into Copenhagen the sailors on board the colliers cheered, and it was almost dark when we got into harbour. In the evening we sallied forth to the illuminated gardens of Tivoli, where the old moat with trees on either side glittered in the light of thousands of coloured lamps, festooned among the bushes and the summer-houses. On Monday morning we visited the Thorwaldsen Museum. The Apostles and the Hebe my father recognized and admired, and he liked the statue of the dancing girl. The canal through the town looked picturesque with its yellow-sailed boats and the red-tiled roofs on its banks; the fishermen with their blue aprons standing in groups along the streets, or marketing. We walked to the Rosenberg Palace, and Gladstone and my father were presented with gorgeous bouquets of violets and red roses by Mrs. Harris, the wife of the consul.

An invitation from the king came to us for dinner at the Castle of Fredensborg, far out into the country. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, Sir Arthur Gordon, Sir Donald Currie and I went. The palace is like an old-fashioned English country house, and we were charmed with the freedom and unconventionality of the large family party.

We sat down, about eighty, to dinner at a horseshoe table. The King and Queen of Denmark, the

Princess of Wales, the Czar and Czarina, the King and Queen of Greece, the Princess Mary of Hanover, the Duchess of Cumberland, and many other notabilities were present.

Next day, Sept. 18th, we visited the Scandinavian Museum, and saw in their oak coffins, buried three thousand years ago, human bodies which had been dug up out of the peat-bogs in Jutland, wrapt in fur cloaks with hair on the skulls. There were besides old horn trumpets, flint-sickles and spear-heads, and a third century kind of Boadicea chariot with scythes on the wheels.

In response to an invitation from the hospitable Sir Donald the Royalties came to luncheon on board, amid salvoes of artillery; three royal ensigns at the bows of the boats.

Danish Admirals, and different Ministers and Diplomatists and Consuls were present to meet the royal visitors.

Gladstone proposed the health of the King of Denmark, the point of his speech being that we English and Danes had sprung from common ancestors. The Czar proposed the health of our Queen; and the King of Denmark that of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Then the Queen of Denmark rose and drank to my father. The Czarina said to him, "What a kind and sympathetic man Mr. Gladstone is! how he stood by little Montenegro!" Everybody was most friendly and everything went without a hitch.

In the small smoking-room after luncheon my father, at the request of the Princess of Wales, read "The Bugle Song" and "The Grandmother." The Czarina paid him some pretty compliment, and he, being very short-sighted, and taking her for a Maid of Honour, patted her on the shoulder and said, "Thank you, my dear."

The Czar observed to my father, "I should like to be King of Denmark!" and in his talk he seemed full of love for the Danes, who are a simple people.

There was a roar of cannon when the King and Queen left: and at four o'clock we steamed out of harbour, the sailors cheering from all the battle-ships of England, France, Russia, and Denmark, and the Russian band on board the Russian man-of-war playing "God save the Queen."

We arrived at the Nore about 7 p.m. next day, and the morning after landed at Gravesend. The last evening my father and Gladstone had a long talk about the clergyman-poets of England, and about poetry in general. Mr. Gladstone noted, what I have before touched on, my father's promptitude in praising anything in which he saw merit, written by writers however obscure.[1]

It may not be out of place if I give here some of my father's criticisms on poets,—"who," as he said, "enrich the blood of the world,"—in

[1] To one of these talks Mr. Gladstone has referred in the *New Review*, July, 1896: "The next of my sub-classes is that of persons who may be said to have deserved fame without obtaining it, or obtaining even for the moment either fame, or anything which resembled it. My readings in poetry led me to hold this belief so strongly that very long ago I resolved on testing it by a reference to Lord Tennyson, who at once gave it the stamp of his authority—an authority which I take to be quite conclusive, for he was one who would be at once a candid and a strict or even fastidious judge. He was strongly of opinion that a number of poems of real merit had been published during the period I am dealing with, of which the public had taken no notice whatever; which were in effect still-born. It would be invidious to mention names, though some are in my recollection: and in truth they would convey no information. But I may refer to the case of the late Lord de Tabley," etc.

addition to those already quoted. I put down a few random notes of his sayings at this time and at other times on the subject.

Chaucer was to him a kindred spirit, as a lover of nature and as a word-painter of character: and he enjoyed reading him aloud more than any poet except Shakespeare and Milton.

When he talked of the "grand style" of poetic diction he would emphasize his opinion that he considered that of Milton even finer than that of Virgil, "the lord of language." "Verse should be *beau comme la prose*."

"Browning," he said, "never greatly cares about the glory of words or beauty of form: he has told me that the world must take him as it finds him. As for his obscurity in his great imaginative analyses, I believe it is a mistake to explain poetry too much, people have really a pleasure in discovering their own interpretations. He has a mighty intellect, but sometimes I cannot read him. He seldom attempts the marriage of sense with sound, although he shows a spontaneous felicity in the adaptation of words to ideas and feelings. I wish I had written his two lines:

'The little more and how much it is,
The little less and what worlds away.'

He has plenty of music in him, but he cannot get it out."

He would cite "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Death in the Desert," "Caliban upon Setebos," "The Englishman in Italy," and "A Grammarian's Funeral," as poems of fine thought, and "Mr. Sludge, the Medium" as an example of exceeding ingenuity of mind. The last, however, he said to Browning, is "two-thirds too long."

Among modern sonnets he liked some of Rossetti's, Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and Charles Turner's. For Christina Rossetti, as a true artist, he expressed profound respect.

Of Shelley he said: "He is often too much in the clouds for me. I admire his 'Alastor,' 'Adonais,' 'Prometheus Unbound,' and 'Epipsychidion,' and some of his short lyrics are exquisite. As for 'The Lover's Tale,' that was written before I had ever seen a Shelley, though it is called Shelleyan."[1]

Of Swinburne: "He is a reed through which all things blow into music."

He was not a great reader of William Morris; but he liked *The Life and Death of Jason.*

Keats he placed on a lofty pinnacle. "He would have been among the very greatest of us if he had lived. There is something of the innermost soul of poetry in almost everything he ever wrote." He gave the unfinished "Eve of St. Mark," and the following lines from the "Ode to a Nightingale" in illustration:

[1] For his admiration of Shelley's blank verse see vol. iii. p. 90.

" Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

"If the beginning of 'Hyperion,' as now published, were shorter," he said, "it would be a deal finer : that is, if from 'Not so much' to 'feathered grass' were omitted."

He felt what Cowper calls the "musical finesse" of Pope, and admired single lines and couplets very much ; but he found the "regular da da, da da" of his heroic metre monotonous. He quoted

" What dire offence from amorous causes springs."

"'Amrus causiz springs,' horrible ! I would sooner die than write such a line ! ! Archbishop Trench (not then archbishop) was the only critic who said of my first volume, 'What a singular absence of the 's' ! '

" Pope here and there has a real insight into Nature, for example about the spider, which

'Feels at each thread and lives along the line.'

His lancet touches are very fine.

'Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er
But lived in Settle's numbers one day more.'

"What a difference," he would add, "between Pope's little poisonous barbs, and Dryden's strong invective! And how much more real poetic force there is in Dryden!

Look at Pope:

'He said, observant of the blue-eyed maid,
Then in the sheath return'd the shining blade':

Then at Dryden:

'He said; with surly faith observed her word,
And in the sheath reluctant plunged the sword.'

The 'Elegy on the Unfortunate Lady' is good, but I do not find much human feeling in him, except perhaps in 'Eloisa to Abelard.'"

He liked Crabbe much, and thought that there was great force in his homely tragic stories. "He has a world of his own. There is a 'tramp, tramp, tramp,' a merciless sledge-hammer thud about his lines which suits his subjects." And in speaking of him he would cite Byron's

"Nature's sternest painter yet the best."

In early boyhood he had been possessed by Byron's poetry, but he could not read it in later life, except perhaps "The Vision of Judgment," and parts of "Childe Harold," and of "Don Juan." He would say: "Byron is not an artist or a thinker, or a creator in the higher sense,

but a strong personality: he is endlessly clever, and is now unduly depreciated."[1]

"One must distinguish," he would add, "Keats, Shelley, and Byron from the great sage poets of all, who are both great thinkers and great artists, like Æschylus, Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe. Goethe lacked the divine intensity of Dante, but he was among the wisest of mankind as well as a great artist. He could not quite overcome the harshnesses of the German language. 'Kennst du das Land?' is a perfect poem, but 'Beschützer ziehn' is a hideous sound in the middle. Goethe was supposed to be cold. I can only say that when told of his son's death he seemed quite calm, but shortly afterwards from repressed emotion he broke a blood-vessel."

"Goethe thought it a sign of weakness to lose faith in Immortality, and said, 'I hope that I shall never be so weak-minded as to let my belief in a future life be torn from me.' 'Edel sei der Mensch' is one of the noblest of all poems."

He had a hearty admiration for Wordsworth, the purity and nobility of whose teaching he highly reverenced. "He seems to me," my father would say, "at his best on the whole the greatest English poet since Milton. He is often too diffuse and didactic for me; for instance, in 'Tintern Abbey' the repetition of 'that blessed

[1] See vol. i. p. 182.

mood, that serene and blessed mood' becomes ridiculous. The line

'Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns'

is almost the grandest in the English language, giving the sense of the abiding in the transient."

Of Gray he said, "Gray in his limited sphere is great, and has a wonderful ear." The following he held to be "among the most liquid lines in any language":

"Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air."

Also:

"And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

He liked Collins' and Campbell's *Odes*. "I admire the 'Ode to Evening,'" he said, "but what a bad, hissing line is that in the poem on the death of Thomson,

'The year's best sweets shall duteous rise.'"

"Campbell's unquantitative line

'The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky'

is as bad as the following line is good:

'The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.'"

Of Shakespeare's sonnets he would say, "Henry Hallam made a great mistake about them: they are noble. Look how beautiful such lines as these are:

'The summer flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,'

and

'And peace proclaims olives of endless age.'"

Of Shakespeare's blank verse he said, "Almost any prose can be cut up into blank verse, but blank verse becomes the finest vehicle of thought in the language of Shakespeare and Milton. As far as I am aware, no one has noticed what great Æschylean lines there are in Shakespeare, particularly in *King John*: for instance,

'The burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,'

or again,

'The sepulchre
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws.'"

He would say, "There are three repartees in Shakespeare which always bring tears to my eyes from their simplicity.

One is in *King Lear* when Lear says to Cordelia, 'So young and so untender,' and Cordelia lovingly answers, 'So young, my lord,

and true.' And in *The Winter's Tale*, when Florizel takes Perdita's hand to lead her to the dance, and says, 'So turtles pair that never mean to part,' and the little Perdita answers, giving her hand to Florizel, 'I'll swear for 'em.' And in *Cymbeline*, when Imogen in tender rebuke says to her husband,

'Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again!'

and Posthumus does not ask forgiveness, but answers, kissing her,

'Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die.'"

After reading *Pericles*, Act v. aloud:

"That is glorious Shakespeare: most of the rest of the play is poor, and not by Shakespeare, but in that act the conception of Marina's character is exquisite."

Of *Henry VI.* he said, "I am certain that *Henry VI.* is in the main not Shakespeare's, though here and there he may have put in a touch, as he undoubtedly did in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. There is a great deal of fine Shakespeare in that. Spedding insisted that Shakespeare, among the many plays that he edited for the stage, had corrected a play on Sir Thomas More in the British Museum. It is a poor

play, but Spedding believed that the corrections were possibly in Shakespeare's actual handwriting."

"I have no doubt that much of *Henry VIII.* also is not Shakespeare. It is largely written by Fletcher, with passages unmistakeably by Shakespeare, notably the two first scenes in the first Act, which are sane and compact in thought, expression and simile. I could swear to Shakespeare in the *Field of the Cloth of Gold:*

'To-day the French
All clinquant, all in gold like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India; every man that stood
Show'd like a mine.'"

"*Hamlet* is the greatest creation in literature that I know of: though there may be elsewhere finer scenes and passages of poetry. Ugolino and Paolo and Francesca in Dante equal anything anywhere. It is said that Shakespeare was such a poor actor that he never got beyond his ghost in this play, but then the ghost is the most real ghost that ever was. The Queen did not think that Ophelia committed suicide, neither do I."

"Is there a more delightful love-poem than *Romeo and Juliet?* yet it is full of conceits.

"One of the most passionate things in Shakespeare is Romeo's speech:

'Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight,'
etc.

More passionate than anything in Shelley. No one has drawn the true passion of love like Shakespeare."

For inimitably natural talk between husband and wife he would quote the scene between Hotspur and Lady Percy (*King Henry IV.*, Pt. 1.), and would exclaim: "How deliciously playful is that—

'In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true'!"

"Macbeth is not, as is too often represented, a noisy swash-buckler; he is a full-furnished, ambitious man. In the scene with Duncan, the excess of courtesy adds a touch to the tragedy. It is like Clytemnestra's profusion to Agamemnon; who, by the way, always strikes me as uncommonly cold and haughty to his wife whom he had not seen for years."

"*King Lear* cannot possibly be acted, it is too titanic. At the beginning of the play Lear, in his old age, has grown half mad, choleric and despotic, and therefore cannot brook Cordelia's silence. This play shows a state of society where men's passions are savage and uncurbed.

No play like this anywhere — not even the *Agamemnon*—is so terrifically human."

"Actors do not comprehend that Shakespeare's greatest villains, Iago among them, have always a touch of conscience. You see the conscience working—therein lies one of Shakespeare's pre-eminences. Iago ought to be acted as the 'honest Iago,' not the stage villain; he is the essentially jealous man, not Othello."

Parts of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* he considered were by Shakespeare. "For instance such lines as these bear his impress:

'That makes the stream seem flowers,'

and

'Who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets: that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities.'"

Of Marlowe too he was very fond, and would often quote Ford's *Broken Heart.*

On American poets: "I know several striking poems by American poets, but I think that Edgar Poe is (taking his poetry and prose together) the most original American genius." When asked to write an epitaph of one line for Poe's monument in Westminster Churchyard, Baltimore, he answered: "How can so strange

and so fine a genius, and so sad a life, be exprest and comprest in one line?"

He said of writing poetry: "Simple poems with simple thoughts and in simple language are most difficult to write. I might say that in blank verse 'The easiest things are hardest to be done': and the converse is often true with me, 'The hardest things are easiest to be done.' I feared for years to touch the subject of the 'Holy Grail,' and when I began finished it in a fortnight."

CHAPTER III

PEERAGE. EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE.

1883-84

After our voyage in the *Pembroke Castle* my father was in great spirits, and wrote to the Queen of Denmark :

As soon as I came home I gave orders to my publishers to bind the books which your Majesty and others of your family had desired me to send them.

They have taken nearly five weeks to do so. I sent them off yesterday to your Majesty, and I trust they will reach you in a day or two.

Allow me to say how much I, old man in my 75th year, was charmed by the kindliness and true-heartedness of your royal Danish children, and believe me, I can't say loyally, for your Majesty is not my Queen, yes, at any rate loyally in the old knightly way—

A. Tennyson.

In the spring of 1882 my father had first

met Mary Boyle who was a guest at "The Briary," Mr. G. F. Watts' house at Freshwater, then occupied by Lord and Lady Kenmare. Her gentle voice and manner, her sympathetic nature, her conversational powers, and playful wit, made her from time to time henceforward a welcome guest in our homes as she was in so many others.

To her he wrote :

"I have just returned from my cruise with Gladstone. There were many pleasant people on board, but I found myself often wishing that you and Audrey were among them.

I verily believe that the better heart of me beats stronger at 74 than ever it did at 18."

It was during one of Mary Boyle's first visits to Farringford with her niece Audrey that Phillips Brooks (afterwards Bishop) came to see us. The more my father saw of him in future years the more he reverenced his cheerful Christianity, his hard work in the cause of truth, and his common-sense criticism of men and public affairs. Nor less high was the regard returned by the Bishop.

Bishop Brooks' journal supplies a notice of this visit :

FARRINGFORD.

I came down here yesterday, a long three hours' run from London, through a very pretty country, passing

Winchester Cathedral and other attractive things upon the way. At last we crossed the Channel in a little cockleshell of a steamboat, and landed at Yarmouth, where Hallam Tennyson was waiting for me with the carriage. Then a pretty drive over the Downs, with two or three small villages upon the way, brought us, in about three miles, to this house. Here the great poet lives. He is finer than his pictures, a man of good six feet and over, but stooping as he walks, for he is seventy-four years old, and we shall stoop if we ever live to that age. A big dome of a head, bald on the forehead and the top, and very fine to look at. A deep bright eye, a grand eagle nose, a mouth which you cannot see, a black felt hat, and a loose tweed suit. These were what I noticed in the author of "In Memoriam."

The house is a delightful old rambling thing, whose geography one never learns, not elegant but very comfortable, covered with pictures inside and ivies outside, with superb ilexes and other trees about it, and lovely pieces of view over the Channel here and there.

He was just as good as he could be, and we all went to a place behind the house, where the trees leave a large circle, with beautiful grass, and tables and chairs scattered about. Here we sat down and talked. Tennyson was inclined to be misanthropic, talked about Socialism, Atheism, and another great catastrophe like the French Revolution coming on the world. He declared that if he were a Yankee he would be ashamed to keep the Alabama money, but he let himself be contradicted about his gloomy views, and by and by became more cheerful. We had tea out of doors, took a walk for various views, then, having come to know me pretty well, he wanted to know if I smoked, and we went up to the study, a big, bright, crowded room, where he writes his Idylls, and there we stayed till dinner-time.

Dinner was very lively. Mrs. Tennyson is a dear old lady, a great invalid, as sweet and pathetic as a picture. Then there are staying here Mr. Lushington, a great Greek scholar, a Miss B., who knows everybody and tells funny stories, and another Miss B., her pretty niece, with the loveliest smile. After dinner, Tennyson and I went up to the study again, and I had him to myself for two or three hours. We smoked, and he talked of metaphysics, and poetry, and religion, his own life, and Hallam, and all the poems. It was very delightful, for he was gentle, and reverent, and tender, and hopeful. Then we went down to the drawing-room where the rest were, and he read his poetry to us till the clock said twelve—"Locksley Hall," "Sir Galahad," pieces of "Maud" (which he specially likes to read), and some of his dialect poems. He said, by the way, in reading "Locksley Hall," that the verse beginning

Love took up, etc.

was the best simile he ever made; and that and a certain line in "The Gardener's Daughter" were the ones on which he most piqued himself.[1] Just after midnight we came to bed. They had the prettiest way at dinner of getting up before the fruit came and going into the drawing-room, where there was a fresh table spread by the window looking out on the lawn and Channel.

[1] For effects of sound he instanced

The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm,

from "The Gardener's Daughter," and

By the long wash of Australasian seas,

from "The Brook." "I should like to hear," he added, "from afar the deep roar of the Pacific."

In November of this year Sir Edward Hamley and Mr. Locker-Lampson visited us at Aldworth. Sir Edward Hamley and my father discussed the incidents of the charge of the Heavy Brigade, and my father's poem on the subject, published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1882.

During the afternoon we walked through the grounds and woods. Sir Edward stayed till evening, when he rose to take leave. My father asked him to stay the night: adding, "There are three ladies here who wish it," meaning my mother and two guests in the house. Sir Edward answered that there were three other ladies who opposed it. "Who are they?" said my father. "The Fates," Sir Edward replied. Whereupon my father rejoined, "The Fates may be on one side, but the Graces are on the other."

The lines, addressed to Sir Edward Hamley, as a prologue to "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," describe the visit, and the autumnal view from Aldworth.

Our birches yellowing, and from each
  The light leaf falling fast,
While squirrels from our fiery beech
  Were bearing off the mast,
You came, and look'd, and loved the view,
  Long known and loved by me,
Green Sussex fading into blue
  With one gray glimpse of sea.

My father had many interesting conversations with Lord Wolseley, who is alluded to in this prologue, both in London and at Aldworth. I need hardly remark how much of a soldier at heart the poet was who had written "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Defence of Lucknow," and the "Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington," or what true, admiring sympathy he felt always for the self-sacrificing lives to which those who command and serve in our army are often called. He would proudly remember he had been taken three times into battle. He said that one soldier wrote: "I escaped with my life and my Tennyson."

With reference to "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade," Kinglake forwarded a letter from Colonel A. Elliot,[1] who had been there with Scarlett:

Of course I am proud to be mentioned again in connexion with that ride into the Russian column, and to be associated with the memory of my dear old chief. It is an honour in every sense. I read the ballad (or poem?) with a renewal of that blood-rising which I recognized on the day when we wheeled into line, and started to meet the big foe above us on that hill-side, now twenty-eight years ago, for the sketch is very graphic, and fine, and worthy of the Laureate.

This autumn a Peerage was offered by the

[1] He was one of the

Three that were next in their fiery course.

Queen to my father. The part of my journal relating to the offer may be inserted here:

"Mr. Gladstone caught sight of me reading by the bulwarks of the *Pembroke Castle* one day, and beckoned me to walk with him. He said literature was one of the noblest callings he knew, that he honoured my father greatly, and that for the sake of literature he would like to offer him a distinction from the Queen, about which he had been corresponding with Lord Granville—a barony. 'Do you think that your father would accept it?' I replied that the offer was so startling that I did not know how he would take it, but I thought that he might accept it for the sake of literature (remembering how various literary men had cried 'shame upon him' when he did not take the baronetcy offered three successive times). The only difficulty in Gladstone's mind was that my father might insist on wearing his wide-awake in the House of Lords. He begged me to lay the matter before my father. I answered that he had better let me take my time, as the offer would fluster him and mar his enjoyment of the voyage, since he never thought about or cared for titles. He said, 'Very well, let me know when I may speak to him.'

Next day (Wednesday) I let go by without breathing a word. I spoke to Mrs. Gladstone and told her I was not anxious that he should accept the honour, but that I knew he would be touched by the feeling of delicacy shown by Mr. Gladstone, and by the friendship that prompted what he had said.

On Thursday Sir Arthur Gordon asked me whether I had spoken to my father about the barony, as Gladstone was growing anxious to have the answer, and wished to write definitely to the Queen.

I then told my father of the plot against him as he was smoking, and left him to ruminate. When I returned, I found Mr. Gladstone and my father deep in Homer, discussing the beauty of the similes. I said to Mr. Gladstone, 'I have spoken.' 'I may speak then,' he said, and proceeded to urge the peerage.

He said that a baronetcy was not the same honour as in Sir Walter Scott's day, that he had always thought a baronetcy an inadequate honour for my father, and then he cited Grote as being offered a peerage, on purely literary grounds, which he had refused for good reasons. As for my father's politics, he assured him that he believed that his (Laureate) political poems were among the wisest of political utterances.

My father shook his head and said that he felt nervous about it, and did not want to alter his plain Mr., that the peerage might have been a good to him twenty years ago, when he could have spoken in the House of Lords.

I could not find out what my father's mind was, as he had many 'cons' and very few 'pros.' I then asked Sir Arthur Gordon to help me. He returned perplexed. So I appealed to Algernon West, as Mr. Gladstone said that he wanted to communicate with the Queen. West came from my father after some time, saying that my father had consented to Gladstone's writing to Her Majesty, and that he was going to Gladstone, but I begged him not to do so: 'Don't say anything until my father expresses his views more clearly.' After dinner I discussed the question with my father, and he said, 'By Gladstone's advice I have consented to take the peerage, but for my own part I shall regret my simple name all my life.'"

I may here give two letters from my father

to Mr. Gladstone after he had accepted the Peerage.

ALDWORTH, 1883.

MY DEAR GLADSTONE,

I cannot but be touched by the friendliness of your desire that this mark of distinction should be conferred on myself, and I rejoice that you, who have shown such true devotion to literature, by pursuing it in the midst of what seems to most of us overwhelming and all-absorbing business, should be the first *thus* publicly to proclaim the position which literature ought to hold in the world's work.

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

A. TENNYSON.

P.S. I have totally forgotten what passage in Dante we were discussing on board the *P. C.* I have written my thanks to the Queen.

December, 1883.

MY DEAR GLADSTONE,

. . . Her Majesty must decide as to when I am to be Peered. The younger branch of my father's family, who succeeded to the fortune, took the name of Tennyson d'Eyncourt. Would that do? They say they are descended from the old branch of the d'Eyncourts who came in with William, and from the later creation of the same name in tempore Charles II. If they, then I. It is a small matter, I will let

you know later on. Many thanks for your congratulations on Hallam's engagement. I trust that Mrs. Gladstone, to whom my best and kindest remembrances, is better.

Yours ever, A. TENNYSON.

P.S. I heard of an old lady the other day to whom all the great men of her time had written. When Froude's *Carlyle* came out, she rushed up to her room, and to an old chest there wherein she kept their letters, and flung them into the fire. "They were written to me," she said, "not to the public!" and she set her chimney on fire, and her children and grandchildren ran in—"The chimney's on fire!" "Never mind!" she said, and went on burning. I should like to raise an altar to that old lady, and burn incense upon it.

From the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone to Hallam Tennyson

Dec. 27th, 1883.

I am very glad to learn that the title is fairly launched and the apotheosis accomplished. I think that by it we certainly succeed in decorating the House of Lords, and I think your father will also be pleased with having given, as I believe, some real pleasure to the Queen in the grant of this honour. Thank him very much for having sent me Mr. Seeley's book.[1] Although I think a Professor gets upon rather slippery ground when he

[1] *The Expansion of England.*

undertakes to deal with politics more practical than historical or scientific, yet it is certainly most desirable that English folk should consider well their position, present and prospective, in the world. It is fearful in moral responsibility but magnificent in strength, in security, in magnitude and in moral capabilities. Have you heard of the pamphlet of Mr. Zincke who shows, by fair probable argument, that the English-speaking peoples of the world are likely in 1983 to be a thousand millions? At some time or other, but at the proper time and if it is allowable, I want to ask for a copy of the "Promise of May"; there is so much delightful dialogue that I wish not to be without record in my mind.

All best wishes of Xmas and New Year to you all.

My father wrote to another friend: "Why should I be selfish and not suffer an honour (as Gladstone says) to be done to literature in my name? For myself I felt, especially in the dark days that may be coming on, that a peerage might possibly be more of a disadvantage than an advantage to my sons: I cannot tell. I have been worried because, being of a nervous, sensitive nature, I wished as soon as possible to get over the disagreeable results, and the newspaper comments and abuse." Nevertheless he felt grateful to the Queen who desired that he should belong to what he regarded as "the greatest Upper Chamber[1] in the world," and have a voice

[1] I suppose that this was repeated, for it was said that he approved of the English constitution for all countries. On the contrary I have heard him often say: "This English constitution would never do for every sort and condition of country. The fault of the

among many men of mark and among the descendants of those who had made England what she is. He looked upon the House of Lords as foremost in debating power, a stable, wise, and moderating influence in these changeful democratic days.

He said indeed, "Since we have no American referendum[1] (with a two-thirds majority necessary before any constitutional change is undertaken), what safeguard is there against the destruction of the Constitution and the disruption of the whole Empire, except a chamber like the House of Lords?"

On March 11th, 1884, my father was staying at the Deanery, and took his seat.

The Duke of Argyll and Lord Kenmare introduced him,—the latter in place of his old college friend Lord Houghton, who was unable to be present. Lord Selborne as Chancellor received him.

He sat on the cross benches, for, as he told

Englishman is, that he thinks that he and his ways are always right everywhere." He was of opinion that the hereditary principle in the House of Lords might be further qualified by life-peerages (to be given more especially to the most remarkable representatives of Art, Science and Literature, and to the heads of the great professions and industries), although our Upper House, as now constituted, has shown that it possesses the political common-sense to compromise whenever democratic passions are likely to be excited. In 1885 Maine's *Popular Government* was published, and he would advise his friends to read this as an exposition of the views of moderate men in England.

[1] See page 73.

Mr. Gladstone, he could not pledge himself to Party, which he considered was made "too much of a god in these days." He felt that he must be free to vote for that which seemed to him best for the Empire.

He voted for Extension of the Franchise in July, not that he deemed the time altogether ripe for such a measure, on the contrary. But the promises of statesmen and agitators had so deeply stirred the popular mind, that delay, he thought, was no longer safe.

"Perhaps," he said, "it is the first step on the road to the new social condition that is surely coming on the world. Evolution has often come through revolution. In England common-sense has carried the day without great upheavals, and I believe that English common-sense will save us still if our statesmen be not idiotic.

If there is a revolution it will be world-wide, the mightiest ever known.

May I not live to see it."

Among many messages of congratulation, a poor old blind servant of his mother's, Susan Epton, sent to congratulate him. He wrote: "I have received many letters of congratulation, some from great lords and ladies, but the affectionate remembrance of good old Susan Epton and her sister touched me more than all these. I am grieved that the former is stone blind. Will you, please, give her my kindest remembrance?"

On March 21st he wrote to an old blind Sheffield blacksmith :

I should have a heart harder than your anvil if I were not deeply interested by what you tell me. I thank you for your pretty verses. The spirit which inspires them should give the lesson of cheerful resignation and thankfulness and faith to all.

Being able to do this by writing such verses you will always have work of the noblest and best to do.

Accept from me my best wishes, and believe me

Truly yours, TENNYSON.

To Monsieur Francisque Michel, who had translated the " Idylls of the King " into French, he wrote :

I have such sheaves of letters, not only from here and there in Great Britain, but America, Australia, India, etc., that I am sometimes, as they say, " at my wit's end " how I am to answer them all ; and my son generally answers them for me, for my eyes are failing, and I fear that I may be slowly growing blind ; but I cannot resist responding to your kindly letter with my own hand.

I have not forgotten you, nor that pleasant day and night when you were with us, and enlivened us with hundreds of stories and anecdotes. You talked a whole volume. Very agreeable it was and very rememberable.

You will despise my ignorance. I am so little of an antiquarian that, though of course I have heard of John Gower, I don't think I have ever read more of him than a few lines in a chance quotation; and as for Chandos, I am ashamed to tell you that till I read your advertisement I knew not even his name; but I have no doubt that your forthcoming book supplies a want, and will be most interesting.

I thank you for your kind congratulations about the peerage; but being now in my 75th year, and having lost almost all my youthful contemporaries, I see myself, as it were, in an extra page of Holbein's "Dance of Death," and standing before the mouth of an open sepulchre where the Queen hands me a coronet, and the skeleton takes it away, and points me downward into the darkness.

Pardon me, if this sound too tragic.

"Freedom" in *Macmillan's Magazine* for December was his first political utterance as a peer. It carried on the feeling of his old political poems, the same feeling which Bacon had expressed, that "Men in their innovations should follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived."

A correspondence with Mr. Gladstone on my father's vote for the Extension of the Franchise follows.

From the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone to Lionel Tennyson

10 DOWNING STREET, *July 3rd*, 1884.

MY DEAR LIONEL TENNYSON,

We should be sorry to make any unnecessary demand on your father, but the motion of Lord Salisbury on Monday raises issues of the utmost importance to the country and to the Order, and I make no doubt that we may count upon his being in his place on Tuesday for the Division.

Believe me sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

From Lionel Tennyson to his father

Here is a letter from W. E. G. I have simply said that I will write and talk to you on the subject, but that in the meantime I know nothing of your plans. I do not know what you feel about the Franchise, but one thing is certain, that W. E. G. has not the smallest chance of a majority in the House of Lords. Lord Salisbury's motion is, I think, identical with Albert Grey's in the Lower House, viz. that Extension of Franchise should be coincident with redistribution. The Liberal argument in favour of their separation is that Extension of Franchise is a question of principle, and that the chances of carrying a bill on the subject should not be imperilled by the petty and personal interests which would be brought into play by a measure of redistribution. Principle first, detail afterwards. The other side says: As matters stand, the Liberals

would derive an undue advantage from the Extension of Franchise; and that they will go to the country with these odds in their favour.

Mr. Gladstone at the same time writes to my mother:

. . . I was so sorry to miss you at Hallam's marriage,[1] and so pleased to receive any message, but it almost provoked me to send you a couple of tracts of mine, published six or eight years ago. This however would be too vindictive. It is most true, as Mr. Burke says, that the right to govern lies in wisdom and virtue. It is not less true that irresponsible power is a dangerous thing unless curbed by wisdom, which often finds this curbing difficult.

My father answered:

ALDWORTH, *July*, 1884.

I did not write more fully knowing how overwhelmed you are with business and anxiety, but you have found time to write to me notwithstanding, and I must answer, and you must read my answer or not as you can and will. Here is something of my creed.

The nation is one and includes all ranks of people.

I take for granted that both Houses are equally anxious to do justice to all.

Certainly the House of Peers has the prior

[1] With Audrey Boyle in Westminster Abbey on June 25th, 1884.

claim to confidence, being the older of the two, and it would be a base abdication, if it forewent its right and its duty to reconsider an all-important question.

The Extension of Franchise I hold to be matter of justice; the proper time for bringing forward the question, matter of opinion.

Whether this was the proper time or not—Extension I now hold to be an accomplished fact. But I think that at this time, and at all times, redistribution is necessarily an integral part of a true Franchise Bill.

For instance, whether the towns are to dominate and absorb the country votes, or the country votes to have their due weight, whether loyal North Ireland is to be overridden by disloyal South, seem to me all-important facts in the true representation of the country.

(A Franchise Bill, I take it, is intended to facilitate the choice of those supposed to be best fitted to understand the needs and the claims of the people, and to devise means for satisfying them.)

If you solemnly pledge yourselves that the Extension Bill shall not become law before redistribution has been satisfactorily settled, I am quite willing to vote with you, and in proof I come up to town notwithstanding gout. My wife is very grateful for your letter, but will not of course trouble you with a reply.

Ever yours, TENNYSON.

I am oppressed with gout, and therefore beg you will excuse my employing my daughter-in-law's hand.

My brother then writes:

Gladstone gives a positive pledge that redistribution follows at the earliest opportunity. You may rest assured the Liberal party is pledged to a Redistribution Bill, and further that now resolutions are to be adopted, putting the pledge into definite shape. I saw Gladstone this morning.

My father accordingly went up to London and voted for Lord Wemyss's motion:

"That this House being in possession of full knowledge of all that has passed with reference to the Franchise Bill, the principle of which has already been accepted by this House, is of opinion that it should be proceeded with and considered with a view to its being passed in the present session: and this House is further of opinion that an humble address should be presented to Her Majesty to summon Parliament to assemble in the month of October next for the purpose of considering the Redistribution Bill which Her Majesty's Ministers have undertaken to use their best endeavours to pass so soon as the Franchise Bill has received the royal assent."

On division this was rejected by 182 to 132: Lord Salisbury stating that he could not accept the mere promise of a Redistribution Bill, for though the Government might promise to bring in such a Bill, they did not and could not promise

what that Bill would be. On November 13th the Franchise Bill was formally introduced into the House of Lords, and my father wished Mr. Gladstone to make the main provisions of a Redistribution Bill the subject of friendly communication with the Conservative opposition, and to bring on the second reading of this Bill simultaneously with the Franchise Bill going into committee. On November 14th he forwarded the following lines to the Prime Minister:

Steersman, be not precipitate in thine act
  Of steering, for the river here, my friend,
  Parts in two channels, moving to one end—
This goes straight forward to the cataract:
  That streams about the bend;
But tho' the cataract seem the nearer way,
Whate'er the crowd on either bank may say,
Take thou the "bend," 'twill save thee many a day.

From the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone

10 DOWNING STREET,
Nov. 15th, 1884.

MY DEAR TENNYSON,

I think it a great honour to receive from you a suggestion in verse. For three months I have laboured to the best and utmost of my ability to avert a crisis and an era of organic change, which it seems to me that the Tory benches have been inviting; and I have been quite willing to tread any path, direct or circuitous, which could lead me to the attainment of this end.

Indeed I have, as you advised, toiled in the circuitous method; but unfortunately with this issue, that, working round the labyrinth, I find myself at the end where I was at the beginning. However, in any and every way open to us we shall continue to work for peace. "The resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted," and I will not despair, provided our friends, and you among them, continue, as I feel sure it will be, to give us their firm and united support.

Believe me most sincerely yours,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone

ALDWORTH, HASLEMERE,
November 16th, 1884.

MY DEAR GLADSTONE,

It is very good in you to take my lines so kindly. I know nothing of parliamentary party tactics, but I have a strong conviction that the more simple the dealings of men with men as well as of man with man are—the better. Therefore, were I your mentor, I should earnestly advise you and urge upon you that you would do a noble and an English act, if you went straightway to the House and said—"When the Lords have passed the second reading of the Franchise Bill, we pledge ourselves to lay on the table our Redistribution Bill."

You can scarce expect the Opposition to give you their scheme of a Bill. It is your duty (or so it seems to me) to give *your* scheme.

As your friend, I should then feel it a triumph to vote for you; and I have little doubt that your Bill would be moderate.

Yours ever, TENNYSON.

Mr. Gladstone's secretary answered:

November 17th, 1884.

Mr. Gladstone desires me to express to you his thanks for your letter. He hopes that you may think the declaration which will be made by the Government this afternoon on the Franchise question reasonable and sufficient.

The declaration was in accordance with the hopes my father had expressed in his last letter: and on the 18th Lord Hartington stated that the Government would receive in trust a communication from the Opposition that they would go into consultation on the Redistribution Bill and would not ask for an assurance as to the passing of the Franchise Bill as a preliminary to such a consultation. The Franchise Bill was therefore read a second time without a division.[1]

By my father's wish I then wrote to Mr. Gladstone:

"My father desires me heartily to congratulate you on the declaration, and on the explanation that you gave in your letter to the leaders of

[1] See Irving's *Annals of our Time*.

the Opposition. We cannot but feel that all your *real* friends, and all true Englishmen, will rejoice at your magnanimous act."

"The Cup" and "The Falcon" and "Becket" were published this year; also new editions of the complete works in seven volumes, and in one volume, both carefully revised by my father.

CHAPTER IV

LETTERS. THE GORDON HOME. "TIRESIAS," WITH NOTES BY MY FATHER.

1885

RODEN NOEL'S article on the "Idylls" was the subject of much conversation in February, and my father wrote to him as follows:

"Your article in the *Contemporary* has been sent to me * * *. My eyes are very bad. One is entirely gone for all reading purposes, and the other—I hope it will not fail me utterly before I die;—but I have looked into your book, and find it full of true poetry[1]—not concentration enough, perhaps. You are wrong about the 'Idylls of the King,' but wrong in a gracious and noble way, for which I am obliged to you."

To E. V. B., the charming and gifted lady who had illustrated his "May Queen," and

[1] Two of Roden Noel's lines which he quoted after reading were

"The life of life whene'er we cry
Fills our low springs with personality."

whose drawings of children he admired, he sent these lines for her *Ros Rosarum.*

The Rosebud

The night with sudden odour reel'd,
The southern stars a music peal'd,
Warm beams across the meadow stole;
For Love flew over grove and field,
Said, "Open, Rosebud, open, yield
Thy fragrant soul."

Among many varying testimonies to his work, one such as the following was sure to give him real pleasure. This was an album of his own verses, copied out by some young pupils of a large school at Brooklyn, with this inscription:

"To Alfred Lord Tennyson from his young friends in Public School No. 9, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A."

On receiving the album he sent the following answers to the mistress and the scholars:

To the Mistress

Will you present my little note to your scholars and give my best thanks to Miss Kate Stewart for her explanatory letter, and accept them yourself for your interesting account of American schools?

To the Scholars

March, 1885.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Your Christmas greeting only reached me the day before yesterday, and it was very welcome. I thank you heartily for having taken so much trouble to show me that what I have written gives you pleasure. Such kindly memorials as yours make me hope that, tho' the national bond between England and America was broken, the natural one of blood and language may bind us closer and closer from century to century.

Believe me your true old friend,

TENNYSON.

To the American poet Whittier, who had asked him to write some lines on General Gordon's death at Khartoum, he sent this reply :

"Your request has been forwarded to me, and I herein send you an epitaph for Gordon in our Westminster Abbey, *i.e.* for his cenotaph :

Warrior of God, man's friend, not here below,
But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
This earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man."

He was so fearful of seeming to obtrude himself on the public, that, much as he had desired to help in realizing the idea of a camp

for the training of poor boys as soldiers or emigrants, which he had discussed with General Gordon, it was not until encouraged by Miss Maude Stanley, ever energetic in all good work, that he consented to write to the Duke of Cambridge on the subject, and to allow me to send a letter to the *Times*.[1]

Earlier in the year my father had been not less interested in the company for the purchase of land in different parts of England, to be resold at moderate prices to agricultural labourers. Although he took no public part in the work of forming the company, a task undertaken by Mr. Auberon Herbert and Mr. Albert Grey[2] and myself, his strongly expressed opinion no doubt furthered the cause. He believed that the agricultural labourer must be persuaded to remain in the rural districts, and he was convinced that to give him a freehold interest in the land he tilled was the best means of persuading him to do this, and also of insuring the stability of the Empire. A year or two later it was a gratification that a colony of agricultural labourers, some of them from the Isle of Wight, was taken out by Mr. Arnold White to South Africa, and called "The Tennyson Colony."

[1] See vol. iii. p. 289. He always took the keenest interest in the 'Gordon Boys' Home,' and as late as August 1891, at the request of Sir Dighton Probyn and Sir George Higginson, wrote a letter to Sir Edwin Arnold in the *Daily Telegraph*, "Have we forgotten Gordon?" appealing for further subscriptions.

[2] Now Earl Grey.

In April the *Pall Mall Gazette* had some articles on the weakness of our navy, which roused my father to write for the *Times* his lines on "The Fleet." "These lines," Cardinal Manning said, "ought to be set to music and sung perpetually as a National song in every town of the Empire."

In August my father and I stayed at Gavelacre, a farm on an island in the Test, kindly lent to us by Mr. Stewart Hodgson. The Test here is a babbling stream, running by banks of loose-strife, meadow-sweet, and willow-herb.

My father wrote to Mr. L. Vanderpool of New York, denying a malicious statement in some newspapers concerning Mr. Bayard Taylor:

"An utter lie: according to the fashion of this cowardly and unchivalrous generation of bookmakers, which kicks the dead.
De mortuis nil nisi *malum*."

In the November *Macmillan* appeared one of the most remarkable of his later poems, "Vastness": and for the Royal Family he privately printed his lines on the marriage of Princess Beatrice, published in the *Times*, July 23rd.

The volume of *Tiresias, and other Poems* was published at the end of the year.

Letters to friends, 1885

In December my father sent the following letter to Mr. Bosworth Smith in defence of the Church :

Dec. 12th, 1885.

I thank you for your collected letters on the subject of Disestablishment. The letters, as they have reached me separately, I have read with the greatest interest. With you I believe that the Disestablishment and the Disendowment of the Church would prelude the downfall of much that is greatest and best in England. Abuses there are, no doubt, in the Church, as elsewhere, but these are not past remedy.

As to any vital changes in our Constitution, I could wish that some of our prominent politicians, who look to America as their ideal, might borrow from her an equivalent to that Conservatively restrictive provision under the Fifth Article of her Constitution.[1] I believe it would be a great safeguard to our own in these days of ignorant and reckless theorists.

I am yours truly, TENNYSON.

To a correspondent, who was writing the life of Rossetti and asked for some original drawings by him, my father wrote :

[1] No change can be made in the American Constitution unless it is ratified by conventions in three-fourths of the several states or by their Legislatures.

I have neither drawing nor picture by Rossetti. I am sorry for it, for some of his work which I have seen elsewhere I admired very much. Nor have I any letter from him, nor do I remember his being present when I was reading the proofs of "Maud." Indeed I would willingly have known so fine a spirit more intimately, but he kept himself so shut up that it was all but impossible to come at him. What you call "intimacy" never advanced much beyond acquaintance.

Yours truly, TENNYSON.

To Dr. A. B. Grosart he wrote, thanking him for his edition of Spenser:

FARRINGFORD, 1885.

I owe you golden thanks for your magnificent edition of Spenser, of which I count myself very unworthy, for I am very unlearned not only in Spenser, but in most of our old poets, and I delight (not being a Bibliophil) rather in the "consummate flower" of a writer than in the whole of him, root and all, bad and good together. But of Vaughan, with the exception of "They are all gone into the world of light," I know absolutely nothing. I accept him on your authority, and willingly make one of your Committee. Again thanking you,

I am yours truly, TENNYSON.

1885 "TIRESIAS, AND OTHER POEMS"

Notes by my father on "Tiresias, and other Poems," 1885

The Prologue describes Edward FitzGerald, as we had seen him at Woodbridge in 1876.

His vegetarianism had interested my father, and he was charmed by the picture of the lonely philosopher, a "man of humorous-melancholy mark," with his gray floating locks, sitting among his doves, which perched about him on head and shoulder and knee, and cooed to him as he sat in the sunshine beneath his roses.

FitzGerald wrote to Fanny Kemble of our visit, Sept. 21st, 1876: "Who should send in his card to me last week, but the old poet himself—he and his elder son Hallam passing through Woodbridge from a town in Norfolk. 'Dear old Fitz,' ran the card in pencil, 'we are passing thro'.' I had not seen him for twenty years—he looked much the same, except for his fallen locks; and what really surprised me was, that we fell at once into the old humour, as if we had only been parted twenty days instead of so many years. I suppose this is a sign of age—not altogether desirable. But so it was. He stayed two days, and we went over the same old grounds of debate, told some of the old stories, and all was well. I suppose I may never see him again."

The vegetarian dream, to which allusion is

made in the poem, my father related to us in these words:

"I never saw any landscape that came up to the landscapes I have seen in my dreams. The mountains of Switzerland seem insignificant compared with the mountains I have imagined. One of the most wonderful experiences I ever had was this. I had gone without meat for six weeks, living only on vegetables; and at the end of the time, when I came to eat a mutton-chop, I shall never forget the sensation. I never felt such joy in my blood. When I went to sleep, I dreamt that I saw the vines of the South, with huge Eshcol branches, trailing over the glaciers of the North."

Edward FitzGerald did not live to read the poem, dedicating the volume to him; but on its publication his widow wrote the following letter, which greatly touched my father.

I hope you will not think me intrusive, but I must especially thank you for the volume of poems just received. I had been eagerly looking for its appearance for some days, and that it should have come to me first from you touches me deeply.

I need not tell you that Lord Tennyson's tribute to the memory of his old friend has wakened in me many thoughts which, perhaps, you can better understand than I can tell, so few are now left who have the least idea of what he really was!

The very sight of this fresh volume, and even a hasty perusal of its passages, has brought back so many memories of "Days that seem to-day" (for I often live

in them still), when that first volume, which took us all captive, and many a later one, used to be brought to our fireside, and read to my dear father[1] by that well-remembered voice. . . .

It was good of you to know how much I should value your gift.

The passage which my father liked to quote from the poem of "Tiresias" as a sample of his blank verse was:

But for me,
I would that I were gather'd to my rest,
And mingled with the famous kings of old,
On whom about their ocean-islets flash
The faces of the Gods—the wise man's word,
Here trampled by the populace underfoot,
There crown'd with worship—and these eyes will find
The men I knew, and watch the chariot whirl
About the goal again, and hunters race
The shadowy lion, and the warrior-kings,
In height and prowess more than human, strive
Again for glory, while the golden lyre
Is ever sounding in heroic ears
Heroic hymns, and every way the vales
Wind, clouded with the grateful incense-fume
Of those who mix all odour to the Gods
On one far height in one far-shining fire.

The poem of "The Wreck" was suggested by a catastrophe which happened to an Italian

[1] Bernard Barton, the "Quaker poet."

vessel, named the *Rosina*, bound from Catania for New York. "One day, at the end of October, she was nearly capsized by a sudden squall in the middle of the Atlantic. All hands were summoned instantly to take in sail, and all, together with the captain, were actively engaged, when an enormous wave swept the deck of every living person, leaving only one of the crew who happened to be below. For eight days he struggled against wind and sea, without taking an instant's repose, when the *Marianna*, a Portuguese brigantine, bore down upon her, as she was sinking, and rescued him."

The "Idyll of the King" in this volume, "Balin and Balan," was written soon after "Gareth and Lynette," but was not then published.

The simile beginning—

Thus as a hearth lit in a mountain home,

was suggested by what he often saw from his own study at Aldworth: the fire in the grate at night reflected in the window, and seemingly a fire raging in the woodland below.

Of "The Ancient Sage" he said: "The whole poem is very personal. The passages about 'Faith' and the 'Passion of the Past' were more especially my own personal feelings. This 'Passion of the Past' I used to feel when a boy."

"The Flight," my father notes, "is a very early poem."

Of "Tomorrow" he writes that Aubrey de Vere had told him this story: "The body of a young man was laid out on the grass by the door of a Chapel in the West of Ireland, and an old woman came, and recognized it as that of her young lover, who had been lost in a peat bog many years before: the peat having kept him fresh and fair as when she last saw him."[1]

The "Epilogue" of "The Charge of the Heavy Brigade" was founded on a conversation that my father had had with Miss Laura Tennant (the late Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton) on board the *Pembroke Castle*. He was offended by the way in which those who did not know him repeatedly accused him of loving war. So he wrote:

> And who loves War for War's own sake,
> Is fool or crazed or worse.

"To Virgil" was written at the request of the Mantuans for the nineteenth centenary of Virgil's death. There was at first a curious misprint in the poem: "Thou that singest wheat and woodland, *tithe* and vineyard," instead of "tilth and vineyard"; recalling to my father's mind the misprints of earlier poems: in

[1] He corrected his Irish from Carleton's admirable *Traits of the Irish Peasantry*.

"The Palace of Art," "Europa's mantle *blue*" for "blew": in "The Talking Oak," "The *modest* Cupid of the day" for "modish Cupid": in "The Princess," "Follow'd up by a hundred *hairy* does" for "airy does": in "Guinevere," "To where beyond these *vices* there is peace" for "voices."

"'The Dead Prophet,'" he notes, "is about no particular prophet."

He wrote it because he felt strongly that the world likes to know about the roughnesses, eccentricities, and defects of a man of genius rather than what he really is.

The whole volume was affectionately dedicated

"To my good friend Robert Browning, whose genius and geniality will best appreciate what may be best, and make most allowance for what may be worst."

Sketch of the beginning of an unpublished poem,
"Ormuzd and Ahriman" (1885)

In the eternal day before the days were, the Almighty created Freewill in the two great spirits Ormuzd and Ahriman.

And these two came before the throne of the Almighty, and spoke to Him, saying, "Thou hast shown thyself of Almightiness to make us

free; now therefore to be free is to act, how should we be idle?"

And the Lord said to them, "The elements are in your hands."

And they answered and said, "We will make the world."

And the Lord said, "One of you is dark, and one is bright, and ye will contend each against each, and your work will be evil. Ormuzd will put pleasure into that which he does, and Ahriman will put pain."

And Ormuzd said, "The pleasure will overbear the pain." And Ahriman said, "The pain will overbear the pleasure." And the Lord said to Ahriman, "Why wilt thou work against Ormuzd?" And Ahriman said, "I know not, Thou hast made me." And the Lord said, "I know why I have made thee, but thou knowest not." And the two went forth from before the Lord, and made the world.

CHAPTER V

DEATH OF LIONEL
"LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER"

1886

Not there to bid my boy farewell,
When That within the coffin fell,
Fell and flash'd into the Red Sea,
Beneath a hard Arabian moon
And alien stars.

We had always been so united a family that my brother Lionel's death, in April 1886 as he was returning from India, was an overwhelming grief to us, "a grief as deep as life or thought." From earliest childhood his had always been an affectionate and beautiful nature. While at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, his imaginative qualities, his unselfishness, his open-heartedness, and humour were widely appreciated. After his engagement to Eleanor Locker he "passed well" into the India Office, which enabled him to marry (1878). It was a great pleasure to my brother that some of the higher

official work was not seldom intrusted to his charge. None of his age there knew more about India, and I have not a few letters from his chiefs speaking in the warmest terms of his ability, and of the high place that, had he lived, he was destined to make for himself. With the natives of India in London he was popular, and his house (4 Sussex Place, Regent's Park) was always open to them. His Blue Book on India is a model of clear style and condensation. As a relaxation from official work he wrote articles for magazines, and for the *Saturday Review*, and occasional poems, and took a great interest in music for the working classes. In 1885 at the invitation of Lord Dufferin he went with his wife on a tour to India, in order to see as much of the country as he could for himself. The part of his tour which he seemed to enjoy most was that in the old-world Rajputana. While shooting in Assam he caught jungle-fever. The poison was in his system when he attended the camp of exercise at Delhi, where during the military manœuvres he was exposed to very inclement weather. On his return to Calcutta he fell dangerously ill, and never recovered, but hung between life and death for three months and a half, bearing his sufferings with the utmost fortitude and with uncomplaining resignation. In the words of Lord Dufferin, "Nothing could exceed his courage, and his patience, and his goodness to us all." He started for home from

Calcutta at the beginning of April. Then came the last days on the Red Sea. He spoke little and did not suffer much pain. He passed away peacefully at three in the afternoon of April 20th. The burial service was at nine that same evening, under a great silver moon. The ship stopped: and the coffin was lowered into a phosphorescent sea.

In June Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and his daughter visited us at Farringford. My father told him that he admired his "Chambered Nautilus." When they parted, Wendell Holmes said to him, "We have points of contact, have we not?" Which was true enough, especially in their humour. Holmes gives an account of this visit in his *Hundred Days in Europe*.

I saw the poet to the best advantage under his own trees and walking over his own domain. He took delight in pointing out to me the finest and the rarest of his trees, and there were many beauties among them. I recalled my morning's visit to Whittier at Oak Knoll, in Danvers, a little more than a year ago.

* * * * * *

In this garden of England, the Isle of Wight, where everything grows with such a lavish extravagance of greenness that it seems as if it must bankrupt the soil before autumn, I felt as if weary eyes and over-taxed brains might reach their happiest haven of rest.

* * * * * *

I am sorry that I did not ask Tennyson to read or repeat to me some lines of his own. Hardly any one perfectly understands a poem but the poet himself. One naturally loves his own poem as no one else can. It fits the mental mould in which it was cast and it will not exactly fit any other. For this reason I had rather listen to a poet reading his own verses, than hear the best elocutionist that ever spouted recite them. He may not have a good voice or enunciation, but he puts his heart and his interpretative intelligence into every line, word and syllable. I should have liked to hear Tennyson read such lines as

"Laborious orient ivory, sphere in sphere."

My father was now in his seventy-seventh year. Wendell Holmes, Craik and his other guests were much struck "by his patience under his sorrow, and by his unselfish thoughtfulness for others."

Sometimes when he was with us alone he would say, "The thought of Lionel's death tears me to pieces, he was so full of promise and so young"; and "to keep himself up" he worked harder than ever at his new "Locksley Hall." He was touched by one of the daily papers saying of his Ode "Welcome, welcome with one voice!" sung at the opening of the Colonial Exhibition, that "The twelve thousand people were deeply moved, remembering his sorrow."

The shepherd on our farm died this spring, an old fellow of ninety-two, with whom he had had many talks. On his tombstone was put, by my

father's desire, "God's finger touch'd him and he slept." A little before his death he said: "I should like to see master again; he is a wonderful man for Nature and Life."

In the evenings my father would pace up and down Maiden's Croft, the meadow where "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail" had come into being; he would admire the after-glow on the trees in St. George's (the mediæval-looking field beyond), and would talk about the stars. The planet Venus was unusually bright, and he would say, "Can you imagine roaring London and raving Paris there in that point of peaceful light?" He would add, "While I said '*there*,' the earth has whirled 20 miles."

For his "daily airings" he often drove instead of walking, and favourite drives of his were to Calbourne to see "the huddling brook," or by the old-world thatched cottages of Thorley and Wellow to Newtown creek, or through the fishing-hamlets along the southern coast of the island. "The greatest inventor, it seems to me, must have been the inventor of a wheel," he said to me in one of these drives, during which he would discuss many subjects with great animation. Once he stopped under a telegraph post "to listen to the wail of the wires, the souls of dead messages." One day he discussed Plato's saying that "Of all wild beasts boys are the most unmanageable." Another day the second part of *Faust* and his love for the phantasmal

Helen were mentioned. "The poem is full of splendid imagery, but far inferior on the whole to the first part."

He anxiously impressed upon his political friends this summer the necessity that England should keep up a fleet equal to France and Russia combined. "The democracy," he said, "does not appreciate that our trade depends upon the strength of our fleet, and on our having docks and coaling-stations in the Mediterranean and elsewhere. England would not, as in old days, be able to depend upon her vast resources, since there could not be a continued struggle. There would be but a short preparation for a naval war now, and one naval defeat for us would mean that we should sink at once into a third-rate power. The fleet of England is her all in all."

In July we saw Lady Archibald Campbell and her company act scenes from "Becket," in the Canizzaro Wood, at Wimbledon, and my father thought them effective among the glades of oak and fern.

We then stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Knowles in St. James's Park: and visited the Colonial Exhibition. Nothing pleased him more than Miss North's drawings and the Indians working at their trades: he much admired the inlaid alabaster from Agra; and the modelled landscape of old Australia also interested him greatly.

In the evening we went to a performance of

Faust at the Lyceum: the representation he found too melodramatic for his taste.

Towards the end of the month we lunched with the Tyndalls at the Royal Institution on our way to Norfolk. At Cromer the Locker-Lampsons were our hosts, taking us excursions to Gunton, Felbrigg, and Hempsted, and one day we sailed on Wroxham Broad, a large inland lake, surrounded by woods and fringed with willow-herb and bulrushes. The variously coloured sails of the wherries made my father think the whole landscape like a picture of Holland. This part of Norfolk was pleasant to him, differing as it did from any other English scenery which he knew.

On August 7th we went to Cambridge. My father stayed at Trinity, in rooms belonging to Dr. Glaisher, overlooking the lime avenue. On the first evening we dined with Jenkinson (the University Librarian), the second with Aldis Wright, the Vice-Master.

The conversation fell on Shakespeare and Miss Austen, and from this glanced at a letter (lately published) from Mrs. Cameron to Sir Henry Taylor, reporting some sportive attack made by my father upon autograph hunters, which certain newspapers, in quoting, had taken seriously. On this letter my father commented: "It is very possible that I went on in a whirling way, saying I was afraid that every crime was attributable to autograph hunters. I can quite

fancy myself saying this, but I could never have imagined that any one could be so totally deficient in humour as to take it seriously."

On our return to Aldworth we had various guests. Among others Canon Ainger, the Euan-Smiths, Sir Andrew and Lady Clark, and Lord Napier of Magdala. Lord Napier, a truly great and simple man, talked freely with my father on many topics. On one occasion they discussed competitive examinations, which my father considered were overdone now-a-days. Lord Napier laughingly suggested that we might become so advanced that men would hire themselves out as in China to pass examinations for other men, "Crupper bachelors," as they are called there.

My father questioned him closely about the relief of Lucknow, and as to whether he might have put in his poem "And ever upon the topmost *tower* (instead of *roof*) the banner of England blew," as the sound was better. Lord Napier said that he might have done so, and added that from the poem he should have thought the author had been present at the siege; that he himself had gone up with Havelock and Outram, being in command of the rear guard, and had "got in at night." Then he told how he had mined under a house occupied by the rebels, which jutted out into the Residency ground, and found vaults underneath; and how he had lurked in a dark corner, where the rebels passed him so closely

that the dust was actually wafted on his face as they passed. There, nevertheless, he placed three barrels of gunpowder, laid a train and blew up house, rebels and all. "It was a terrible time," said my father, "for England, but from this mutiny our race grew in strength." The conversation then reverted to China. My father observed that he thought the Chinese, who lived on a very little, could imitate everything, and had no fear of death, would, not long hence, under good leadership be a great power in the world. Lord Napier agreed with him, and said that their contempt of death had on one occasion come painfully home to himself. A whole family had drowned themselves in a well, whether out of pique or fear he did not know, because he himself had refused to accept a dog, which he had petted and they had offered to him. "No incident," he added, "ever impressed me with so much horror."

They then touched on vivisection, my father expressing his conviction that without anæsthetics no animal should be cut open for the sake of science. "I have been reading," he said, "of the horrible and brutal experiments in Italy and France; and my whole heart goes out to a certain writer in the *Spectator*, who declared he had yet to find out mankind was worth the cruel torture of a single dumb animal." Lord Napier replied he never carried a gun now or even walked with shooters: "I have had enough of

killing, and I can't bear to see an animal killed."

At the end of the year, as my father was walking with Ralston (the Russian scholar), in Freshwater, he came across an old Wesleyan preacher dead in the road, who had died on his way to the Wesleyan Chapel. My father wrote to one of the near relatives: "I cannot but look upon his death as a happy one; sudden, painless, while he was on his way to his chapel, to render thanks and praise to his Maker. Our Liturgy prays against sudden death; but I myself could pray for such a sudden death as Isaac Porter's."

In December "The Promise of May" and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" were published (dated 1887).

"Locksley Hall" was dedicated to my mother, partly because it seemed to my father that the two "Locksley Halls" were likely to be in the future two of the most historically interesting of his poems, as descriptive of the tone of the age at two distant periods of his life: partly perhaps because the following four lines were written immediately after the death of my brother, and described his chief characteristics:

Truth, for Truth is Truth, he worshipt, being
true as he was brave;
Good, for Good is Good, he follow'd, yet he
look'd beyond the grave!

[illegible]

The following note from Miss Mary Hutchins was sent by her father, containing valuable remarks on the text of the poem.

[illegible]

Truth for Truth, and Good for Good! The
Good, the True, the Pure, the Just!
Take the charm "For ever" from them and
they crumble into dust.

My father said that the old man in the second "Locksley Hall" had a stronger faith in God and in human goodness than he had had in his youth; but he had also endeavoured to give the moods of despondency which are caused by the decreased energy of life.

His MS. note on the poem is: "A dramatic poem, and Dramatis Personæ are imaginary. Since it is so much the fashion in these days to regard each poem and story as a story of the poet's life or part of it, may I not be allowed to remind my readers of the possibility, that some event which comes to the poet's knowledge, some hint flashed from another mind, some thought or feeling arising in his own, or some mood coming — he knows not whence or how—may strike a chord from which a poem evolves its life, and that this to other eyes may bear small relation to the thought, or fact, or feeling, to which the poem owes its birth, whether the tenor be dramatic, or given as a parable?"

These four unpublished lines of the old "Locksley Hall" were the nucleus of the "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After":

In the hall there hangs a painting—Amy's
arms about my neck :
Happy children in a sunbeam sitting on the
ribs of wreck.
In my life there was a picture—she that
clasp'd my neck had flown ;
I was left within the shadow, sitting on the
wreck alone.

The following letter from Lord Lytton to Miss Mary Anderson was kept by my father, as containing valuable remarks on the drift of the poem :

It is a great poem, worthy of the maturity of a great poet ; and, so far from suggesting to my mind any unpleasing sense of incongruity with the first part of "Locksley Hall," it enormously enhances the interest and spacious significance of that delightful work. In this respect it is a most felicitous exception to the generally unsatisfactory character of sequels, written in later life, by the authors of early masterpieces. Goethe's *Helena* has no vital connection with his *Faust*. But the old lover of "Locksley Hall" is exactly what the young man must have become, without any change of character, by force of time and experience, if he had grown with the growth of his age.—For that reason alone, the poem in its entirety has a peculiar historical importance as the impersonation of the emotional life of a whole generation. Its psychological portraiture is perfect—its workmanship exquisite—and its force and freshness of poetic fervour wonderful. But I admire it not alone as a work of genius and a work of art, I admire it, if possible, still more as a *work of courage*—

that is to say, as a moral action. An influential writer has many responsibilities to those his writings have influenced. But there is this curse in literary popularity. It stimulates self-consciousness, and makes the popular author afraid of risking popularity, by wandering out of the groove in which it has been acquired. Tennyson's earlier poems, which are household words, and more especially "Locksley Hall," have furnished misunderstood and misapplied texts to a whole tribe of traders in silly and pernicious rubbish of Neo-Radicalism. In deprecating his high literary authority from such abuse of it, and repudiating the worship of false prophets, he discharged a literary duty sure to expose him, in the fulness of his fame, to a good deal of unjust and more or less spiteful criticism. His publication of this poem was therefore a courageous act.

Letters to and from friends

1886

To Charles Esmarch, Malvern Links
(*about "Locksley Hall" and a German translation*)

SIR,

I thank you for the gift of your translation, but I must object and strongly to the statement in your Preface that *I* am the hero in either poem. I never had a cousin Amy, "Locksley Hall" is an entirely imaginative edifice. My grandsons are little boys. I am not even white-headed, I never had a gray hair

in my head. The whole thing is a dramatic impersonation, but I find in almost all modern criticism this absurd tendency to personalities. Some of my thought may come out into the poem, but am I therefore the hero? *There is not one touch of biography in it from beginning to end.* Thanking you for your elegant volume,

I am yours very faithfully,

TENNYSON.

Of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme for Ireland my father said at this date: "Gladstone and the Radicals know that it is infinitely easy to destroy the constitution of a state, but do not realize that it is infinitely hard to reconstruct it"; and he sent Mr. Gladstone the following lines from Pindar:

Ῥᾴδιον μὲν γὰρ πόλιν σεῖσαι καὶ ἀφαυροτέροις·
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ χώρας αὖτις ἔσσαι δυσπαλὲς δὴ γίγνεται, ἐξαπίνας
εἰ μὴ θεὸς ἀγεμόνεσσι κυβερνατὴρ γένηται.

To Miss Chapman (author of an analysis of "In Memoriam" lately published by Messrs. Macmillan)

ALDWORTH, HASLEMERE,
Nov. 23rd, 1886.

MADAM,

I am grateful to you for your book which contains an analysis of "In Memoriam." I like this much better than Mr. Gatty's, which

perhaps you have seen, and which is too personal to please me. Yours is excellent in taste and judgment. I like too what you say about Comtism. I really could almost fancy that p. 95[1] was written by myself. I have been saying the same thing for years in all but the same words. I think that you have not touched upon one argument against *their* subjective immortality, viz. that, according to astronomical and geological probabilities, this great goddess Humanity in a certain number of ages will breathe her last gasp, and leave the earth without even a Comtist.

I should say, as Napoleon is reported to have said. When some one was urging upon him how much more glorious was the immortality of a great artist, a painter for instance, than that of a great soldier, he asked how long the best painted and best preserved picture would last. "About 800 years." "Bah! telle immortalité!"

Yours very faithfully, TENNYSON.

From the Honourable James C. Reed

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB,
NEW YORK CITY, *Nov. 27th*, 1886.

MY LORD,

For some years I had the honor to be the private secretary of Chester A. Arthur, lately the

[1] Of "A Comtist Lover, and other Studies," by Elizabeth Rachel Chapman, 1886.

President of the United States. Shortly before the death of President Garfield, but subsequent to his wounding, some thoughtful Englishman had sent the Vice-President some unpublished lines of yours, which I remember Mr. Arthur quoted to me as he and I rode from his private residence in New York to the train that was to take General Grant and himself to Elberon, where President Garfield had died the previous day.

As nearly as I can now recall, the lines ran thuswise:

> Not he that breaks the dams; but he
> That, through the channels of the State,
> Convoys the people's wish, is great.
> His name is—

Will you do me the honor to correct and to finish the quotation?

I should not trouble you in this if I knew where to find the verse quoted.

It has always seemed to me that it was the keynote of Mr. Arthur's life as President of the United States, and I judge it fitting to inscribe upon his tomb.

Yours faithfully, J. C. REED.

My father answered him that the line for which he asked was printed in the "Shakespearian Show-Book," 1884:

> His name is pure, his fame is free.

From Robert Browning

19 WARWICK CRESCENT, *Dec. 16th*, 1886.

MY DEAR TENNYSON,

Once more, and just as ever, you make me grateful for a new poem, strong and fine indeed. I

could wish it were a substantively new and independent piece; you cannot write such a wonder as the old "Locksley Hall" without startling us by any sort of change of its perfection, even the introducing into it of other and novel perfection. I am myself printing something which will go to you ere very long, and with it I shall send an old book from my father's library which has somehow strayed from the keeping of a kinsman of yours, I am ignorant in what degree. I had it in my mind to return it many years ago, and will not let the present opportunity go by. I have to thank Hallam heartily for his clever *Jack*. Somehow the modernised giant does not suit my memories, but that is Caldecott's affair. I know you will believe in my truest wishes of all happiness for you all; as long as I live I am ever

Affectionately yours, ROBERT BROWNING.

CHAPTER VI

SOCIETY, POLITICS, CRUISE IN THE "STELLA"

1887-88

In January Stanford's "Revenge" was sung in the Albert Hall, and my father thought the setting of his poem dramatic and fine.

He went to London and paid a visit to his old friend Mrs. Procter. I asked him how it had passed, as it was the last time he saw her. He wrote that the talk ended thus:

"*I.* I am 78 and you are 87, and in all probability we shall not meet again.

Mrs. Procter. Don't you young folk be impertinent to your elders. (Gallant old girl.)"

"The Jubilee Ode" was finished in February,[1] and "Demeter" in May.

He would now quote long pieces from Andrew Marvell to us, "The Bermudas," "The Garden," and he told us that he had made

[1] Published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, April, 1887.

Carlyle laugh for half-an-hour at the following line from "The character of Holland"—

'They, with mad labour, fish'd the land to shore."

"And," he continued, "about poetry or art Carlyle knew nothing. I would never have taken his word about either; but as an honest man, yes—on any subject in the world."

His memory was certainly still as wonderful as ever, and, when his eyes were tired with incessant reading of all manner of books, on Travel, on Astronomy, on Natural Science,—not to mention novels by the dozen,—he reaped the gains of remembrance, and would say: "It is a great advantage to learn first-rate poetry and prose early by heart, because they recur to the memory when we lose later things. I have found them a great comfort and solace. We grow old and, from weariness or weakness, become incapable of retaining new things properly."

In August Professor Jebb was with us, and he watched an eclipse of the moon from the balcony of the sitting-room window with my father, who said that, according to analogy, at least one of the planets belonging to each sun should be inhabited, though perhaps with beings very different from ourselves: and that the spectroscope was destined to make much greater revelations even than it had already made, in charming

Her secret from the latest moon.

Jebb's visit and favourable opinion of my father's later poems gratified him, and set him working with fresh vigour.

In this month we had many guests.

Miss Mary Anderson was acting in *The Winter's Tale* in London and came to visit us, and signed an agreement to produce "The Cup." My father wrote four new lines for her, to be sung before the priestesses in the Temple:

Artemis, Artemis, hear us, O mother, hear us and bless us!
Artemis, thou that art life to the wind, to the wave, to the glebe, to the fire,
Hear thy people who praise thee! O help us from all that oppress us.
Hear thy priestesses hymn thy glory! O yield them all their desire.

Some of his talk was at this time roughly noted down:

"Evil must come upon us headlong, if morality tries to get on without religion."

"When I see society vicious and the poor starving in great cities, I feel that it is a mighty wave of evil passing over the world, but that there will be yet some new and strange development, which I shall not live to see."

He quoted Bacon's "Opportuni magnis conatibus rerum transitus." "You must not be surprised at anything that comes to pass in the next fifty years. All ages are ages of transition,

but this is an awful moment of transition. It seems to me as if there were much less of the old reverence and chivalrous feeling in the world than there used to be. I am old and I may be wrong, for this generation has assuredly some spirit of chivalry. We see it in acts of heroism by land and sea, in fights against the slave trade, in our Arctic voyages, in philanthropy, etc. The truth is that the wave advances and recedes. I tried in my 'Idylls' to teach men these things, and the need of the Ideal. But I feel sometimes as if my life had been a very useless life."

"Especially do I want people to recognize that the women of our western hemisphere represent the highest type of woman, greatly owing to the respect and honour paid to them by men, but that the moment the honour and respect are diminished, the high type of woman will vanish."

About reticence in art he said: "I agree with Wordsworth that Art is selection. Look at Zola for instance: he shows the evils of the world without the ideal. His Art becomes monstrous therefore, because he does not practise selection. In the noblest genius there is need of self-restraint."

"The higher moral imagination enslaved to sense is like an eagle caught by the feet in a snare, baited with carrion, so that it cannot use its wings to soar."

Speaking of Ireland and England, he said: "The Celtic race does not easily amalgamate

with other races, as those of Scandinavian origin do, as for instance Saxon and Norman, which have fused perfectly. The Teuton has no poetry in his nature like the Celt, and this makes the Celt much more dangerous in politics, for he yields more to his imagination than his common-sense. Yet his imagination does not allow of his realizing the sufferings of poor dumb beasts. The Irish are difficult for us to deal with. For one thing the English do not understand their innate love of fighting, words and blows. If on either side of an Irishman's road to Paradise shillelahs grew, which automatically hit him on the head, yet he would not be satisfied. Suppose that we allowed Ireland to separate from us: owing to her factions she would soon fall a prey to some foreign power. She has absolute freedom now, and a more than full share in the government of one of the mightiest empires in the world. Whatever she may say, she is not only feudal, but oriental, and loves those in authority over her to have the iron hand in the silken glove."

"I do not the least mind if England, when the people are less ignorant and more experienced in self-government, eventually *becomes a democracy*. But violent, selfish, unreasoning democracy would bring expensive bureaucracy, and the iron rule of a Cromwell. Let the demagogues remember, 'Liberty forgetful of others is licence, and nothing better than treason.' The hero of

the morning is too often the traitor of the afternoon. It was the mob who smashed the Duke of Wellington's windows on the anniversary of Waterloo. As Goethe says, 'The worst thing in the world is ignorance in motion.' The world would grow into the wickedest of worlds should all this babble and gabble ever succeed in impressing on the people that the obligation of contract is mere tyranny, and that law is nothing but coercion.

"At present we are freer, so most Americans tell me, than America. I have trust in the reason of the English people (who have an inborn respect for law), when they have time to reason; I believe in 'our crown'd republic's crowning common-sense.'"

He acknowledged that there is a greater feeling of the Unity of Society than there was in his young days. But he would say: "The whole of Society at present is too like a jelly; when it is touched, it shakes from base to summit. As yet the Unity is of weakness rather than of strength. The difference of individualities must always exist, and since we are members of one body, different gifts are needed to supply the wants of that body. Our aim therefore ought to be not to merge the individual in the community, but to strengthen the social life of the community,[1] and foster the individuality."

[1] He had a great belief in the Cooperative movements of the day, from the "Rochdale pioneers" onwards.

Speaking of the ultra-Radicals' passion for change, he said: "Stagnation is more dangerous than Revolution. But *sudden* change means a house on sand. Action and Reaction is the miserable see-saw of our child-world. If these extreme men had their way, the end of the century would be plunged in blood, a universal French Revolution. What we have to bear in mind is that, even in a Republic, there must be a guiding hand. Men of education, experience, weight, and wisdom, must continue to come forward. They who will not be ruled by the rudder will in the end be ruled by the rock.

> There be rocks old and new!
> There a haven full in view!
> Art thou wise? Art thou true?
> Then, in change of wind and tide,
> List no longer to the crew!
> Captain, guide!"

Cruise in the "Stella" to St. David's, Clovelly, Tintagil, and the Channel Isles during the Summer of 1887.

We took Sir Allen Young's yacht, the *Stella*, for a short cruise this summer. The sea was calm as a mill-pond, and the sunshine glorious.

Many of the crew had been more than once to the Arctic regions, and interested my father by their yarns,

and their love for their wives and families impressed him much.

We anchored at Dartmouth, and the pretty harbour, winding in among the hills, had quite an Italian look, when we sailed out in the early morning. We passed the Lizard, very wild, and when we rounded the Land's End innumerable mackerel boats with their brown sails made "pretty Cuyp pictures." My father often gazed into the depths of the sea, searching, as he said, for some ruins of town or castle, parts of the ancient Lyonnesse. "Dark Tintagil" was sighted at some distance, then we left the "thundering shores of Bude and Bos," and steamed across to Lundy Island. The green sea and the red sunset made a rich contrast, and at night my father called our attention to Venus, reflected twenty or thirty times in the ripples. Wild fowl screamed overhead. From Lundy we sailed next morning to Solva (the little river), a creek in St. Bride's Bay.

Guided by a friendly sea-captain, we found a tax-cart, and drove to St. David's. What a drive it was! My father grew melancholy, and declared that we should "soon see his spine piercing the top of his head."

He liked the Cathedral of St. David's, with its square tower, and spacious nave, and sumptuously carved arches. We saw the ancient croziers of several bishops, and my father asked if there was one belonging by tradition to the holy Dubric, who wedded Arthur and Guinevere. The ruined Bishop's Palace is the finest building of its kind anywhere, and the banks of the little stream, which runs by it, were beautiful with lady-fern and yellow iris.

After dinner we listened to Welsh songs sung by the school-children, and as we left for the yacht the towns-people crowded round our carriage, to see my father, and shake him by the hand. "Very simple, cordial

folk" he thought them. After touching at Milford Haven, Tenby, and Saundersfoot, we arrived at Ilfracombe in the dark, and pilots came out to meet us, burning lights, to find out if we wanted a pilot. "These mystic lights, and the buoy-bell perpetually ringing at the Land's End," my father said, "would have furnished good similes for Dante."

Next day we landed at Clovelly, and he thought it one of the most beautiful places he had seen. It reminded him of Enoch Arden's village, although "Long lines of cliff breaking had left a chasm" was not true of Clovelly; he did not think of any particular village when writing the poem. We climbed the steps to the top of the village, and walked to Clovelly Court, "the most paradisal country seat next to Wilton," he said. The white May-trees were in full bloom, and over them, and the oaks, and the limes, one saw the broad belt of the sea: and he quoted—

Bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.

Then we weighed anchor, sailed to Tintagil, and landed with extreme difficulty in the cove where King Arthur, as a babe, was borne in on a wave. Two sailors helped my father up the cliff. An old woman rushed out of her cottage, and said that she had seen him in that same spot fifty years ago, and began to recite passages from the "Idylls."

The ruined castle on the promontory is jagged and weird, and the height, where Iseult sat in the last tournament, had evidently in old days been "crowned with towers." My father gazed at what he called "the secret postern" arch, through which the babe had been handed to Merlin. He enjoyed the rushing of the sea under the great cave, and the splendour of the many-

coloured sea-weeds, and carefully examined each bit of sorrel and thrift that grew among the ruins. The old memories and visions of the "Idylls" came upon him, and he regarded the whole place with a kind of first-love feeling.

We drank to the health of the *Stella*, and to "Arthur's Return."

On our way home we stopped at Falmouth, Fowey, and Plymouth, and crossed the Channel to Guernsey and Jersey.

My uncle Frederick lived near St. Heliers, and we visited him in his house, overlooking the town and harbour of St. Heliers, Elizabeth Castle, and St. Aubyn's Bay. The two old brothers talked much of bygone days; of the "red honey gooseberry," and the "golden apples" in Somersby garden, and of the tilts and tourneys they held in the fields; of the old farmers and "swains"; of their college friends; and of the waste shore at Mablethorpe: and then turned to later days, and to the feelings of old age. My father said of Frederick's poems that "they were organ-tones echoing among the mountains": and quoted a fine sonnet of his:

Poetic Happiness

There is a fountain, to whose flowery side
By diverse ways the children of the earth
Run day and night, athirst to measure forth
Its pure sweet waters, health and wealth and pride,
Power clad in arms, and wisdom argus-eyed;
But One apart from all is seen to stand,
And take up in the hollow of his hand
What to their golden vessels is denied,
Baffling their utmost reach. He, born and nursed

In the glad sound and freshness of the place,
Drinks momently its dews, and feels no thirst;
While from his bowered grot or sunny space
He sorrows for that troop as it returns
Thro' the waste wilderness with empty arms.

My uncle had grown more of a spiritualist than ever, believing in table-rapping; and in an unmusical girl being "made to play the most difficult music on the piano by invisible influence": and in an old gentleman having been "conveyed through solid walls all in a moment, and found in the courtyard of a house a mile and a half distant, the gates of which were closed and locked." A lively discussion took place between him and my father about these so-called revelations. My father spoke after this fashion: "I grant you that spiritualism must not be judged by its quacks: but I am convinced that God and the ghosts of men would choose something other than mere table-legs through which to speak to the heart of man. You tell me it is my duty to give up everything in order to propagate spiritualism. I cannot see what grounds of proof (as yet) you have to go on. There is really too much flummery mixed up with it, supposing, as I am inclined to believe, there is something in it."

Nevertheless the brothers parted on the best of terms, and Frederick told Alfred, as they parted, that "not for twenty years had he spent such a happy day."

Thence we went to Alderney, and explored the island; then to Cherbourg; and next morning anchored in Freshwater Bay.

The last entry for this year is that on Dec. 15th "Owd Roä" was finished for press. My father's note on the poem is: "I read in one of

the daily papers of a child saved by a black retriever from a burning house. The details in this story are of course mine."

His note on "Vastness"—published in *Macmillan's Magazine* of November 1885—is, "What matters anything in this world without full faith in the Immortality of the Soul and of Love?"

Letters to and from friends, 1887

A kindly recognition of his "Will Waterproof," in the shape of an old tankard from the Cock Tavern, pleased him. He answered:

FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER, I.W.

I have this morning, Jan. 13th, received the old Cock Tavern tankard. Will you give my best thanks to Messrs. Spiers and Pond for their present, and tell them that I shall keep it as an heirloom in my family, as a memorial not only of the old vanished Tavern but also of their kindness?

Yours faithfully, TENNYSON.

To Walt Whitman

1887.

DEAR OLD MAN,

I, the elder old man, have received your article and the *Critic*, and send you in return my thanks and New Year's greeting on the wings of this East wind, which I trust is blowing

softlier and warmlier on your good gray head than here, where it is rocking the elms and ilexes of my Isle of Wight garden.

Always yours, TENNYSON.

Extract from a letter from the Master of Balliol to my mother

WEST MALVERN, *July 3rd*, 1887.

I hope you have good accounts of the travellers in the *Stella*. They have had a charming season for their voyage. Besides the gain to health many new thoughts will have been suggested by it. I always wish for Lord Tennyson, not that he should cease to write, because he has written so much and so well; but that every year he should find something suited to his genius, and that all his friends should urge him not backwards but forwards. This seems to me the best for himself and for the world. His memory and his powers are so undiminished and his experience so increased, that I think he might even now surpass himself.

I should like some poems in which the truth of things or some side of the truth is clearly expressed, "a last vision of things."

Browning spent a few days with me at Commemoration. He is a very extraordinary man, very generous and truthful, and quite incapable of correcting his literary faults, which at first sprang from carelessness and an uncritical habit, and now are born and bred in him. He has no form, or has it only by accident when the subject is limited. His thought and feeling and knowledge are generally out of all proportion to his powers of expression. Since I have been ill I have been

reading a good deal of his poems, and have come to like him, and in some measure to understand him. He spoke with great enthusiasm of the "Eastern Sage," and seemed to have caught the spirit. He is always generous and kind in what he says about Alfred.

To Walt Whitman

November 15th, 1887.

DEAR WALT WHITMAN,

I thank you for your kind thought of me. I value the photograph much, and I wish that I could see not only this sun-picture, excellent as I am told it is, but also the living original. May he still live and flourish for many years to be. The coming year should give new life to every American who has breathed a breath of that soul which inspired the great founders of the American Constitution, whose work you are to celebrate. Truly, the mother country, pondering on this, may feel that how much soever the daughter owes to her, she, the mother, has, nevertheless, something to learn from the daughter. Especially I would note the care taken to guard a noble constitution from rash and unwise innovators.

I am always yours, TENNYSON.

1888

At Easter Miss Mary Anderson was with us again and he read to her, whom he admired

much, and held to be "the flower of girlhood," "The Leper's Bride," just finished.

In June we showed her parts of the New Forest, notably Mark Ash and the Queen's Bower, because she wished to perform "The Foresters," as well as "The Cup."

She reminds me that, when she had asked my father some years ago whether she should in *The Winter's Tale* play the parts of both "Hermione" and "Perdita," or whether this would be too much against stage tradition, he had urged her to undertake the double part, quoting as to "Perdita" the words, "The majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother."[1] And then he burst forth: "Thank God, the time is past for the Press to make or mar a poem, play, or artist. Few original things are well received at first. People must grow accustomed to what is out of the common, before adopting it. Your idea if carried out, as you feel it, will be well received generally, and before long." "You probably do not know," Miss Anderson adds, "what a great comfort and help your father was to his friends by his wisdom and decision."[2]

[1] *The Winter's Tale*, Act v. Sc. 2.

[2] Mrs. de Navarro (Miss Anderson) writes in her *Memories:* "I had the happiness of joining him in the two hours' walk which, rain or shine, he took daily. His tender interest in every 'bud and flower and leaf' was charming. How many pretty legends he had about each! The cliffs, the sky, the sea, and shrubs, the very lumps of chalk under foot, he had a word for them all. The

In August my father and I visited Chichester and Kingly Vale, where is a grove of yews which Mr. Lear had sketched for "Oriana"; and we wandered far by the side of the Lavant, and among the beech-feathered coombs in the Downs. Leaning over a gate and looking over the woods he repeated his "Vastness," and "Far, far away," without hesitating for a moment.

One day he went off by himself to see an old labourer of ninety, and came back saying, "He tells me that he is waiting for death and is quite ready. What a sin it would be if any one were to disturb that old man's faith!"

To Aldworth, in the early autumn, came for the last time our old friend Mr. G. S. Venables, who with a highly cultivated intellect, a clear judgment, great strength of character, and a somewhat haughty bearing, had a deeply tender heart and was loved by children.

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things he read in Nature's book were full of the same kind of poetry as his own; and the 'sunbeams of his cheerful spirit' flood all my memories of those delightful walks. Though nearer 80 than 70, his step was so rapid, he moved so briskly, that it was with difficulty I kept up with him. The last twenty minutes of the two hours generally ended in a kind of trot. Weather never interrupted his exercise. He scorned an umbrella. With his long dark mantle and thick boots, he defied all storms. When his large-brimmed hat became heavy with water, he would stop and give it a great shake, saying 'How much better this is than to be huddled over the fire for fear of a little weather!' His great strength and general health were due, no doubt, to the time he spent so regularly in the open air."

CHAPTER VII

MY FATHER'S ILLNESS, 1888: AND CRUISE IN THE "SUNBEAM," 1889

THE following notes were written by desire of my father's doctors, who said that it was important to know not only the state of his physical health, but also something of what was occupying his mind.

Aldworth. On September 9th my father walked with Sir Alfred Lyall, and expressed great interest in Sir Alfred's conviction of the possibility of a religious revival in India. After the walk he complained that his knee hurt him. This was the commencement of his bad attack of rheumatic gout this winter, brought on chiefly by walking in the rain and storm, and getting drenched. As our friend Sir James Paget was away from London on his holiday, we telegraphed for Sir Prescott Hewitt, who came at once, and was most kind and wise in his treatment.

The doctors who attended my father were surprised at the simplicity of his bedroom. The room contained plain Chippendale, and oak chairs, an old oak table and wardrobe, a couch, and a brass bedstead with white

dimity curtains, and a little table for his candles, since he read much at night. There were books lying about everywhere; and three or four good pictures hung on the walls—a forest pool, the interior of Chartres Cathedral, the creek of Bosham (described in "Becket") whence Harold set sail for Normandy, Mrs. Greville as his Queen Mary, and a Bartolozzi print of children dancing—the gift of Mrs. G. F. Watts.

During the day he lay on his sofa near the south window of his study, and told us that, looking out on the great landscape, he had wonderful thoughts about God and the Universe, and felt as if looking into the other world. He liked my mother to be in the room with him even when he slept. Strange dreams came to him of fir woods and cliffs and temples. One night he thought that he was bound to visit all the ironclads in Her Majesty's fleet. Another night he dreamt that he was Pope of the world, and that his shoulders were weighted down by all its sins and all its miseries.

He had two bad relapses. The first day he came downstairs he talked with us about *Job*, which he thought one of the greatest of books. He asked for St. John, the 'little children, love one another' passage, and the Sermon on the Mount.

Among others he read or had read to him at this time the following books and essays: Leaf's edition of the *Iliad;* the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, expressing "wonder at its modernness"; Matthew Arnold on Tolstoi; Fiske's *Destiny of Man;* Gibbon's History, especially praising the *Fall of Constantinople;* Keats' poems; Wordsworth's "Recluse." Of this last he said: "I like the passages which have been published before, such as that about the dance of the flock of birds, driven by a thoughtless impulse. The poem is rambling, with fine lines,—for instance:

'The fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities.'"

He often looked at his Virgil, more than ever delighting in what he called "that splendid end of the second *Georgic*."

He was marvellously patient, and his humorous view of his own helpless condition helped him through some weary hours. At the crisis of his illness he made an epigram about himself, and on the pain killing the devil that was born in him eighty years back. The doctors, fearing another relapse, ordered his removal in an invalid carriage to Farringford. He remarked on his journey to the doctor in attendance, who was generalizing about humanity: "You see a great deal of mankind, but it is *mankind sick*—the devil a saint would be! do you therefore think you know mankind?"

Farringford. To both Dr. Dabbs and Dr. Hollis he generally talked politics. Some of his chance sayings are recorded below:

"I am afraid patriotism is very rare."

"The love of country, which makes a man defend his landmark, that we all have, and the Anglo-Saxon more than most other races: but the patriotism that declines to link itself with the small fry of the passing hour for political advantage—that is rare, I say."

"The Duke of Wellington had both kinds of patriotism."

"Carlyle said of the Duke's speeches that they had effect because he kept hitting the nail on the head, repeating the same thing over and over again."

"It is the authors, more than the diplomats, who make nations love one another."

"To decry one original poet in order to magnify

another is like despising an oak-tree because you prefer a beech, and almost as sensible."

"Every agitator should be made to prove his means of livelihood."

"True progress is gradation."

"Nihilism in Russia will never be laid at rest until an Emperor comes, bold enough to trust the people and chance the hatred of the nobles. He may be assassinated, but he will be the saviour of Russia. The Russians do not ask for much. Their men of thought, who are their men of action in domestic politics, ask for a graduated scale of liberty. Their moderation must have struck you."

"We ought not to show our Arsenals and Dockyards to the world, as we do. Want of confidence is hateful among members of a family, but want of confidence is necessary among nations."

"In a war we English do not listen to argument until we are victorious."

"In foreign affairs Palmerston saw further than he is ever credited with seeing."

"Education, as we call education, would have spoilt John Bright."

He said that there are many boys who would be far better equipped for their life's work if they learnt modern languages, or had a scientific training, instead of spending so many years on Greek and Latin: but that these ought to be made to study the old stories of heroism, and the masterpieces of ancient literature in good translations, if they had not time to read them in the original. "Yet," he added, "the benefit of most translations from *poetry*, except they be by true poets, seems to me mainly to rest with the translators."

"Beware of breaking up the soil of any Faith, when you have no better seed to sow."

"The Queen has a wonderful knowledge of politics, quite wonderful: and her sagacity about them seems unerring. The Queen never mistakes her people."

At the crisis of his illness the following letters from Mr. Jowett and Browning comforted him:

From the Master of Balliol to Hallam Tennyson

I should have so liked to have spoken to your father once more but I must not intrude upon you at such a time.

Will you give again and again my love to him? He is one of two or three friends, for whom I have done so little, though I have received so much from them.

I hope that he will exert himself to recover if there is still time for such a word. A strong will has brought me back to life before now. But if the hour of hope is past, I commend him to God, and would have him consider that he is passing into the Invisible, of which all his life long he has been desirous to have a nearer view.

Ever yours most affectionately,
B. JOWETT.

From the Master of Balliol to Lady Tennyson

Dec. 24th, 1888.

I am afraid that you must be in great anxiety but not without hope. May God strengthen and help you! I believe that the patient may at all times minister to himself if he is conscious, and that that strong frame and mind will not be easily overcome in its struggle. Give my love to him and tell him that I hope that he

is at rest, knowing that we are all in the hands of God. I would have him think sometimes that no one has done more for mankind in our own time, having found expression for their noblest thoughts and having never written a line that he would wish to blot; and that this benefit, which he has conferred on the English language and people, will be an everlasting possession to them, as great as any poet has ever given to any nation, and that those who have been his friends will always think of him with love and admiration, and speak to others of the honour of having known him. He who has such record of life should have the comfort of it in the late years of it: there may be some things which he blames, and some which he laments, but as a whole he has led a true and noble life, and he need not trouble himself about small matters. He may be thankful for the great gift which he has received, and that he can return an account of it. It seems to me that he may naturally dwell on such thoughts at this time, although also, like a Christian, feeling that he is an unprofitable servant, and that he trusts only in the mercy of God.

Ever yours affectionately,

B. JOWETT.

1889

From Robert Browning

29 DE VERE GARDENS, W.

January, 1889.

MY DEAR TENNYSON,

I was at Venice when the first news of your illness reached me, and I hardly know how I could resist so long the impulse I at last gave way to, that of inquiring directly how you are. Probably it came of

needing only to know this more exactly than was possible by the indirect means in my power, for as to any object beyond it, I know that, being what you are, there is no need to put in evidence the thorough love that I have always had for yourself, no less than my absolute admiration of your work. The circumstances of life never seemed to permit me a neighbourhood, and intercourse, which would have been a more valued honour and gratifying privilege than, with one exception, ever befell me, still I could have taken observation of the star beyond an actual reach which would have made me happy indeed: all which, I repeat, you know and must have long known; and it is only now that I trouble you with the telling, because the last accounts I have heard of your condition are favourable, and one's breath naturally ceases to be held when the danger is, if God please, over: and mine relieves itself, and you will forgive if it in any way importunes you: that it should not do so is all I desire. I am sure my dear Hallam will let me know what he can, and give me what satisfaction he can: you shall merely tell him to tell me that you understand I mean well in saying thus much, little in comparison with what I might say. I shall ask also of his kindness that he adds a word concerning his mother, to whom belong my affection of old date, and my profoundest sympathy at the present time.

God bless you, my dear Tennyson.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Jan. 13th. Jowett told a story of Dan O'Connell, whom he had heard speaking on a steamboat. A man cried out, interrupting his speech: "I know you, Dan." Dan answered, "Now I will tell you a story. A friend of mine was walking down Merrion Street. A man

came up to him and said, 'I know you.' My friend looked him in the face and replied, 'O yes, you're the man, aren't you, whom I defended on a charge of petty larceny.'" The man tried to interrupt again, but O'Connell after this always squashed him by saying, "O that's only petty larceny." Jowett and my father then talked of the Land League and of agrarian murders, and my father spoke of a murder that had happened in his childhood in Lincolnshire. A wild creature, Mad Bess, used to leap the dykes with a jumping pole, and was murdered by a labourer, who dug his way into her mud cottage, for the sake of 3*s.* 6*d.* that he had heard was hidden there.

Jan. 15*th.* My father asked Jowett whether his faith in God was more earnest than it had been. He answered, "Yes, certainly." He read my father the fine comparison between the philosopher and the lawyer in the *Theætetus*. My father said that he admired the skill of the *Timæus* dialogue, and often felt inclined to agree with Plato about the Demiurge, but that this would only put the difficulty one step further back.

Various prescriptions have reached him from strangers—one that burnt cork should be placed under his bed: another that a diet of snails should be tried, said by the country people here to be good for rheumatism.

Jan. 27*th and* 28*th.* We carried him down for the first time to the drawing-room. He was much struck with the beauty of the lights in the landscape and said, "This is certainly a very pretty place." Read Bret Harte's "Cressy."

Jan. 29*th.* Read *The Vision of Er*. He pitied Ardiæus and said, "That is eternal hell which I do not believe." I read to him some of Book II. of *The Republic*.

February. He had been making his poem "By an Evolutionist" between his attacks. Throughout the winter he fed the thrushes and other birds as usual out of his window. Towards the end of this month he sat in his kitchen-garden summer-house, listening attentively to the different notes of the thrush, and finishing his song of "The Throstle":[1] which had been begun in the same garden years ago.

Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

Talking of hopefulness he said, "Hope is the kiss of the future."

March. To my father's delight several crossbills were seen in our park. The fact was mentioned to the Duke of Argyll, who wrote in answer:

INVERARY, *March 4th*, 1889.

How your last letter did make me envious! 1000 crossbills! Not since 1837, when I was a boy, have I seen a flight of crossbills. In that year there was an enormous crop of cones on all the spruce firs. I was then living on the Clyde near *Roseneath*, where there was a famous wood of spruce, tall forest trees, 100 feet high. The tops were all loaded with cones. Unheard of before, a flight of crossbills appeared and fed on the cones. I used to cross a ferry often to shoot specimens, and it was not easy to kill them at such a height. The cocks were all *scarlet* with a few yellow feathers mixed with the scarlet. The hens were a dull brown with a little yellow. Never since that year have I seen the bird, except perhaps once at Balmoral: of that I was not sure. The habits are most curious. They cling

[1] Printed in *New Review*, October, 1891.

head downwards like parrots to the cone, insert the bill between the scales, and then wrench them open by a side movement of the crossing pointed mandibles. A fresh spruce cone is a very tough affair. Yet the birds made mincemeat of them and the remains strewed the ground below the trees.

Yours affectionately, ARGYLL.

March 14th. My father was astonished at the "living fingers of the cedar." "They look alive" he said.

He was pleased with the Press being called by some one "The whispering gallery of the world."

Father Haythornethwaite told him a story which amused him, and he retold it to me. "Father Haythornethwaite had an interview with a job-gardener. The gardener said to him, 'That Shakespeare's a great poet, isn't he?' (Haythornethwaite) 'Yes.' (Gardener) 'And this Tennyson's a great poet, isn't he?' Haythornethwaite was kind enough to say 'Yes.' (Gardener) driving his spade into the clod, 'Then I don't think nothink o' neither of 'em.'"

March 21st. He was able to see Lady Rosebery, who lunched with us, and he praised her husband's feeling for the empire. He spoke with enthusiasm about Challemel-Lacour's noble speech last December against the extreme danger of government by Opportunism.

April 17th. He availed himself of the gleams of sunshine and sat in his summer-house in Maiden's Croft. As the spring came on, "the girlhood of the year" he called it, he grew much better, and was delighted with the primroses, cowslips, and the "ruddy-hearted blossom-flake" of the elm, and the turtle-doves "purring" in the garden.

When Sir Andrew Clark visited him for the last time in this illness, it was in spite of a summons from the Shah, to which Sir Andrew had replied that he could not obey His Majesty, as he had promised to visit his old friend the old poet. This struck the Shah so much that, far from being offended, he took a noble view, and, as a mark of signal honour to the great Hakim, gave him the order of "The Lion and the Sun."

Sir Andrew pronounced my father (although he had been as near death as a man could be without dying) perfectly recovered, quite healthy and sound, adding that he "could not see where the door would open for his exit from this life."

On May 21st Lord Brassey kindly lent us his famous yacht, the *Sunbeam*. Mr. Andrew Hichens, my father and myself cruised in her down Channel to Dartmouth, Plymouth and Salcombe. During our cruise my father drew upon his wonderful memory for some of his endless stories :

Of his once telling a friend at a tavern-dinner about Dr. Cumming having taken a house for twenty-one years, although Dr. Cumming had prophesied the end of the world in ten years, and of a waiter rushing forward, napkin on arm, and saying in a state of intense excitement : "Is that true, Sir? You have comforted me wonderfully, for I am a family man, and I did not see the use of my being waiter any longer at taverns, if the world was to end so soon."

Of an American clergyman, who wrote to assure him that he had once by an uncontrollable impulse recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in his pulpit instead of preaching a sermon, to the great scandal and indignation of his congregation. Some days later a man called on him and said, "Sir, I am one of

the survivors of the Balaclava charge. I have led a wild, bad life, and haven't been near a church, till by accident and from curiosity I went into your church last Sunday. I heard you recite that great poem and it has changed my life: I shall never disgrace my cloth again." "So," said the clergyman, "though I may have lost my congregation, I have saved a soul by your poem."

Of a farmer, who saw a painting by Lady Margaret Majendie, of the Tennyson arms, the supporters being two leopards; and who said, "Why, I thought only one leper returned to give glory to the *Lord*."

Of his father, urging him to try for the Cambridge Prize Poem although it was looked upon with the greatest contempt. Of the turning of an old poem on "Armageddon" into "Timbuctoo" by a little alteration of the beginning and the end, and of his utter astonishment when this poem won the medal.

Of Hallam (the historian) saying to him, "I have tried to read Carlyle's *French Revolution* but cannot get on, the style is so abominable." Of Carlyle groaning about Hallam's *Constitutional History*, "Eh! it's a miserable skeleton of a book."

Of X—, dining at an Irish inn (where a club was in the habit of holding convivial meetings), when a mouse ran out of the wainscot and played about his foot: upon which he went down on his knees to look at it. Meanwhile the waiter popped his head in at the door, and, seeing X— with eyes intent on the mouse, shouted: "It is a real mouse, your honour, it isn't *delirium tremens*."

Of Aubrey de Vere giving his view of eternal punishment: "Of course it will be listening to Huxley and Tyndall disputing eternally on the non-existence of God."

Of Lowell asserting: "Wordsworth was no more an

'artist' than Isaiah"; whereupon my father answered: "I consider Isaiah a very great artist—everything he says is complete and perfect."

Letters to and from friends, 1889

To the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone

FARRINGFORD,
June 17th, 1889.

MY DEAR GLADSTONE,

I must write, tho' by another hand, something of my own warm thanks for all your kindly words. Better I certainly am as far as rheumatic gout goes, but it has left a good deal that is very trying to me, body and mind. However enough of this. The papers told much of your continued ovation in the West, and yesterday Mrs. Elliot Yorke and her brother-in-law told more. We do not wonder at your feeling of exhaustion just now, but, when this is past, it will be a lasting pleasure to know that the people of England are not ungrateful for all you have done for them in days that are no more. I wish you could have looked in upon us here. The companionship of former years is, I need not say, a grateful memory to me. When you have resumed the old work, I hope you will find yourself renewed by the little voyage. Lord Brassey did all for me in his floating palace that princely munificence and friendly kindness

could do, and with good result to my strength, tho' brought very low by a nine months' illness. Kindest remembrances from us all to Mrs. Gladstone and yourself.

Believe me yours ever,

TENNYSON.

From Miss Elizabeth Fowler

WINTERTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

Two or three days ago I spent a short time with an aged cottager, Mrs. "Bowskill," or "Bowskin," at Owston Ferry. She and her husband, palsied but "very bonny," live in an old wood-yard there, close by the Trent.

They and their "fore-elders" have been on the premises for 150 years.

This old lady always reads and asks about anything relating to "Master Alfred," who "used to come to visit at Dalby Hall,"[1] near Langton, when she was in service there. "He used to *study* in an evening;—when I was sent with candles for him into another room. And he always was patikler, very, to say 'Thank you'; but you see, Miss, all that was before I knew that he *was tryin' for to be a poet.*"

The old man would not leave the cottage "on any account," and as he looked enquiringly, not hearing his wife's talk on the other side of the fire, she raised her voice and said, "I'm telling the ladies how that thou clings to the old yard." "Ay," he said laughingly.

The vicar's daughter had taken them some soup, and

[1] His aunt Mrs. Bourne's.

the old lady stood washing and drying the jug as she first began to talk.

I wonder if I may be forgiven for telling at this time of a clergyman's sister some years ago who read "Locksley Hall" to a poor woman at her own special request. This was in "The Marsh." The old lady sat knitting until the visitor came to the words,

> Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime,

when she laid down her hands, picturing the sand-hills, and ejaculated: "Nay, Miss, don't you believe a word o' that; for there's nothing to nourish *no*body here, be out it was a rabbit. An' it's very rare you can get *that!*"

Extract of letter from Aubrey de Vere to Hallam Tennyson

1889.

I paid my annual visit to Cardinal Newman, sleeping one night at the Oratory. I found him considerably weaker than last year in his body but strong and clear in his mind. He is now 89. He looks forward to his end with a very bright and peaceful though humble Hope, equally unlike the coldness of the Sceptic or Stoic, and the presumption of the Puritan enthusiast. On no face, that of man, woman, or child, have I seen a smile like his, so rich in charity, sweetness and pathos, and yet often with a gleam of humour fleeting across it. It is a strong contrast to that strange look of *intensity* into which his features more often fix themselves. His great religious change has not prevented him from being also one of the most unchanged men I ever knew. He speaks with the most ardent affection of all his old

friends, grieving deeply for Lord Blachford, who is thought to be very unlikely to survive long. He looks to the progress of Democracy in this country and most others, with that profound distrust of its promises and pretensions with which he always regarded what is at heart but a system of political materialism. He spoke on several religious subjects too, among others on one which interests your father so much that I wished he had been present—Eternal Punishment, respecting which he remarked that though the "Pain of *Loss*" (that of the Vision and Fruition of God) never ceased, yet *Catholic* Theology allowed of a belief entertained by many Theologians, that the "*Pœna Sensus*" does not share that Eternity, but gradually diminishes and may wholly cease, as is implied by the expression "beaten by few *stripes*." This is wholly opposed to the Calvinistic Theology, especially when combined with the teaching that the "Fire" like the "Worm" is a *figure*, that Eternity includes no sense of *Succession*, and that the gates of Heaven are always open; so that the reason that the reprobate and impenitent does not enter is because he has no love for God and *does not desire* His presence.

On his birthday, August 6th, the tributes from Swinburne,[1] Lewis Morris, Alfred Austin, Theodore Watts-Dunton, T. B. Aldrich, a writer in *Punch*, and others, greatly gratified

[1] My father wrote to thank Mr. Swinburne, who answered thus:

MY DEAR LORD TENNYSON,

Your too kind note has just reached me here. I need not say how gratified I am by it, and how grateful for so generous a recognition of so brief and inadequate a tribute, or thank-offering. It adds yet another item to a debt which has been accumulating ever since I was twelve years old.

Believe me ever gratefully yours, A. C. SWINBURNE.

him. In the afternoon of his birthday he planted a blue Colorado pine in Aldworth garden. The following are scraps of his talk:

"The newspaper attention which poets get now-a-days would be enough to prevent a young poet putting forward any poetry at all. Most of the things said of me in the papers are lies, lies, lies." Then he referred to a letter of extravagant flattery: "This fulsome adulation makes me miserable"; and after reading a beautiful letter from Edmund Lushington: "*That* is sincerely felt, and what a contrast! I don't know what I have done to make people feel like that towards me, except that I have always kept my faith in Immortality."

He talked of his past life — of "those old homes, which, though now far away in the morning twilight, are not forgotten": and of his future work, and set about beginning the second part of "Œnone." He was very cheerful and well. By his side in the study he kept a big box full of congratulatory letters and telegrams, into which he dived at intervals while he was smoking: and on his table was a splendid bouquet of eighty roses from Princess Frederica. He was especially touched by a letter from Browning.

To-morrow is your birthday, indeed a memorable one. Let me say I associate myself with the universal pride of our country in your glory, and in its hope that

for many and many a year we may have your very self among us: secure that your poetry will be a wonder and delight to all those appointed to come after; and for my own part let me further say, I have loved you dearly. May God bless you and yours! I have had disastrous experience, if I am to believe it, that words[1] may somehow mean the very thing most abhorrent to the habitual mood of the speaker: so may be explained and excused! All I know is, at no moment from first to last of my acquaintance with your works, or friendship with yourself, have I had any other feeling expressed or kept silent than this, which an opportunity allows me to utter, that I am and ever shall be,

My dear Tennyson,

Admiringly and affectionately yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

Birthday Letters to friends

To Robert Browning

ALDWORTH, *August*, 1889.

MY DEAR BROWNING,

I thank you with my whole heart and being for your noble and affectionate letter, and with my whole heart and being I return your friendship. To be loved and appreciated by so great and powerful a nature as yours will be a solace to me, and lighten my dark hours during the short time of life that is left to me.

Ever yours, TENNYSON.

[1] Edward FitzGerald's words about Mrs. Browning's poetry.

To Dr. Van Dyke

Aug. 19th, 1889.

I thank you for your kind and able articles,[1] which you have sent me. That on the two "Locksley Halls"[2] is also good.

I should be very ungrateful if I were not grateful for the good wishes, and warm congratulations, which have reached me on my eightieth birthday. As a general rule, however, I think it wisest in a man to do his work in the world as quietly and as well as he can, without much heeding the praise or the dispraise.

The report (which you quote) that I dislike Americans is wholly without foundation, though it is true that I have protested against the manner in which some of the American publishers have pilfered my work.

Ever yours faithfully, TENNYSON.

In answer to a letter from a correspondent who asks my father to help start a Liberal Unionist Journal, he wrote :

SIR,

I am heart and soul a Unionist, but I confess that I think public opinion much more

[1] In *Scribner's Magazine*, "Tennyson's First Flight," and in the *Century Magazine*, "The Bible in Tennyson."

[2] In *Scribner's Magazine*, "The Two Locksley Halls," by T. R. Lounsbury.

likely to be influenced by steady firm action than by much talking and writing.

At all events I live too apart from the world to feel justified in availing myself of the offer you are good enough to make me of being one of your hundred.

Believe me faithfully yours,

TENNYSON.

To the Hon. Sir Henry Parkes, K.C.M.G.

ALDWORTH, HASLEMERE,
September, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,

I rejoice in your speech and your letter, and your remembrance of me. I have received innumerable congratulations on my eightieth birthday in the shape of telegrams, letters and poems, but none are more valued by me than your greeting from the Antipodes. I was obliged to advertise in the *Times* that I could not answer all my friends known and unknown, except thro' the medium of the newspaper, and indeed my doctor had told me that I was not to write letters for the present; for perhaps you may not be aware that I have had nine months of rheumatic gout, which he said would have made an end of most men at my age, but I answer you, however briefly, to show you that I have not forgotten your visits to me, and that I am

Always yours, TENNYSON.

CHAPTER VIII

"DEMETER AND OTHER POEMS" NOTES BY MY FATHER

1889-90

Death of Browning, Long walks, Novels, Subjects for poems, Letters and Journals (1889-90)

"*In the evening-tide there shall be light.*"

Demeter and other Poems appeared in December 1889.

The general tone of criticism was gratifying, and to the effect that the poems were wonderful productions for a man of fourscore years, that they were especially remarkable for rhythm and strength, and close-packed diction, and that there was throughout a trustful peace and resignation in the evening of life, which touched the heart of the "great public."

In this year also had been published by Boussod Valadon and Co. the three poems "To Edward Lear," "The Daisy," and "The Palace of Art," illustrated by Edward Lear. The

publisher accepted the book on condition that "one hundred copies were signed by Lord Tennyson"; and much as he disliked signing his name, he signed it in affectionate memory of his old friend.

Napier's *Homes and Haunts of Tennyson* (privately printed this year), and Alfred Church's *Laureate's Country*, published 1891, were the only two topographical books concerning him which he considered at all correct.

Very few MS. notes have been left on *Demeter and other Poems*. The volume was dedicated to Lord Dufferin, as a tribute of affection and of gratitude; for words would fail me to tell the unremitting kindness shown by himself and Lady Dufferin to my brother Lionel, during his fatal illness.

The poem from which the book was named[1] was written at my request, because I knew that he considered Demeter one of the most beautiful types of motherhood. He said: "I will write it, but when I write an antique like this I must put it into a frame—something modern about it. It is no use giving a mere *réchauffé* of old legends." He would give as an example of the "frame" the passage:

Yet I, Earth-Goddess, am but ill-content

* * * * * *

And all the Shadow die into the Light.

[1] Separately dedicated to Professor Jebb.

"In a review," wrote my father, "of the Lincolnshire Poems it was remarked that I must have found these poems difficult to accomplish as being out of my way. I wrote to a friend that they were easy enough, for I knew the men, by which I meant the kind of men and their manner of speaking, not that my poems represented individuals whom I knew."

"A lady tells me that when she read 'The Northern Cobbler' at a village entertainment, the drunkard of the village, on her coming to the line,

An' I looök'd cock-eyed at my noäse an' I seeäd
'im a-gittin' o' fire,

left the room, saying, 'Women knoäws too much now-a-daäy.'"

About "The Ring" my father notes: "Mr. Lowell told me this legend, or something like it, of a house near where he had once lived."

In answer to a letter respecting the legend Mr. Lowell writes:

> I shall only be too glad to be in any the remotest way the moving cause of a new poem by one to whom we are all so nobly indebted.
>
> Henry James, by the way, to whom I told the legend many years ago, made it the subject of a short story. But this would be no objection, for the poet would make it his own by right of eminent domain.

The following lines my father would quote

as giving his own belief that "the after-life is one of progress":

> The Voices of the day
> Are heard across the Voices of the dark.
> No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for man,
> But thro' the Will of One who knows and rules—
> And utter knowledge is but utter love—
> Æonian Evolution, swift or slow,
> Thro' all the Spheres—an ever opening height,
> An ever lessening earth.

"Happy" was suggested by an archæological letter in the *Isle of Wight County Press* from the Rev. Edward Boucher James, vicar of Carisbrooke:

"At first there was a doubt whether wives should follow [into solitude] their husbands who were leprous, or remain in the world and marry again. The Church decided that the marriage-tie was indissoluble. With a love stronger than this living death, lepers were followed into banishment from the haunts of men by their faithful wives."

Of "Merlin and the Gleam," written in August, 1889, he says: "In the story of 'Merlin and Nimuë' I have read that Nimuë means the Gleam,—which signifies in my poem the higher poetic imagination. Verse IV. is the early imagination, Verse V. alludes to the Pastorals."

Of "Romney's Remorse" he notes: "Edward

FitzGerald said in a letter, 'I read Hayley's *Life of Romney* the other day: Romney wanted but education and reading to make him a very fine painter; but his ideal was not high and fine. How touching is the close of his life! He married at nineteen, and because Sir Joshua and others had said that marriage 'spoilt an artist,' almost immediately left his wife in the North and never saw her till the end of his life; when old, nearly mad, and quite desolate, he went back to her and she received him and nursed him till he died. This quiet act of hers is worth all Romney's pictures, even as a matter of art, I am sure.'"

"Far—far—away," and "The Oak," are two poems in this volume which he liked.

What sound was dearest in his native dells?
The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells
Far—far—away.

Distant bells always charmed him with their "lin-lan-lone," and, when heard over the sea or a lake, he was never tired of listening to them.

"The Oak," he thought, might be called "clean cut like a Greek epigram. The allusion is to the gold of the young oak leaves in spring, and to the autumnal gold of the fading leaves."

"Crossing the Bar" was written in my father's eighty-first year, on a day in October when we came from Aldworth to Farringford.

Before reaching Farringford he had the Moaning of the Bar in his mind, and after dinner he showed me this poem written out.

I said, "That is the crown of your life's work." He answered, "It came in a moment." He explained the "Pilot" as "That Divine and Unseen Who is always guiding us."

A few days before my father's death he said to me: "Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of all editions of my poems."[1]

I give two of the many letters which he received relative to the volume:

[1] My father considered Edmund Lushington's translation into Greek of "Crossing the Bar," one of the finest translations he had ever read:

Ἅλιος δέδυκε, λέλαμπεν ἀστὴρ
ἕσπερος, λαμπρά με καλεῖ τις ὀμφά·
μηδ ἀλὸς βαρύστονος ἦχος εἴη
εὖτ' ἂν ἀπέλθω,
ῥεῦμα δ' οἷον ἧκα καθεῦδον ἕρποι
νόσφιν ἀφλοισμοῦ κελάδου τε πλῆθον,
ἄδ' ἀποῤῥοὰ βαθέων ἀπείρων
ὅκκ' ἀνακάμψῃ
οἴκαδ' αὖτις. Ἀμφιλύκα κνεφαῖον
νὺξ φέρει κώδωνα, τὰ δ' ἔνθεν ὄρφνα·
μηδὲ πενθήρης τις ὀδυρμὸς εἴη
ναυστολέοντος,
τῆλε μὲν χρόνου τε τόπου τ' ἄπουρον
τῆλε πλημμυρὸν πέλαγός μ' ἀπάξει,
ἔλπομαι δ' εἰς ὦπα πέραν κυβερνα-
τῆρος ἀθρήσειν.

HAWARDEN CASTLE,
Dec. 14th, 1889.

MY DEAR TENNYSON,

How kind of you to send me your new volume! I have lost no time in reading it, and I am, if not surprised, yet greatly pleased to find you still equal to new manifestations of power such as it contains.

Only I am not ready to part from the *Iliad* on any terms, not even on the condition of meeting its author. Your "lightning may shrivel,[1] etc." is the grand expression of what I meanly spoke at Kirkwall as to your vocation and mine.

The death of Browning on the day of the appearance of your volume, and as we hear of one of his own, is a touching event. I was full of fear on seeing the word bronchitis. I hope you have no leanings that way. Requiescat in Pace. Wish for me, I pray you, a speedy deliverance, if God's will may so be, from the life of turmoil and contention which I have pursued for fifty-seven years and part of a fifty-eighth.

With our united love . . .

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Dec. 26th, 1889.

MY DEAR TENNYSON,

Accept my best thanks for your very kind present of "Demeter." I have not had a Christmas Box I valued so much for many a long year. I envy your vigour, and am ashamed of myself beside you for being turned out to grass. I kick up my heels now and then and have a gallop round the paddock, but it does not come to much. With best wishes to

[1] "Parnassus."

you, and, if Lady Tennyson has not forgotten me altogether, to her also,

Believe me yours very faithfully,

T. H. HUXLEY.

In December my father sent these lines to Bishop Westcott of Durham with reference to the strikes among the miners in the North of England, in return for a request for an autograph :

Well roars the storm to those who hear
A deeper voice across the storm.

The Bishop was hopeful as to the situation ; but my father was sorely afraid of these continuous coal-strikes, that they might in the end have the effect of permanently increasing the price of coal for the poor labourer ; of diminishing the numerous industries which depend on coal, and which support multitudes of hard-working men ; and of eventually driving our gigantic coal-trade altogether out of England, and thus bringing wholesale ruin on the country.[1]

1890

Robert Browning's death, in December 1889, greatly distressed my father, who telegraphed to his son, "We deeply sympathize with you. The world has had a great loss and ourselves in particular." I was in London at the time and

[1] See p. 160.

my mother wrote to me: "Browning has been so nobly free from envy, so loving and appreciative that one cannot but mourn his loss as a friend; and as a poet one feels that one has lost a deep mine of great thoughts, and pure feelings, and much else besides."

The death too of the Irish poet William Allingham took away from us yet another friend. My father often repeated Allingham's last words: "I see such things as you cannot dream of."

This winter my father amused himself by making water-colour sketches. Watts had urged him to do this and sent him the advice to "add a daub every day," saying he "would then soon have a picture." He was interested in every form of art and of craft, and at this time placed round the windows of a cottage at Farringford bricks moulded from a wreath of ivy leaves, which he had carved in apple-tree wood.

On April 21st my mother wrote to Mr. Palgrave: "He has been entertaining large five o'clock tea-parties for the last three or four weeks, almost daily, and has often been even able to read to them. He has walked an hour and a half or two hours before luncheon, many days, between Mr. Arthur Coleridge and Dr. Stanford, all three telling merry stories; and at luncheon and at dinner his spirits did not fail with others, though now he is beginning to be weary of the many people."

His walks were still generally along his Downs from Watcombe Bay by the Beacon towards the thymy promontory that towers above the Needles.[1] The views of sea and cliff, the gloom and glory over the waters on either hand, were a perpetual delight to him. He often wondered why the distant sunlight on the sea as seen from the Beacon was so "amber": and would marvel at the

> dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs,
> Heard thro' the living roar.

The birds that made their homes on the chalk ledges, the peregrine falcons, the ravens with their "iron knell," the kestrels, the carrion-crows, the different kinds of sea-bird, from the cormorants drying themselves on the pinnacles of rock in heraldic attitudes to the sea-gull sunning himself among the tufts of samphire and of thrift, were ever a fresh interest. A special corner, that he liked above all, was a platform of cliff over Scratchell's Bay looking up to a dazzling white precipice, seen far away by the ships at sea, and which he named Taliessin, or the "splendid brow." At other times he would wander at low-tide among the green rock-pools on the shore, and curiously examine the "branching sea-weed" and the brilliant sea-anemones;

[1] The doctors had said, when my father was ill, that he would probably never again have the use of his limbs or be able to move from the sofa. But his great natural strength did not fail him.

or, when high-tide coincided with sunset, would watch the great waves flinging their "rosy veil of spray" behind them and "shouldering the sun." Whenever I look at the sea at Freshwater, I remember passages from his poems which he made as he was walking or sailing there, such as

> The scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave:

and

> a full tide
> Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks
> Touching, up-jetted in spirts of wild sea-smoke
> And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell
> In vast sea-cataracts:

and

> For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
> See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
> The boat that bears the hope of life approach
> To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
> Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

He read many novels after his evening's work, and among others he looked through *Henrietta Temple* again. He had told Disraeli that the "silly sooth" of love was given perfectly there. *Lothair* he did not admire, "altho' it was written to stir up the English gentry and nobility to be leaders of the people." To this end Disraeli had shown them as a handsome set of fellows who did

nothing, but who had in them the stuff to be leaders of men if they would only exert themselves. It is interesting that Disraeli in later life expressed himself cordially about my father's poems, though earlier he had depreciated them in comparison with Byron's. My father in turn approved of "Disraeli's feeling for the true unity of our empire."

He would always talk of Thackeray's novels, *Esmond*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes* as being "delicious: they are so mature. But now the days are so full of false sentiment that, as Thackeray said, one cannot draw a man as he should be." He would read and re-read them as well as Walter Scott's and Miss Austen's novels. His comments on Walter Scott and Miss Austen were: "Scott is the most chivalrous literary figure of this century, and the author with the widest range since Shakespeare. I think *Old Mortality* is his greatest novel. The realism and life-likeness of Miss Austen's Dramatis Personæ come nearest to those of Shakespeare. Shakespeare however is a sun to which Jane Austen, tho' a bright and true little world, is but an asteroid."

Of *Clarissa Harlowe* he would say: "I like those great *still* books," and "I wish there were a great novel in hundreds of volumes that I might go on and on; I hate some of your modern novels with numberless characters thrust into the first chapter and nothing but modern society

talk; and also those morbid, and introspective tales, with their oceans of sham philosophy. To read these last is like wading through glue."

In respect of contemporary novels he had a very catholic taste. Latterly he read Stevenson and George Meredith with great interest: also Walter Besant, Black, Hardy, Henry James, Marion Crawford, Anstey, Barrie, Blackmore, Conan Doyle, Miss Braddon, Miss Lawless, Ouida, Miss Broughton, Lady Margaret Majendie, Hall Caine, and Shorthouse. He liked Edna Lyall's *Autobiography of a Slander*, and the *Geier-Wally* by Wilhelmina von Hillern; and often gave his friends *Surly Tim* to read, for its "concentrated pathos." "Mrs. Oliphant's prolific work," he would observe, "is amazing, and she is nearly always worth reading."

Various subjects for poems were suggested to him. The Master of Balliol urged him to write on the "Happiness of Old Age," or on the idea that "All religions are one," or on "The religion of all good men."

My father would have liked to make a poem of one of those great Egyptian legends, which describe how despair and death came upon him who was mad enough to try and probe the secret of the Universe; and he thought of weaving into a great stage drama the legend of "Tristram of Lyonnesse," as he had been obliged to cut it down to suit his treatment of the "Idylls of the King."

This narrative from the *Spectator*, given him by the Bishop of Ripon (Boyd Carpenter), he felt was a noble theme, and he laid it aside for future use :

In December last, the American ship "*Cleopatra*" was descried by Captain Hughes of the Liverpool steamer "*Lord Gough*," near the St. George's Shoal, with her colours at half-mast and evidently sinking. The gale and the sea were so terrible that it seemed madness to help her ; but volunteers came forward, and a boat was manned, when suddenly, the colours were hauled down. Captain Hughes however persevered, the desperate adventure succeeded, and the crew of the "*Cleopatra*" was saved.

The United States Government forwarded thanks and rewards to Captain Hughes and his men ; but noble as their conduct was, Captain Pendleton of the "*Cleopatra*" had done a nobler thing. He was asked why his colours were hauled down, and replied, "Because we had no boats, and thought it wrong to imperil other lives in a hopeless attempt." The "*Cleopatra*" was then water-logged, and Captain Pendleton and his men faced the certainty of death by drowning rather than tempt others, strangers, into danger.

Honour to the name of the brave ! That deed on the "*Cleopatra*" is equal to the conduct of the soldiers on the "*Birkenhead*," and should live like it in song.

Of the Bishop he had seen a good deal in late years and he talked freely with him as a sympathetic companion.

During one of the Bishop's last visits my father said to him : "Looked at from one point

of view I can understand the Persian dualism; there is much which looks like the conflict of the powers of light and darkness." When the Bishop said that he thought this might be found in the word *education*, he said "Yes," and he repeated the lines:

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said "Am I your debtor?"
And the Lord—"Not yet: but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better."

"It is hard," he said, "to believe in God; but it is harder not to believe. I believe in God, not from what I see in Nature, but from what I find in man."

Letters from friends, 1890

From Oliver Wendell Holmes

Feb. 2nd, 1890.

I had great pleasure in reading your last volume of poems, and I thank you very heartily for sending me a copy. All the world honours and praises you, and I am a part of that world. But besides that I am interested in you for one reason which very few others can assign. I had the honour of following you into

atmospheric existence at an interval of only twenty-three days, having been born on the twenty-ninth of August 1809. I am proud of my birth-year and humbled when I think of who were and who are my coevals, Darwin the destroyer and creator, Lord Houghton the pleasant and kindhearted lover of men of letters, Gladstone whom I leave it to you to characterise, but whose vast range of intellectual powers few will question, Mendelssohn, whose music still rings in our ears, and the Laureate whose "jewels five words long"—and many of them a good deal longer—sparkle in our memories and will shine till

"Universal darkness buries all."

I said I feel proud to be even accidentally associated with such a group. But I said also that I feel humbled: perhaps I ought to feel nothing about it, as the world at large is not very deeply interested in the fact of my finding myself introduced into life in such good company. I might have spared you this letter which possibly your son or your secretary may read to you, but I could not feel easy until I had thanked you for the welcome little volume, and assured you that I have never forgotten the kindness with which you received my dear daughter, with me now only in memory, and myself. With grateful remembrances and the hope that you may live many more years and sing many more songs,

I am, my dear Lord Tennyson,

Very truly yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

1890 BEES AND SNOWDROPS

From the Duke of Argyll to Lady Tennyson

Feb. 28th, 1890.

I have not been bothering you by letters and telegrams because I saw the daily report in the paper—with what anxiety I am sure I need not tell you. I do trust soon to hear that he has weathered this new storm. Will you tell him—it may amuse him—that his beautiful line in the last verses on "Spring,"

> Wavers on her thin stem the snowdrop cold
> That trembles not to kisses of the bee,

is true to nature *except* at Inverary? We had, last Monday, an extraordinary hot sun, great calm, and a sudden awakening of the *hives*. Out they came, and our snowdrop crop being still in full force the bees were all rushing to the snowdrops and for the first time in my life, sitting in the garden, I saw the bees all round my seat making the "thin stems" waver and tremble to their kisses! But his observation is none the less true of the ordinary cycle of the season and of its flowers.

CHAPTER IX

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW POEMS

My Journal

1890-91

A SUDDEN attack of influenza had made my father ill again. Despite his growing weakness, his interest in the larger politics of the country never failed. Thus at his wish I read the new Tithes Bill to him, and he admired the courage of the graduated property tax in Victoria, saying that a modified tax of the same nature would soon have to be passed in England. He was much touched by an account of Mrs. Moberly's [the wife of the late Bishop of Salisbury] being greatly comforted by "Crossing the Bar," when she was dying.

March 7th. He was pleased with Sir Henry Parkes' Dedication of his poems. He looked forward to Australian Federation as a prelude to Imperial Federation.

March 8th. He made me read Southwell's "Burning Babe" to him out of Palgrave's *Sacred Song*. Talked then of St. Athanasius, who, as a boy, baptized his fellows in the sea; and remarked that the ceremony was at once treated by Bishop Alexander as valid. He

added: "How much these old fellows believed in the divine nature of childhood!"

March 11th. Dined downstairs; told of his having addressed the boys at Louth School, in the person of his uncle Charles Tennyson, M.P. for Stamford, in a long and comic speech: and of his hating Louth School so much, that he would not go down the lane where it was, when in later life he was at Louth.

March 15th. My father quoted Goethe's "Kennst du das Land?" and "Wer nie sein Brod" at dinner, admiring them greatly. He said he thought that seven of his own best songs (of the deeper kind) were "All along the Valley," "Courage, poor Heart of Stone," "Break, Break, Break," "The Bugle Song," "Ask me no more," "Tears, Idle Tears," and "Crossing the Bar."

March 16th. Talked about my brother Lionel, this being his birthday; and of the after-life being the cardinal part of Christ's teaching; and of Handel's *Messiah*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Paradise Lost*, as the three greatest religious works produced in England.

March 17th. He had all but recovered from his influenza, and sat in the sun in front of the study window, and read Jebb's *Homer:* quoted "Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ," and dwelt on the stateliness imparted by Horace to the Alcaic stanza.

March 20th. Said in the evening: "Love is the highest we feel, therefore we must believe that 'God is Love.' We cannot but believe that the creation is infinite, if God is infinite."

April. Miss Mary Anderson is to be married, so cannot act in "Robin Hood." My father said he was fond of Sherwood Forest, "the oaks with the bark or their trunks in waves like the flowing of the tides, each branch a grove," standing in the broad green glades. Then the talk touched on Rousseau.

My father went on to say he told Wordsworth that balloons would perhaps be fixed at the bottom of high mountains so as to take people to the top to see the views. Wordsworth grunted, thinking this a sacrilege.

In April Peter Bayne wrote:

A serious flaw has been allowed by you to remain in one of your masterpieces, in quality if not in size. When Lady Clare's nurse tells her that she is her own child, she, Lady Clare, uses in reply the words, "If I'm a beggar born." The criticism of my *heart* tells me that Lady Clare could never have said that.

I may mention also, though this is a matter of much less consequence, that the *one* word in "Sir Galahad" that seems to me to jar with the saintly and solemn atmosphere of the poem is the epithet "magic" applied to the boat that Galahad found.

My father answered:

April 29th, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR,

You make no allowance for the shock of the fall from being Lady Clare to finding herself the child of a nurse. She speaks besides not without a certain anger. "Peasant-born" would be tame and passionless. "Magic" includes "mystic."

Yours very truly, TENNYSON.

"Beggar-born." She is not calling her mother a beggar but thinking of Lord Ronald: "I that have nothing have kept him out of his own."

He also wrote to the daughter of the German poet Freiligrath :

FARRINGFORD,
May 1st, 1890.

MADAM,

I thank you for your translation of my "Snowdrop." It seems to me very good, tho' I do not profess to be a judge of German verse. I remember your father the poet with affection and regret.

Very truly yours,
TENNYSON.

May 28th. G. F. Watts left to-day, having done a fine portrait of my father [now in the Hall of Trinity]. He was amused by Watts telling him that Carlyle had said that Watts had painted him like a mad labourer. At the request of Watts, my father read the "Ode on the Duke of Wellington."

He told Watts of my mother's dream after that ode was written. The Duke, she dreamt, called upon them, and as he rose from the sofa to shake hands with her, she feared to take the cold hand of death, and it was instead a warm, living hand which grasped hers. I read "The Golden Bough" and the "Story of a Balaclava Hero" to Watts and my father, while the portrait was in hand.

My father said that he used to act Dryden's plays with his brothers and sisters, and that the French governess assured him he would be a fine actor some day. He repeated to us the speech "O Laius Labdacus," etc.

June 13th. My parents kept their 40th wedding day. He gave my mother a pretty posy of roses, rosemary and syringa, and was very merry.

To the character of Edgar in "The Promise of May" he referred in an impromptu:

A surface man of many theories,
And yet not true to one: whose whims were meant
For virtue's servants, but that heart of his
Hard, and the slave of vice; and he would weep
For ills himself had practised on another,
At some sad tale of wrong, and do the wrong
He wept for, till the very wrong itself
Had found him out.

He said that he never met Landor more than once or twice in his life, at the time when he himself was living with James Spedding, under the same roof as John Forster, 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields. Coming home about 10 o'clock one evening he saw Mr. Fox, the member for Oldham, standing at the top of the doorsteps of the house. They shook hands, and he went into Forster's, where Landor had been dining. In the meantime Mr. Fox had fallen down and broken his arm, and was brought into the dining-room, white from pain, and holding the injured arm with the hand of the other. Old Landor went on eloquently discoursing of Catullus and other Latin poets as if nothing particular had happened, "which seemed rather hard, but was perhaps better than utter silence."

Speaking of the original "Locksley Hall," he told us that two undergraduates were walking together some time after he himself had left Cambridge. One of the two mentioned "Tennyson." The other replied, "O do not mention that man's name. I hate him. I was the unhappy hero of 'Locksley Hall.' It is the story of my cousin's love and mine, known to all Cambridge when Mr. Tennyson was there, and he put it into

verse." Needless to say he had never heard either of the undergraduate or of his story. The poem was a simple invention as to place, incidents and people.

When the poem was first published Rogers observed to my father, "That was something of my case. I was fond of a girl, who was, as I thought, intellectual, and after all she married a dog and horse man, and when she passed me after her marriage she blushed, for she knew then what she had done."

June 23rd. Aldworth. Walked on the Common. My father is working at his Lincolnshire poem, "The Churchwarden": and laughed heartily at the humorous passages as he made them. He asserted that careful authors were good critics, only apt to give too lenient criticisms if they felt a friendliness for the man who asked for an opinion. "The ordinary critic," he said, "is so hurried now-a-days that he not unfrequently misquotes, or tears a passage from the context—misinterpreting it, and then proceeds to base a contemptuous argument on his own misquotation, or on his own misinterpretation."[1]

June 28th. He found some apple-blossoms and ripe strawberries and observed: "Miss Austen is not so wrong after all" [in her garden-party in *Emma*]. To-day Tyndall said to him, "God and spirit I know, and

[1] "Tennyson was very grand on contemptuousness. It was, he said, a sure sign of intellectual littleness. Simply to despise nearly always meant not to understand. Pride and contempt were specially characteristic of barbarians. Real civilisation taught human beings to understand each other better, and must therefore lessen contempt. It is a little or immature or uneducated mind which readily despises. One who has lived only in a *coterie* despises readily. One who has travelled and knows the world in its length and breadth, respects far more views and standpoints other than his own."—Wilfrid Ward's "Talks with Tennyson," *New Review*, July, 1886.

matter I know; and I believe in both." And in answer to my father's profession of belief in "individual immortality" Tyndall remarked, "We may all be absorbed into the Godhead." My father said, "Suppose that He is the real person, and we are only relatively personal." He talked with Tyndall then about experiments as to the origin of life—having frequently inspected Tyndall's hermetically sealed bottles: and it interested him that Tyndall was convinced that life could not originate without life. Tyndall on leaving us said that he was glad to hear again my father's "full, deep, broad, brotherly voice."

July 2nd. London. My father greatly admired Burne Jones' "Laus Veneris"; and was interested by the "Briar Rose." He missed however the final picture, the going away:

> And o'er the hills and far away
> Beyond their utmost purple rim,
> Beyond the night, across the day,
> Thro' all the world she follow'd him.

In another Exhibition he liked Poynter's "Queen of Sheba," as a splendid piece of scenic painting; but the picture by Poynter that he praised most was one of two naked boys sailing boats in a cavern. After a careful inspection of Leighton's two pictures in monochrome, "The Industrial Arts as applied to Peace and War," he said, "These are the greatest works by Leighton that I have seen."

Mr. Knowles asked Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Acton and others, to meet him at dinner. Gladstone and my father talked of Homer and Browning.

Aug. 6th. Aldworth. The Duchess of Albany came to luncheon with us in honour of my father's

eighty-first birthday: and thanked him for what he had written about the Duke.[1] At her request he read "Guinevere" aloud.

My father was much impressed by Martineau's book, *The Seat of Authority*; but did not like parts of it. He had admired his *Types of Ethical Theory* and *The Study of Religion*.

Farrar told him the story of St. Telemachus; he was struck by the Christian regard for human life in contrast to the pagan recklessness in inflicting torture and death. In the reign of Trajan, after his victories over the Dacians, 10,000 men are said to have fought in the Colosseum. This subject he began to embody in a poem.

Another Roman story he kept in reserve for future use—that of Perpetua, the young Roman matron, with her child (born in prison) in her arms, who refused to give up her faith even at the entreaty of her father, and was eventually killed with her friend Felicitas in front of the howling mob.

October. Mr. Norman Lockyer visited us, and he was full of talk about Egypt, the orientation of the temples, and about meteorites. He said of my father: "His mind is saturated with astronomy."

My father sent the following letter to Sir Henry Parkes about the strikes in Australia:

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,

Against my wont I must thank you for your most kind letter. I fear that it was written in pain and depression, for yours seems to have been a most serious accident, and coming

[1] See page 230.

as it did in the midst of such important work, you required a strong faith to believe that all was notwithstanding well. You will be sure that we have watched the telegrams respecting you with sincere interest, and have rejoiced that the last have been encouraging as to your health. You have indeed needed a renewal of health to face the new danger of your great strikes. You Australians appear to us to have met the monster bravely. Is there no hope of arbitration by mixed tribunals, governments having first distinctly shown a bold front against any attempt at illegal intimidation?

Many thanks for the promise of your book. We are, as you say, greatly interested in all that relates to the welfare of the Empire.

Yours ever sincerely, TENNYSON.

He also wrote this stanza for an American lady, who had asked for an autograph:

Not such were those whom Freedom claims
As patriot-martyrs of her creed:
They were not slaves that names mislead,
Nor traitors that mislead by names!

At Christmas my father enjoyed the tree for the cottagers' children, saying to my wife about her baby: "Perhaps your babe will remember all these lights and this splendour in future days as if it were a memory of another life."

Talking about English schools he told an old Eton story:

"Provost Goodall and Keate were dining with William IV. The king said *sotto voce* to the doctor: 'When he goes,' pointing to Goodall, 'I will make you him.' Goodall overheard, and with a courtly bow retorted: 'I could not think of going anywhere before your Majesty.'"

1891

With none of the publishers into whose hands circumstances had thrown my father, was the connection so uninterruptedly pleasant as with Messrs. Macmillan, unless perhaps that with Mr. Henry King. Alexander Macmillan's genuine enthusiasm for his authors was especially remarkable. The letter I give below refers to the purchase of the first proof-sheets of "In Memoriam" and "Maud" and the gift of them to himself.

To G. L. Craik of Messrs. Macmillan's

DEAR CRAIK,

I thank you and the Macmillans for your chivalrous gift. I value this more especially as showing your abhorrence of the sale of proof-sheets.

Yours gratefully, TENNYSON.

The following lines were inscribed by my father in a copy of his works to be presented

by the Royal Guild of Nurses of England to Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein[1] on her marriage:

Take, Lady, what your loyal nurses give,
Their full God-bless-you with this book of song,
And may the life, which, heart in heart, you live
With him you love, be cloudless and be long!

During the winter he revised his poems for a new single volume edition. He walked regularly for an hour and a half on fine days, and on stormy days paced up and down the music-room, or practised gymnastic exercises with his legs and arms. One day he was pacing up and down, somewhat disturbed by sundry ghostly noises, when he thought that he saw something fall. It turned out to be a large rough-legged buzzard which had flown in at the window, and caused all the commotion. When set at liberty, it flew to its mate, and they afterwards nested on our trees.

To Dr. Gollancz he forwarded for his edition of *The Pearl*, an English poem of the fourteenth century, this prefatory quatrain:

We lost you for how long a time,
True Pearl of our poetic prime!
We found you, and you gleam reset
In Britain's lyric coronet.

[1] Daughter of Princess Christian.

In February he walked his three miles, uphill to the Beacon and back, with Princess Louise. He talked about Ireland and sculpture to H.R.H., and one of his sayings to her about his writing poems[1] in his old age was, "A crooked share, Madam, may make a straight furrow." The Princess described some tragic event to him and said it was "very *awful*"; he turned round to her approvingly: "I am glad, ma'am, you use that word in the right way, and know the full meaning of it: not like the people of to-day who will say 'awfully jolly,'" etc.

At eighty-two my father preserved the high spirits of youth. He would defy his friends to get up twenty times quickly from a low chair without touching it with their hands, while he was performing this feat himself, and one afternoon he had a long waltz with M—— in the ball-room.

In April the President of Magdalen, Oxford, and Mrs. Warren called upon us. My father spoke of Virgil to him, saying, "Milton had evidently studied Virgil's verse." Warren mentioned the "lonely word" in the "Ode to Virgil":

All the charm of all the Muses often flowering
in a lonely word.

"Yes," my father said, and quoted "*cunctantem* ramum" in Book VI. as an instance. "In

[1] He was working at his "Bandit's Death."

Dryden's time," he continued, "they did not understand or anyhow had forgotten how to write blank verse. Yet his paraphrase of Virgil is stronger than any of the translations. People accused Virgil of plagiarizing, but if a man made it his own there was no harm in that (look at the great poets, Shakespeare included)." He quoted Goethe's "Du bist ein Narr?" He himself had been "most absurdly accused of plagiarizing," *e.g.* "The moanings of the homeless sea," "moanings" from Horace, "homeless" from Shelley. "As if no one else had heard the sea moan except Horace." He quoted also out of "The Princess," "Like bottom agates in clear seas," etc., and said that he had been accused of taking it partly from Beaumont and Fletcher, and partly from Shakespeare, but that he had himself invented the simile (while bathing in Wales).

We talked about "The Cup." "Irving," my father said, "did not represent the character of Synorix rightly. Irving made him a villain, not an epicurean. Fanny Kemble's criticism was that he could not play an epicurean and so he played a villain." My father told us that he thought the *Agamemnon*, the *Prometheus* and the *Œdipus Coloneus* the finest of the Greek plays, adding, "FitzGerald's version of the *Agamemnon* is most remarkable."

Mrs. Richard Ward, who had joined us, wanted her little boy to hear my father read. My father answered, "I will only read you

something old." He read the "Ode on the Duke of Wellington." He dwelt long on the final words, letting them ring so to speak, especially "*toll'd, Boom.*" At the end he said, "It is a great roll of words, the music of words. For a hundred people who can sing a song, there are not ten who can read a poem. People do not understand the music of words." He then read the little Dedication to "Œnone," then the poem. He explained the story, pausing from time to time, asking a few questions, and saying he considered it even more strictly classical in form and language than the old "Œnone." Then he went to walk up and down the music-room, the weather being wet. He observed: "X— has said that Tennyson told him that 'Horace and Keats were his two masters.' X— must have misunderstood." He did not care for Horace at all until after he was thirty. He had said, "Horace and Keats are masters." After the *Poems by Two Brothers* he did not think he had taken any one for master.

He was dominated by Byron till he was seventeen, when he put him away altogether.[1]

Dulverton, "Akbar," "The Foresters"

My father spoke at this time warmly of the gallant spirit of Sir Edward Reed's lines on the

[1] For most of the account of what my father said at this interview I am indebted to the President of Magdalen.

Fleet in the *St. James' Gazette;* and said he liked much of Wallace's *Darwinism*, which he was reading. He talked of finishing the following little playful poem to Aubrey de Vere, and of alluding in a second verse to his youngest grandson, Alfred Aubrey; but this second verse was never written:

Little Aubrey in the West! little Alfred in the East
Accepts the songs you gave, and he sends you his Salaam;
And he prays that you may live. But as Earth her orbit runs,
Little Homer, little Dante, little Shakespeare, can they last
In the vast
Of the rolling of the æons, of the changes of the suns?
Little poet, hear the little poet's epigram!

In June Colonel Crozier lent us his yacht, the *Assegai*, and we went to Exmouth, and thence by rail to Dulverton, "a land of bubbling streams" my father called it. Lord Carnarvon had told him years ago that the streams here were the most delicious he knew.

We drove up the Haddon valley, and to Barlynch Abbey on the Exe. The ragged robin and wild garlic were profuse. We returned by Pixton Park.

The Exe is "arrowy" just before its con-

fluence with the Barle, running, as my father remarked, "too vehemently to break upon the jutting rocks." We sat next on the wooden bridge over the Exe, and he said to me: "That is an old simile but a good one, 'Time is like a river, ever past and ever future.'"

Another day we scaled Haddon Down beyond the Exe valley and above the Haddon.

In the afternoon we drove through the Barle valley to Hawkridge, then to the Tor steps, high up among the hills, with an ancient bridge across the river, flat stones laid on piers. Some tawny cows were cooling themselves in mid-stream: a green meadow on one side, on the other a wooded slope. "If it were only to see this," he said, "the journey is worth while."

We climbed Winsford Hill and then descended by Sir Thomas Acland's drive through Higher Combe, from the summit of which there was a most luxuriant view, the Dartmoor range as background, almost Italian in colouring.

The red of the rocks and the deep green of the grass passing out of Exmouth harbour struck him. We went to Corfe Castle, and he called the ruins, "Gray relics of an old world," and pointed out that the castle was as "hollow as a skull," and liked hearing the "fierce east scream thro' the eyelet-holes."

He began the Hymn to the Sun in a new metre for his "Akbar" at Dulverton, finishing it on the voyage home.

Even now, as in his youth, he loved the new metres which he invented, and took the keenest interest in fresh fields of thought, and in new subjects for poetry. In "Akbar" he thought that the language of theology had to be interchanged with that of philosophy, and that the highest good of Akbar's code of morals was, as far as he could make it out, quite within the Christian ideal. The philosophers of the East had a great fascination for my father, and he felt that the Western religion might learn from them much of spirituality. He was sure too that Western civilization had even in his time developed Eastern thought and morality; but what direction the development would ultimately take, it was impossible to predict.

The books which he took with him at this time were (1) extracts from the *Akbar-Náma* by Akbar's minister and friend Abul-Fazl, (2) *Ain-i-Akbarí*, a great survey of India (translated by Blochmann), (3) *Miscellaneous notices of Akbar in the orthodox Mohammedan histories*, (4) extracts from *The Mirror of Holiness*, by Padre Geronimo Xavier, (5) Sir Henry Elliot's and Elphinstone's *Histories of India*, and *Asiatic Studies*, by Alfred Lyall, (6) Mrs. Beveridge's translation of Count von Noer's *The Emperor Akbar*. Some were lent him by the Master of Balliol, who first suggested an Indian subject, saying to me: "Your father appreciates the East."

In his poem of "Akbar" my father thought

that the greatness of Christianity ought to be touched upon, and wrote accordingly :

I watch'd my son,
And those that follow'd, loosen, stone from stone,
All my fair work ; and from the ruin arose
The shriek and curse of trampled millions, even
As in the time before. But while I groan'd,
From out the sunset pour'd an alien race,
Who fitted stone to stone again, and Truth,
Peace, Love and Justice came and dwelt therein.

One June day an American suddenly appeared at Aldworth, saying that he had worked his way over the Atlantic in a cattle-ship in order to recite "Maud" to the author. Having pity on the man, my father allowed him to do so, but suffered from the recitation. We paid the reciter's passage back to America, but never heard of him again.

My father wrote in July to Gladstone about the death of his eldest son :

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Only one word from myself and my wife to say how fully we sympathize with you. More than this one word at the present moment would be intrusive.

He spent his birthday, Aug. 6th, quietly, talking over old days with Aubrey de Vere.

Many guests at Aldworth. Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lady Compton, the Leckys, Sir Daniel

Wilson from Toronto University, Mr. McCabe from Virginia, Mdlle. Janotha, the Bishop of Ripon, the Dean of Westminster, the Henry Sidgwicks, and Mr. Lewis Morris who paid us several visits during these last summers.

We often sat now on the heather at the top of Blackdown to watch the sunset, and my father took his friends there to talk with him.

Jowett could not come to us as he had hoped to do, since he had fallen seriously ill; he wrote to me:

> The doctors seem to think that I am seriously ill, and although I think that I am very likely to recover, I should like to send my most grateful love to your father and mother for all their kindness to me. At such a serious time some of my old projects come back upon me. One of these is, that your father should write a few hymns in a high strain, to be a treasure to the world and to the Church; and to come nearer to the *familiar* thoughts of men than "In Memoriam," which is a very great work of its kind, but not suited to be sung in Churches. I want him to think of millions of persons repeating his words with the living voice, during many centuries. Is this a crown to be despised? It is a thing which has never been accomplished before in the Christian world, and therefore worth doing. But I do not press it upon you, well knowing that the Poet's mind is not to be vexed, but inspired, whether in ancient or modern times, by the Spirit of God.

Mr. Daly and Miss Rehan came to arrange about "Robin Hood." Mr. Daly said that such

a thoroughly English woodland play was sure to be popular in America. My father recommended him to look at Whymper's pictures of Sherwood Forest, which he straightway bought in order that they might be copied for the scenes. Sir Arthur Sullivan undertook to set the songs.

My father said to Mr. Daly: "I don't care for 'The Foresters' as I do for 'Becket' and 'Harold.' Irving suggested the fairies in my 'Robin Hood,' else I should not have dreamed of trenching on Shakespeare's ground in that way. Then Irving wrote to me that the play was not 'sensational' enough for an English public. It is a woodland play—a pastoral without shepherds. The great stage-drama is wholly unlike most of the drama of modern times. I do not like the idea of every scene being obliged to end with a *bang*." About "There is no land like England," he added, "I wrote that song when I was nineteen. It has a beastly chorus against the French, and I must alter that if you will have it."

Before Christmas he had written a new scene and a new song for Miss Rehan—"Love flew in at the window."

Letters to friends, 1891

After the reports of the terrible persecution of the Russian Jews, the following letter was

written by my father to the Secretary of the Russo-Jewish Committee :

Oct. 1st, 1891.

I have read what is reported of the Russian persecutions by your paper, and by the press generally ; and if that be true, I can only say that Russia has disgraced her Church and her nationality. I once met the Czar. He seemed a kind and good-natured man. I can scarcely believe that he is fully aware of the barbarities perpetrated with his apparent sanction.

TENNYSON.

A letter was sent by my father to Henry E. Shepherd, Charleston, S.C., in reply to a request that he would explain the allusions in the first stanza of "In Memoriam," beginning

I held it truth, with him who sings,

as the question had led to a long and unsatisfactory controversy among Tennyson students.

ALDWORTH, *Nov. 3rd*, 1891.

I believe I alluded to Goethe.[1] Among his last words were these : "Von Aenderungen zu höheren Aenderungen," "from changes to higher changes."

Yours sincerely,

TENNYSON.

[1] Professor Sidgwick writes to me : "I remember sitting near your father at a dinner of the Metaphysical Society, when he talked

One of the last letters which my father wrote this year was to the young poet William Watson, whose "Wordsworth's Grave" pleased him.

FARRINGFORD, *Dec. 20th*, 1891.

I thank you; for to me who receive every morning, or all but every morning, in print or in MSS., verses, verses, verses, the voice of a poet and a patriot must all the more be grateful.

TENNYSON.

He praised too Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "English Flag," and Kipling's answer to his letter of commendation gave him pleasure: "When the private in the ranks is praised by the general, he cannot presume to thank him, but he fights the better next day."

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very interestingly about poets and poetry. After some remarks on Goethe's dramatic work, noting its limitations, he said that he placed him foremost among the moderns as a lyrical poet. One of his hearers demurred, mentioning great lyrics by other writers. 'Yes,' your father answered, 'but Goethe is consummate in so *many different styles*': and then referred rapidly to four or five examples—I remember that 'Kennst du das Land?' and 'Ueber allen Gipfeln' were two of them—dwelling on their great diversity of tone and character. I did not like to interrupt him by an inquisitive remark: but I said to myself 'Then it is undoubtedly Goethe who sings

To one clear harp in *divers tones*.'"

CHAPTER X

THE LAST YEAR

1892

In January Dr. Hubert Parry stayed with us at Farringford, for he wished to hear my father read "The Lotos-Eaters" which he was setting to music.

For the first time my father's voice, usually so strong, failed while reading this poem and the "Ode on the Duke of Wellington," which he was anxious that a great composer should set as he read it.

Some one said to my father: "No one has written finer things about music than you have done—

> Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
> Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes.
>
> The tides of music's golden sea
> Setting toward Eternity.
>
> The glory of the sum of things
> Will flash along the chords and go.

Love took up the harp of life and smote on all
the chords with might,
Smote the chord of self that trembling past in
music out of sight."

And these he too thought were among his most successful lines; the last simile especially.

Music seemed to him to be the language of spirits, and he would say: "I can feel the glory though I cannot follow the music. I know that I miss a great deal by not understanding it. It often seems to me that music must take up expression at the point where poetry leaves off, and expresses what cannot be expressed in words."

After hearing "Comfort ye" sung, by which he was greatly impressed (as he was generally by Handel), he said to Miss Ritchie, "It is difficult to believe that the man who wrote that was developed from the Ascidian," and after hearing Joachim play the "Trillo del Diavolo" (in 1878), "I can feel the magic and poetry of the *bowing*."

When his friends asked him now to write on everyday topics, he said, "I cannot; I must write what I am thinking about and I have not much time." The yearning of his whole heart was to

Follow the Gleam.

At the end of January he wrote his lines on the death of the Duke of Clarence.

The Princess of Wales had written (January, 1885) to my father on the coming of age of the Duke: that she had been in hopes that "the Poet Laureate would have been inspired" on that occasion, and that she might "have been gladdened by a few beautiful lines in honour of the event."

And my father had answered:

ALDWORTH.

MADAM,

I thank your Royal Highness for your kind letter, and congratulate the young Prince and trust that all Honour and Happiness may attend him thro' life.

To me the paths leading into the future seem somewhat gloomy and (as our Shakespeare says in his *Julius Cæsar*) "crave wary walking," but then I am an old man in my 76th year, and in spite of my apprehension, the age to come may have its own sunshine both for crown and people. That the Supreme Power may bless you and yours through both worlds is the wish of

Your affectionate servant,

TENNYSON.

As he had not sent a poem then, he was anxious, although unwell at the time, to speak some words of comfort for the poor mother, when the Duke died. He wrote his poem in two days but the strain told upon him severely.

He said: Watts would make a fine picture of "The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life, His shadow darkens earth."

In March he recovered his voice and sang an octave to the piano as clearly as possible. He read "The Passing of Arthur" to Lord Houghton (now Lord Crewe) and his sister, Mrs. Henniker, as well as ever, but he found the large Easter party too much for him.

On March 25th "The Foresters" was produced at New York by Daly. It gave him great pleasure to hear that American people were "appreciative of the fancy and of the beauty, and especially of the songs and of the wise sayings about life in which the woodland play abounds."[1] The houses were packed and the play had a long and most successful run.

Before the production my father wrote to Augustin Daly:

I wish you all success with my "Robin Hood and Maid Marian." From what I know of Miss Ada Rehan I am sure that she will play her part to perfection, and I am certain that under your management, with the music by one so popular as Sir Arthur Sullivan, with the costumes fashioned after the old designs in the British Museum, with the woodland scenes taken from Mr. Whymper's beautiful pictures of the Sherwood of to-day, my play will be produced

[1] Jowett.

to advantage both in America and in England. I am told that your company is good, and that Mr. Jefferson once belonged to it. When he was in England, I saw him play *Rip van Winkle*, and assuredly nothing could have been better.

With all cordial greetings to my American friends,

I remain faithfully yours,
TENNYSON.

And he received the following from Miss Ada Rehan :

Let me add my congratulations to the many on the success of "The Foresters." I cannot tell you how delighted I was when I felt and saw, from the first, the joy it was giving to our large audience. Its charm is felt by all. Let me thank you for myself for the honour of playing your "Maid Marian," which I have learned to love, for while I am playing the part I feel all its beauty and simplicity and sweetness, which make me feel for the time a happier and a better woman. I am indeed proud of its great success for your sake as well as my own.

P.S. The play is now one week old, and each audience has been larger than the last and all as sympathetic as the first.

And Professor Jebb wrote :

Being here on my way to the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, where I have some Lectures to give, I naturally went to see "The Foresters" at Augustin Daly's last night. The Theatre, which is of moderate size, was densely packed, and as I had not

engaged my seat by cablegram from Liverpool, I bore no resemblance, in respect of spacious comfort, to the ideal spectator, the masher or "dude," depicted on the play-bill which I send you by this post. I was a highly compressed and squalid object in a back seat, amid a seething mass of humanity, but I saw the play very well. It was very cordially received and was well acted, I thought, especially by Ada Rehan and Drew. The fairy scene in the third Act was perfectly lovely, and the lyrics were everywhere beautifully given. The mounting of the play was excellent throughout.

The criticism of "The Foresters" which pleased my father most was in a letter addressed to Lady Martin (Miss Helen Faucit) by the eminent Shakespearian scholar, Mr. Horace Furness of Philadelphia, when the piece was being performed in New York :

After dinner we went to see "The Foresters." Men and women—of a different time, to be sure, but none too good "for human nature's daily food"—live their idyllic lives before you, and you feel that all is good, very good. The atmosphere is so real, and we fall into it so completely, that, Americans though we be through and through, we can listen with hearty assent to the chorus that "There is no land like England," and that "There are no wives like English wives." Nay, come to think of it, that song was encored. It was charming, charming from beginning to end. And Miss Rehan acted to perfection. I had to leave in the midnight train for home, and during two hours' driving through the black night, I smoked and reflected on the unalloyed charm of such a drama.

And to see the popularity, too! It had been running many weeks—six, I think—and the theatre was full, not a seat unoccupied. I do revel, I confess, in such a proof as this that there will always be a full response to what is fine and good, and that the modern sensational French drama is not our true exponent.

In answer to a poem sent by William Watson at this time my father wrote:

"I thank you once more for your fine lines, tho' they somewhat abash me, as overpraise.

If by 'wintry hair' you allude to a tree whose leaves are half gone, you are right, but if you mean 'white' you are wrong, for I never had a gray hair on my head."

In his morning and night solitudes my father was finishing "Akbar's Dream," in which was much of his own spirit of toleration.

He thought the "Hymn to the Sun" in "Akbar's Dream," and "Spirit, nearing yon dark portal"[1] the best of the smaller poems in his new volume.

"I should like," he said, "to write a long poem in the metre of 'Akbar's Hymn,'[2] it is a magnificent metre."

After these were written he began "Kapiolani," and "Whirl and follow the Sun."[3]

For forty-two years my father had had among

[1] "God and the Universe."
[2] In "Akbar's Dream" is meant.
[3] "The Dreamer."

his various strange letters an anonymous abusive letter, evidently from the same writer, on the appearance of every new volume. We generally contrived to burn them, so that he knew nothing of them. One such letter arrived this spring, and he saw it and was "sorry," he said, "for the man who had so much spite."

During these months my father talked about his early days, and his parents, and told Mr. Douglas Freshfield, who frequently accompanied him on his morning walks, how his "grandfather and grandmother, when courting, were sitting on the steps of the Caistor House in the market-place. Part of the parapet fell on the step the moment after they had left it, or both would have been killed." "Where would you have been then, my dear?" his grandmother would say to him.

He spoke of his pleasure in Bishop Wilberforce's last visit to him, of his sudden death, and of the Bishop's story of the "table-turning" when he was staying with Judge Alderson at Farringford. A table moved towards the door where the Bishop was standing, he exorcised the supposed spirit, and then the table stood still, rapping out, "I can't abide a Bishop."

Half-way on his walks now he would sit down and rest, gazing up at the drifting clouds, or below over the blue waste of waters, or noting as of old with care the flight and song of the different birds, or looking at the flowers

about him,[1] or at the small insects in the grass, and wondering whether they felt no pain, only discomfort. "It is a comfort to think that it is only discomfort," he would say.

Hold thou, my friend, no lesser life in scorn,
All Nature is the womb whence Man is born.[2]

I heard him quote more than once then :

"The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting for me, oh !"

In April my father had two or three talks with Mr. Herbert Warren, the President of Magdalen. The following is a sample taken down at the time partly by Warren, partly by myself.

He began about Catullus :

"Catullus says that a poet's lines may be impure provided his life is pure. I don't agree with him : his verses fly much further than he does. There is hardly any crime greater than for a man with genius to propagate vice by his written words. I have always admired him : 'Acme and Septimius' is lovely. Then he has very pretty metres. 'Collis O Heliconii' is in

[1] One day, looking at the flower of the spurge he said :

Spurge with fairy crescent set,
Like the flower of Mahomet.

[2] Lines he made on one of these walks.

a beautiful metre. I wrote a great part of my 'Jubilee Ode' in it. People didn't understand. They don't understand these things. They don't understand English scansion. In the line 'Dream not of where some sunny rose may linger' they said the first syllable of 'sunny' was long, whereas it evidently is short. Doubling the *n* in English makes the vowel before short."

At his request Warren repeated some undergraduate lines about Jowett:

> "What I know not is not knowledge:
> I am the Master of this college."

"Very unfair," my father said, "Jowett never set up to be omniscient. It might possibly have suited Whewell. Jowett got his pronunciation of 'knowledge' from me [long o]. 'Free-will, fore-knowledge absolute.' 'Fore-knŏlledge' would be horrible there."

The talk turned on religion and "God is Love," and he said that Jowett, who had liked the simple hymn for children in "The Promise of May," Act III. Sc. 1, wanted him to write another hymn, and he quoted a prayer by Jowett, praying that "we might see ourselves as others see us." "I should not pray for that: others cannot see much of one's inner self."

Warren (*after a pause*). Is not the existence of evil (the "mystery of iniquity") the great difficulty?

A. T. Yes. I tried to bring that out in a poem that comes after the "Charge of the Heavy Brigade." That charge was a wonderful affair. An officer who was there, after they came out said it was the finest excitement ever known, that drink, gambling, and horse-racing were nothing to it.

Warren. Will you write the hymn?

A. T. A good hymn is the most difficult thing in the world to write. In a good hymn you have to be commonplace and poetical. The moment you cease to be commonplace and put in any expression at all out of the common, it ceases to be a hymn. Of hymns I like Heber's[1] "Holy, Holy, Holy" better than most, it is in a fine metre too. What will people come to in a hundred years? do you think they will give up all religious forms and go and sit in silence in the Churches listening to the organs?

Warren. There is more religion now than there was twenty years ago.

A. T. I think there is more religion now among the parsons, though they are often very ignorant about modern criticism and about the great religions of the world, and they certainly cannot read aloud. Did you ever hear that story of Rawnsley's? The clerk told him not to read

[1] He would often quote this passage from the version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins:

"And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad."

the service so fast: "For you mooöst gie me toime, Mr. Rawnsley, you mooöst i'deed. You *mooöst* gie me toime, for I've a graäceless wife an' two godless soons to praäy for."

There's his other story too of the lady distributing a tract about invalids going for health's sake in the winter to sunny climates: (Mrs. C.) I didn't like that book at all as your sister browt me. (Lady) Why what was it? (Mrs. C.) Why it was 'Chaäsin' the soon'; and I doän't think nothink to chaäsin' the soon! Chaäsin' the soon i'deed! I think God A'Moighty 'ull soon let folks know as cheevies him: he'll be taäkin' an' puttin' it somewhere else I reckon. Chaäsin' the soon i'deed! I doän't like sich waäys.

Lincolnshire is a fine broad dialect. Yorkshire is clipt.

I asked my way to Mr. Robert ——, of a Yorkshire "swain." He answered, "Bob a Bob tapt-hill" (Robert the son of Robert lives at the top of the hill).

(They walked to the house of "Ideal Ward." My father quoted Shakespeare about Pompey the Great.)

Warren. If it is Shakespeare.

A. T. There is a great deal of Shakespeare that Shakespeare never wrote, *e.g.* the speeches of Antonio and Sebastian "Below you baggage," etc.

(They talked about Shelley and Byron, and my father said that he would have sooner known Shelley than Byron.)

A. T. I just escaped being in the battle of Navarino. A relation of mine had secured a berth on one of the men-of-war; then, as they say in the north, he "rued" and offered it to my father. I was mad to go, but my father would not let me. My cousin George Tennyson went. He did not see much. The captain had all the hatches closed and ordered him below, yet in an electioneering speech at Stamford, when my uncle beat the man who was afterwards the late Lord Exeter, some one referred to his son George as "the hero who had waved his chivalric sword at the battle of Navarino."

(Then the talk turned on Walter Scott.)

A. T. I would have given anything to have seen Walter Scott.

(They came upon the Roman kiln, like a beehive by the side of the road to Alum Bay.)

A. T. It's odd that we know so little of the Roman occupation of Britain. Tacitus has described the climate very well: "cœlum crebris imbribus ac nebulis fœdum: asperitas frigorum abest."

Warren asked if my father would write an installation Ode to Lord Hartington at Cambridge.

A. T. No, certainly not; writing to order is what I hate. They think a poet can write poems to order as a bootmaker makes boots. For the Queen I am obliged to do it, but she has been very kind and has only asked me once or twice.

They call the "Ode on the Duke of Wellington" a Laureate Ode; nothing of the kind! it was written from genuine admiration of the man.

He told Warren the story about the Duke being piloted across Piccadilly and saying to his pilot, who was expatiating on the great honour done him, "Don't be a d—d fool." My father said humorously, "It is almost as great in its way as the battle of Waterloo. A Frenchman would have answered, 'Mais, oui, on m'appelle le grand.'"

April 10*th*. My father and Warren walked in the ball-room. My father quoted the line of Horace,

"Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto,"

and asked Warren to explain it.

Warren said he thought it meant "It is not enough for poems to be beautiful and correct in form, they must have charm."

"Yes," my father said, "that's what I think." Then he quoted Milton, Virgil, Browning, and Molière, and said, "Molière is the greatest French poet, he is so sane."

The talk turned upon fame. My father said, "I hate spite more than I love fame."

O wretched race of slander-speaking men.

Οἵη περ φύλλων γενεὴ τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

Warren asked him about his blank verse, and

my father told him that it was very various, but variations in the metre were disliked by ordinary readers, such as

Dust, and the points of lances bicker in it—

the short syllables expressing the movement of the light. He instanced Virgil's "Et vera incessu patuit dea," and wondered how many scholars saw the greatness in movement of such a line. He quoted Pindar's Threnody "λάμπει δὲ—," and Euripides' chorus "ἀνὰ δὲ κέλαδος ἔμολε πόλιν."

Warren mentioned "The Foresters." My father repeated his songs "Down with John" and "Love flew in at the window,"[1] which he had made shortly before Daly put "The Foresters" on the stage last month; then said: "'Robin and Richard!' Did you notice that I would not say '*Richard* and Robin'? It does not sound well. There's a mistake in the book about the wild goose and the wild swan. They are not seen in England now-a-days when the woods are in leaf. They might perhaps when England was wilder, but I do not know about that. I thought that I was wrong at the time, and since then I have consulted my bird-books, and have corrected it in a second edition."

My father quoted Pope and the description of a garden, "like his own," he said,

"Grove nods to grove, each alley has his brother";

[1] The last song he ever wrote.

then Swift on the Irish Legion Club *à-propos* of Home Rule in Ireland.

In June the Duke of Connaught called upon him. They discussed the state of India and talked on the splendour of the Himalayan Peaks at sunrise when they "hung like fiery lamps in the sky." My father was just then full of a letter from Woolner about a Japanese poet:

I heard a curious thing a time ago and I thought of telling you, but knowing your father must have numerous such stories told him, I did not. A gentleman I know lived a long time in Japan, and travelling in a remote part, he was received with great courtesy in a village he stayed at; and to show respect he was taken and introduced to the chief Japanese poet, who lived there. He was an old man over 80; and, on learning that my friend was an Englishman, he said that he had a great favour to ask of him, and went to a cabinet and fetched a book, and asked him to read those poems by the great Poet of England. They were pieces of "In Memoriam" he had copied out. My friend read them carefully and as well as he could. The old poet thanked him, and said, that, tho' he did not know the words, the music spoke to him, and he knew he felt as the poet felt when he wrote the poems, for the music talked in a tongue that could not be mistaken, and he knew the poems were very beautiful. This was immensely interesting to me, as it suggested that sound played so great a part of the meaning in all language. Consider the language of beasts. You do not know a syllable of their language, and yet how unmistakable is the meaning of every sound, of a cow lowing to go

home, and the same cow lowing after her calf has been taken from her. I wish that I had written at the time for I forget the exact form of all the old poet said, but it was most gratifying to find the great man of Japan loving, tho' so imperfectly, the poetry of our great Poet—as he said, "We talk to each other across the World."

Colonel Crozier again lent us his yacht, and we made another pilgrimage to my uncle Frederick's in Jersey, taking Dartmouth, Guernsey, and Sark on our way. At Guernsey our pleasantest time was spent in the Bay "Moulin Huet," a craggy bay, with dark green satin water in pools among the rocks. My father quoted his own lines from "Enid" about the dress which Earl Doorm offered her,

> Where, like a shoaling sea, the lovely blue
> Play'd into green.

The next lines, he said, were made at Farringford: "After the Down had been wrapt in mist through one night, the next morning it looked as if covered with flashing jewels—all the colours of the rainbow."

> And thicker down the front
> With jewels than the sward with drops of dew,
> When all night long a cloud clings to the hill,
> And with the dawn ascending lets the day
> Strike where it clung; so thickly shone the gems.

Then the cuckoo began to sing, and he repeated from Wordsworth's "Reaper":

> "Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the furthest Hebrides."

At St. Peter's we visited the Museum, with its collections of butterflies and birds, and a library of 600,000 volumes.

On Sunday the Salvationists were singing somewhat loudly in the streets, and he said of them—

> For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

The island of Sark he had long wished to see. The day was cloudless, and on landing we climbed up through the rock-tunnel.

From this tunnel we walked up a bowery lane, and secured a waggonette, but the jolting over the roads was terrific. We drove to Little Sark; and the narrow passage between Great and Little Sark, and the view from the rock bridge, the precipice with the "curve of white sand below on either hand," and the jagged rocks, like altars and spires, that rose out of the clear sea, struck him more than anything else.

At St. Ewold's, Jersey, we found my uncle Frederick and his son Giulio at home. The two brothers again talked over the old times, and my uncle's poems, "The Isles of Greece," "Daphne and other poems," and my father especially praised "The Death of Alcæus."

The gasometer, which stands between St. Ewold's and the fine view of St. Heliers and the sea, rather troubled my father; his brother replied, "Oh, I have grown to think of it as the Temple of Vesta. You see the resemblance I hope." I found that my uncle's estimate of Arthur Hallam was as high as my father's. "At Eton," he said, "I think our impression was that Hallam, and not Gladstone, was the coming great man." We tried to persuade him to come on board the yacht and visit us in the Isle of Wight, but he said, "No, I shall

never leave this place: it is the next best climate to Italy." When the brothers bade "good-bye," they thought that they would not in this life see each other again: "Good-night, true brother, here, good-morrow there!" We returned by Torquay to Farringford.

Before leaving for Aldworth we spent some delightful sunny days in the Farringford gardens. In the afternoons my father sat in his summer-house and talked to us and his friends.

This spring he had enjoyed seeing the unusually splendid blossom of apple and pear tree, of white lilacs, and of purple aubretia that bordered the walks.

At intervals he strolled to the bottom of the kitchen garden to look at the roses, or at the giant fig-tree ("like a breaking wave" as he said) bursting into leaf; or he marked the "branching grace" of the stately line of elms, between the boles of which, from his summer-house, he caught a glimpse of far meadows beyond. He assured us that he did not believe in Emerson's pretty lines—

> "Only to children children sing,
> Only to youth the Spring is Spring."

"For age does feel the joy of spring,[1] though

[1] "What joyous things," he said, "are those larks in the spring sun! Do you know that pathetic story of the lark and of the man freed from the Bastille during the French Revolution? As he

age can only crawl over the bridge while youth skips the brook." His talk was grave and gay together. In the middle of anecdotes he would stop short and say something of what he felt to be the sadness and mystery of life.

What impressed all his friends was his choice of language, the felicity of his turns of expression, his imagery, the terseness of his unadorned English, and his simple directness of manner, which none will ever be able to reproduce, however many notes they may have taken. His dignity and repose of manner, his low musical voice, and the power of his magnetic dark eye kept the attention riveted. His argument was clear and logical and never wandered from the point except by way of illustration, and his illustrations were the most various I have ever heard, and were taken from Nature and science, from high and low life, from the rich and from the poor, and his analysis of character was always subtle and powerful.

While he talked of the mysteries of the universe, his face, full of the strong lines of thought, was lighted up ; and his words glowed as it were with inspiration.

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came from prison some one took pity on him and gave him a few sous. Passing down the street, he saw a lark in a cage : and the man, who had been in prison many years, could not bear the sight of the imprisoned bird. With his few poor sous he bought it and set it free. The lark shot up to heaven, singing a jubilant song of triumph—but the next moment had dropt dead at the man's feet, dead with excess of joy."

When conversing with my brother and myself or our college friends, he was, I used to think, almost at his best, for he would quote us the fine passages from ancient or modern literature and show us why they are fine, or he would tell us about the great facts and discoveries in Astronomy,[1] Geology, Botany, Chemistry, and the great problems in philosophy, helping us toward a higher conception of the laws which govern the world and of "the law behind the law." He was so sympathetic that the enthusiasm of youth seemed to kindle his own. He spoke out of the fulness of his heart, and explained more eloquently than ever where his own difficulties lay, and what he, as an old man, thought was the true mainspring of human life and action; and

> How much of act at human hands
> The sense of human will demands
> By which we dare to live or die.

The truth is that real genius, unless made shallow by prejudice, is seldom frozen by age, and that, until absolute physical decay sets in, the powers of the mind may become stronger and stronger.

[1] His knowledge of astronomy was most remarkable, and the accuracy of his talk about the stars surprised more than one of the great astronomers. Of late the spectrum analysis of light, and the photographs which reveal starlight in the interstellar spaces where stars were hitherto undreamt of, and the idea of the all-pervading luminiferous æther, particularly interested him.

On one of these June mornings, Miss L—, who was a stranger to us, but whose brother we had known for some time, called upon us. My father took her over the bridge to the summer-house looking on the Down. After a little while he said: "Miss L—, my son says I am to read to you," and added, "I will read whatever you like." He read some of "Maud," "The Spinster's Sweet-Arts," and some "Enoch Arden."

His voice, as Miss L— noticed, was melodious and full of change, and quite unimpaired by age. There was a peculiar freshness and passion in his reading of "Maud," giving the impression that he had just written the poem, and that the emotion which created it was fresh in him. This had an extraordinary influence on the listener, who felt that the reader had been *present* at the scenes he described, and that he still felt their bliss or agony.

He thoroughly enjoyed reading his "The Spinster's Sweet-Arts," and when he was reading "Enoch Arden" he told Miss L— to listen to the sound of the sea in the line

The league-long roller thundering on the reef,

and to mark Miriam Lane's chatter in

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all.

We then went for a three miles' walk, my

father talking of the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau, of religion, of faith, and of immortality. While touching on the life after death he spoke of Carlyle, and his dimness of faith in the closing years of his life. He said that when he was stopping at a coffee-house in London, Carlyle had come to smoke a pipe with him in the evening and the talk turned upon the immortality of the soul; upon which Carlyle said: "Eh! old Jewish rags: you must clear your mind of all that. Why should we expect a hereafter? Your traveller comes to an inn, and he takes his bed, it's only for one night, he leaves next day, and another man takes his place and sleeps in the bed that he has vacated." My father continued: "I answered, 'Your traveller comes to his inn, and lies down in his bed, and leaves the inn in the morning, and goes on his way rejoicing, with the sure and certain hope and belief that he is going somewhere, where he will sleep the next night,' and then Edward FitzGerald, who was present, said, 'You have him there'"; "which proves," said my father, "how dangerous an illustration is."

Miss L— writes:

We came home by the Farringford farm, and into the garden. Before he went up the slope he seemed exhausted, and sat down to rest on a melon-frame, and asked me to sit by him. It was the first sign I had noticed of failing strength,

and gave one a sudden pang. He spoke rather sadly of his age, nearly 83, and of what one must expect at that age. He seemed to love life, and to have every reason to love it, surrounded by love, companionship, sympathy, and all that makes life sweet. There seemed so little reason why he should die, and it was impossible to associate any thought of death with him that day, except from his own words. As we walked up the garden he pointed out the splendour of the flowers to me. The garden was in all the beauty of the June mid-day brightness, and he spoke as if he were sorry to be leaving it to go away.

We sat some time in the summer-house, and then Mr. H. joined us with the dogs. After a few minutes' talk I got up to go, and he asked me to stay to lunch. I did not do so, and he said playfully, "Naughty girl not to do as I tell you!" He walked with me back to the house and I thanked him for his reading. I said good-bye to him on the terrace.

I had never seen Lord Tennyson until this day. I think his greatest charm lay in his unworldliness and sincerity, in his tenderness and strong simplicity, and in a youthfulness which age could not destroy. That unworldliness and "apartness" had marked itself very impressively on his home. The home and garden, and surroundings at Farringford were like something not to be seen elsewhere. One approached the

house with a sort of awe. It seemed so remote and still, and as though the jar of the outside world had never entered it, a home at unity with itself.

On June 28th he wrote to an unknown correspondent, on the eve of the general election:

SIR,

I love Mr. Gladstone but hate his present Irish policy.

I am yours faithfully,

TENNYSON.

He was gratified that the large Unionist meetings throughout Great Britain had adopted, as their motto, his line:

One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne.

On June 29th the Rector of Freshwater, Dr. Merriman, administered the Sacrament to us all in my father's study. The service was very solemn. Before he partook of the Communion he quoted his own words, put into Cranmer's mouth:

It is but a communion, not a mass:
No sacrifice but a life-giving feast;

impressing upon the Rector that he could not partake of it at all, unless it were administered in that sense.

June 30th. We left for Aldworth. My

father at first took his regular walks of a mile out and a mile in, over Blackdown, but the walks dwindled down and he sat more and more in his summer-houses. One summer-house was used when the west wind was blowing; the other when the east wind was blowing, or when there was a gorgeous sunset. These command views quite different in character from his arbours at Farringford; from which, as I have said, we have glimpses of sea and meadows through bowers of elm-trees.

From the eastern summer-house at Aldworth you see under alders and birches, over a heather-glade, a stretch of cornland and woodland, with here and there a mellow grange nestled in some dell of the Sussex Weald, and far off the long line of Leith Hill and the Kentish Downs. The "sunset arbour" looks on Blackdown, bleak ridges "fledged with pine," or northward, beyond promontories of beech and holly, beyond the red roofs of Haslemere, up to the bold form of Hindhead. Latterly his walks were confined to what he called "my demon-haunted hill"; with groves of oak close at hand—"grain storm-strengthened on a windy site";—and larch and chestnut clothing the more distant slopes, haunts of woodpecker, jay, wood-pigeon and turtle-dove. The colours of the vegetation carpeting the moor behind Aldworth, as he saw them this last autumn, were very various, almost like a garden of flowers, ranging from the gray lichen,

and the brown and the light green mosses, to the fading purple ling, the scarlet bramble bushes and whortle-berries, and the brilliant fields of golden fern. On the summit of Blackdown we used to watch many wild birds, owls of all sorts, night-jars, sparrow-hawks, hobby-hawks, pheasants, partridges, whose cries reminded him of a "rusty key turned in a lock."[1] Then if in the evening we wandered by the stone-diggers' cart-tracks, we often heard the "swish" of a flock of wild duck as they passed overhead, or the wail of a plover, winging its way to the chain of solitary pools. From either side of the Down gush clear fountains of water, some of them at this time half hidden by the "soft wool of the autumn willow-herb." These delighted him. Some flow down to join the Wey, others wend their course to the Arun, but the great want of our views, as he said, was the sight of "a full-fed river winding through the landscape."

On July 12th we were staying with Mr. Craik in Halkin Street, and visited the Royal Academy, where the heat and the crowd oppressed my father; then the Natural History Museum, where he insisted on walking through the geological part and seeing again his old friends the Ichthyosaurus, the Plesiosaurus, and the Giant Sloth. Professor Flower took us afterwards to the Bird's-nest room, and my father said, "I wish I could have seen this when

[1] See "Lover's Tale."

I was a young man." In the evening my wife and I went to see Sarah Bernhardt's magnificent rendering of *Phèdre*. My father would have liked to come with us but did not feel equal to it. He was anxious on our return to hear how she spoke "*Tu l'as nommé*."

When we returned to Aldworth we saw many friends. We had no real summer weather and my father felt the cold.

On his eighty-third birthday he quoted some of Milton's blank verse with profoundest admiration :

"That proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
The imperial ensign ; which full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds."

"What a grand line!" he said of the last. Then he quoted—

"Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah."

"This is very like Virgil in its movement," he continued. "If Virgil is to be translated it ought to be in this elaborate kind of blank verse."

He then repeated to Mr. Frederic Harrison the following passage from De Quincey's *Opium Eater*, characterizing his prose as some of the finest in the English language—"not poetry," he observed, "but as fine as any verse":

"Yet I knew, even in my dream, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve; and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-shaking sound of *Consul Romanus;* and immediately come 'sweeping by,' in gorgeous paludaments, Paulus or Marius, girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear, and followed by the *alalagmos* of the Roman legions."

Mr. R— asked my father: "Apart from the Bible, the Psalms, and the Book of Common Prayer, which, I know, you consider were written at the grandest period of English, in what six authors should you say you find the stateliest English prose?"

He answered: "Probably in Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, De Quincey, Ruskin. Some of Sir Thomas Browne too is very stately; and some of the Acts of Elizabeth, Froude tells me, are written in the grandest language that he knows. Listen to this from Bacon: 'It is a heaven upon earth when a man's mind rests on Providence, moves in Charity, and turns upon the poles of Truth.'" Of the *Essays* he said:

"There is more wisdom compressed into that small volume than into any other book of the same size that I know."

He liked the following birthday letter from Edward Wilkinson, a working-man:

87, Albert Road,
Middlesborough on Tees,
Yorkshire, *Aug. 5th*, 1892.

My Lord Tennyson,

All hail to your Lordship i send you a Real Yorkshire Greeting Comeing from an old Working man and i do from my heart congratulate you upon the Rare Event the Celebrating of your 83rd Birthday. God Bless you my very best are for your health and happiness and i wish your Lordship God's Speed with vigorous Health and Strength to Enjoy life with although at the ripe old age of eighty-three itz not too late yet to enjoy life and i see no Reason by God helping you that you should not live to Celebrate your 100 Birthday. believe me when i says my Poor congratulations and good wishes are as Sincear and true altho' Echoed from apoor Cottage as those Echoed from apalace trusting that You will Spend a happy time with all Your family that take part in the fastavel and ihope and trust that this Celebration will not be the last by avery great number and that this liberty from a poor old working man will give no offense.

May God smile upon you on this your 83rd Birthday.

Yours faithfully,
Edward Wilkinson.

The last letters written by my father, 1892

To E. W. Whymper

ALDWORTH, HASLEMERE,
SURREY, 1892.

DEAR SIR,

Accept my thanks for your most interesting volume.

I don't think that I have been higher than about 7000 feet, and so I look on your Chimborazos and Cotopaxis with all the greater veneration.

Yours very truly, TENNYSON.

To Sir Henry Parkes, K.C.M.G.

ALDWORTH, HASLEMERE,
SURREY, *Aug. 13th*, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR HENRY,

I have received your Australian opals which, as symbols of your kindly recollections of myself, are and will be to me more precious than ten times their weight in diamonds.

I have entered my 84th year. I have entirely lost, as far as reading is concerned, the use of my right eye, and I fear that the left is going in the same way, but I trust that my sight will last me till your *Fifty Years in the making of Australian History* is published. Believe me yours ever,

TENNYSON.

To the Zemindar Bechari Lal

HASLEMERE, *Aug. 27th*, 1892.

I thank my young brother of the East for all the good wishes he sends to his old brother of the West, and I rejoice that he has sung in their common tongue [English] the praises of that great and good sovereign, to whom all her subjects owe such deep reverence and love. Accept every best wish (not forgetting the wish that practice may, as you say, make your verse perfect) and thanks too for your little books.

Believe me truly yours,

TENNYSON.

In the beginning of September, though feeling very ill, my father looked over a book of poems at the earnest entreaty of a stranger, Mr. Dalmon, and made one or two criticisms. He crossed out Mr. Dalmon's despairing words about poetry—"*The end is failure*"—saying to him: "How can there be failure, if the divine speak through the human, be it through the voice of prince or peasant?"

In the middle of the month his old friends Lord Selborne and the late Master of Balliol visited him. One of the principal topics of conversation was Max Müller's speech at the Oriental Congress, the spirit of which my father

considered admirable. He did not feel himself strong enough for religious discussions with Jowett, and begged Jowett not to consult with him or argue with him, as was his wont, on points of philosophy and religious doubt.[1] The Master of Balliol answered him in a remarkable utterance. "Your poetry has *an element of philosophy more to be considered than any regular philosophy in England.* It is almost too much impregnated with philosophy, yet this to some minds will be its greatest charm. I believe that your 'In Memoriam' and your 'Crossing the Bar' will live for ever in men's hearts."[2] And he spoke to me afterwards of my father's "great and deep strength."

The qualities in Jowett which most attracted my father were his childlikeness, his absolute simplicity of life, his aversion from all that was unreal and affected, his admiration of what seemed to him to be truthful and naturally beautiful, and his power of imagination, which my father thought essential in any philosopher. Another bond between them was that both had it in their hearts to help their brother men to the utmost

[1] I remember my father saying of animated discussion, "You rarely find dew after a windy night."

[2] Jowett has also left this utterance in a MS. Note.

Mr. Gladstone writes, October 25th, 1895: "I have a great conception of your father as *philosopher*. The 'sage' of Chelsea (a genius too) was small in comparison with him. Every one admires your father: I look upon him in his works and words with reverence."

of their power. The poor student who needed help, the wealthy student who needed guidance, could have no truer friend than the Master of Balliol; and as for my father, I need hardly say that wherever in the world help seemed to be needed which he could give, he was sure to give it ungrudgingly and unostentatiously.

Later in the month Mr. Dakyns, and Mr. and Mrs. Craik, Mr. and Mrs. Bram Stoker and Mr. Walter Leaf came to see us. With Mr. Craik he looked over all the proofs of his new volume, "Death of Œnone," "Akbar's Dream," etc. The last poem he finished was "Whirl and follow the Sun," and the last prose passage he inserted was the preface to "Kapiolani." This book he felt was his last will and testament to the world, and throughout there are echoes of the different notes that he had struck before, and a summing-up of the faith in which he had walked. With Mr. Bram Stoker he talked of the arrangements for the production of "Becket," some misprints greatly amusing him.

He was sitting with an *Iliad* on his knee and the talk naturally turned on Homer. "You know," he said to Leaf, "I never liked that theory of yours about the many poets." Leaf spoke about his "splendid translation" of the simile at the end of *Il.* VIII., three lines of which recur in *Il.* XVI., and asked him if he did not think they were far more appropriate in the latter book, and

had the appearance of being borrowed in VIII. "Yes," he said, "I have always felt that, I must say": and he then enlarged for some time upon the greatness of Homer, quoting many lines from both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

CHAPTER XI

THE LAST CHAPTER

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

SOME of my father's last talks have been recorded and I quote them in brief. In his view of the Gospel of Christ he found his Christianity undisturbed by jarring of sects and of creeds; but he said, "I dread the losing hold of forms.

I have expressed this in my 'Akbar.' There must be forms, yet I hate the need for so many sects and separate services."

"The life after death, Lightfoot and I agreed, is the cardinal point of Christianity. I believe that God reveals Himself in every individual soul: and my idea of heaven is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another."

To some short notes on "In Memoriam" which he had written for future publication, one explaining Section XLIII. was added: "If the immediate life after death be only sleep, and the spirit between this life and the next should be folded like a flower in a night slumber, then the remembrance of the past might remain, as the smell and colour do in the sleeping flower; and in that case the memory of our love would last as true, and would live pure and whole within the spirit of my friend until after it was unfolded at the breaking of the morn, when the sleep was over."

Politics were to my father the good of the world, and passionately did he feel for all that concerned what he considered the welfare of the Empire. During these last months he talked with pride of the great work we had done in Egypt: and he took the greatest interest in the proposed schemes for Old Age Pensions for the poor. The mere working on behalf of party, as far as his own conviction went, was to him unintelligible, as well as the love of power and of rule

for their own sakes. That all should work conscientiously and harmoniously together for the common weal, each with such differing power as had been given to each man, recognising the value of the difference, was his highest ideal of government.

While reading an article in the *Spectator* on blank verse, he observed: "I have been reading in the *Spectator* that Wordsworth and Keats are great masters of blank verse, who are also great in rhyme. Keats was not a master of blank verse. It might be true of Wordsworth at his best. Blank verse can be the finest mode of expression in our language."

He often quoted from Wordsworth now, and was always greatly moved by "Yarrow Revisited," and particularly by the following stanza:

"And if, as Yarrow, through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unaltered face
Though we were changed and changing:
If, *then*, some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover."

"I never could care," he said one day, "about French Alexandrines. They are so artificial. The French language lends itself much better to slighter things. Some of Béranger's Chansons are exquisite, for example his lyric to 'Le Temps,'

with the chorus: 'O par pitié, lui dit ma belle, Vieillard, épargnez nos amours!' 'L'Agonie' by Sully Prudhomme I have just been reading, and think it beautiful, yet very sad; and there are things of Alfred de Musset like 'Tristesse' which seem to me perfect. I consider him a greater artist than Victor Hugo, but on smaller lines. Victor Hugo[1] is an unequal genius, sometimes sublime; he reminds one that there is only one step between the sublime and the ridiculous. 'Napoléon gênait Dieu,' 'Napoleon irked God.' Was there ever such an expression?

"Among Hugo's poems I like some of the *Légende des Siècles*, and a lyric 'Gastibelza.' His finest play is *Le Roi s'amuse;* but *Mary Tudor* is a mere travesty."

"In his smaller poems such as those in *Wilhelm Meister*," he said, "Goethe shows himself to be one of the great artists of the world. He is also a great critic: yet he always said the best he could about an author. Good critics are rarer than good authors."

Talking of localisers, "I am told by a certain gentleman that this mill is the original mill in the 'Miller's Daughter,' and that that oak was 'The Talking Oak,' and that hall 'Locksley

[1] In 1885 he came across Amiel's *Journal Intime*, and thought his criticisms on Hugo and literature in general good; but that the *Journal* throughout was too morbid for anything.

The modern French poets were read by him with genuine interest. The last French poems he read were by Coppée, and by Jean Aicard.

Hall.' Never anything of the sort. Why do they give a poet no credit for imagination? The power of poetical creation seems to be utterly ignored now. This modern realism is hateful, and destroys all poetry. No man with an imagination can be tied down for his ideal. Turner was an imaginative painter, and how absurd it would be to account for some of his works. There may be special suggestions."

Referring to the pictures at Blenheim, "I remember the very strange simile which the gardener made to me fifty years ago when he showed me over the place. We were talking of the stories told about the then Duke of Marlborough's unpopularity. He said, 'You see, Sir, when a man goes down in his luck, every one points at him as if he were a church steeple.'

"The man himself was doubtless unaware that his comparison answered the definition of humour, the bringing together of violent contrasts."

Talking about his own life, "So much to do, so little done."

"All the magazines and daily newspapers, which pounce upon everything they can get hold of, demoralize literature. This age gives an author no time to mature his works."

"Burlesque, the true enemy of humour, the thin bastard sister of poetical caricature, would, I verily believe, from her utter want of human

feeling, in a revolution be the first to dabble her hands in blood."

"I have just had a letter from a man who wants my opinion as to whether Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon. I feel inclined to write back: 'Sir, don't be a fool.' The way in which Bacon speaks of Love would be enough to prove that he was not Shakespeare. 'I know not how, but martial men are given to Love. I think it is but as they are given to wine, for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures.' How could a man with such an idea of Love write *Romeo and Juliet?*"

Speaking of Walt Whitman, he said to me, "Walt neglects form altogether, but there is a fine spirit breathing through his writings. Some of them are quite unreadable from nakedness of expression."

Walt Whitman had sent my father a little book containing two addresses on *Giordano Bruno* by Daniel Brinton and Thomas Davidson. The death of Bruno was a subject which my father thought might be good for a poem.[1] Of Bruno he said, "His view of God is in some ways mine. Bruno was a poet, holding his mind ever open to new truths, and believing in an infinite universe as the necessary effect of the infinite divine Power; he was burnt as a heretic. His age did not believe in him. I think that he was misunderstood, and I should like to show

[1] He also thought of the death of Savonarola.

him in what I conceive to be his right colours: he was the author of much of our modern philosophy. He died the most desolate of deaths."

"Spinoza is another man who has been often misunderstood. He has been called an atheist, and yet he is so full of God that he sees Him everywhere, so much so that he leaves no room for man. He was said to be 'Gott-trunken.' He thought joy was more real than sorrow."

"Matter is a greater mystery than mind. What such a thing as matter is apart from Spirit I have never been able to conceive. Spirit seems to me to be the reality of the world."

"Vice," he said, "sometimes appears to me as the shadow of Idleness." "I do not feel horror when I see sin and misery, but shame for the sake of God."

My father often now longed for the quiet Hereafter where all would be made clear.

On Sept. 3rd he complained of weakness and of pain in his jaw, which caused a difficulty in swallowing food.

On Wednesday the 28th we telegraphed for Sir Andrew Clark. That morning I drove with him to Haslemere.[1] He would point out his old accustomed haunts saying, "I shall never walk there again."

He read Job, and St. Matthew, and Miss Swanwick's new book on *Poets as the Interpreters*

[1] The last drive he took.

of the Age. Sir Andrew arrived, and did not think so badly of him as I did. He and my father fell to discussing Gray's "Elegy."

On Thursday and Friday my father had a bad sore throat; on Friday my wife read him an article in the *Times* on the colonization of Uganda, for which he asked. He looked forward to the day when South Africa would be welded into one mighty state, linked in a strict federation with England.

On Saturday and Sunday he was very drowsy.

On Sunday afternoon he was much worse, and his breathing terribly uneven.

On Monday morning at 8 o'clock he sent me for his Shakespeare. I took him Steevens' edition, *Lear*, *Cymbeline*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, three plays which he loved dearly.

He read two or three lines, and told Dr. Dabbs that he should never get well again. We asked him later whether he felt better: he answered, "The doctor says I am." At his request I read some Shakespeare to him; he was most patient, and in his courteous fashion always feared that he was troubling his nurses, and expressed much anxiety for my mother's health. In the morning he told me that he was worse: he always counted the striking of the clock correctly, and asked whether it was night or morning. Dr. Dabbs who had been in London for the day had seen Irving. On his return my father remarked: "What is he doing with my

'Becket'? It will be successful on the stage with Irving as Becket." He became excited towards night, saying that he must look over the poems that had been sent him, and asking me whether I had thanked an unknown author for a certain book of poems. He said to me during the night, "I make a slave of you."

On Tuesday he talked a great deal about a journey, observing that he was not fit for his journey to Farringford to-day.

At noon he called out, "Where is my Shakespeare? I must have my Shakespeare." Then he said, "I want the blinds up, I want to see the sky and the light." He repeated "The sky and the light!" It was a glorious morning, and the warm sunshine was flooding the weald of Sussex and the line of South Downs, which were seen from his window.

At 3 o'clock he was pleased with the telegram about him from the Queen, but he muttered, "O, that Press will get hold of me now!"

At five Dr. Dabbs thought him better than he had been for two days; he asked Nurse Sanders how long he had been ill, and she answered, "Four days." He told Dr. Dabbs that he "would take anything that he was ordered." When the nurse put the thermometer under his arm, she touched some nerve, and he said that a "most beautiful vision of blue and other colours had passed over his eyes."

At seven he asked me, "Have I not been

walking with Gladstone in the garden, and showing him my trees?" I answered, "No." He replied, "Are you sure?"

On Wednesday he wanted to know whether his book had come, probably meaning the proofs of his new volume. I put them into his hand, and I kissed it, and he said, "Sir Andrew did that." He begged for his Shakespeare again. About 10.30 he called aloud, "Hallam," as I was leaving the room to fetch my mother. I questioned him as to whether he felt free from pain: he answered, "Quite, but I shall not get better."

At 2 o'clock he again asked for his Shakespeare and lay with his hand resting on it open, and tried to read it. Sir Andrew Clark had arrived from Christchurch: my father knew him, and said distinctly, "This is the worst attack I have had," and added, "I hope that you are not tired," for he had heard that Sir Andrew had started at seven o'clock.

All the afternoon he was much the same, occasionally saying a word or two to us, and hearing every sound, when he would open his eyes wide, look round the room, then close them again.

He had been talking to Dr. Dabbs about death, and about "What a shadow this life is, and how men cling to what is after all but a small part of the great world's life." Then Dr. Dabbs told him (for his interest was always keen

"in the lot of lowly men") of an incident that had lately happened. "A villager, ninety years old, was dying, and had so much pined to see his old bedridden wife once more that they had carried her to where he lay. He pressed his shrunken hand upon her hand, and in a husky voice said to her, 'Come soon,' and soon after passed away himself." My father murmured "True Faith"; and the tears were in his voice. Suddenly he gathered himself together and spoke one word about himself to the doctor, "Death?" Dr. Dabbs bowed his head, and he said, "That's well."

His last food was taken at a quarter to four, and he tried to read, but could not. He exclaimed, "I have opened it." Whether this referred to the Shakespeare, opened by him at

> "Hang there like fruit, my soul,
> Till the tree die,"[1]

which he always called among the tenderest lines in Shakespeare: or whether one of his last poems, of which he was fond, was running through his head I cannot tell:

> Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,
> Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate.

[1] *Cymbeline*, Act v. Sc. v.

He then spoke his last words, a farewell blessing, to my mother and myself.

For the next hours the full moon flooded the room and the great landscape outside with light; and we watched in solemn stillness. His patience and quiet strength had power upon those who were nearest and dearest to him; we felt thankful for the love and the utter peace of it all; and his own lines of comfort from "In Memoriam" were strongly borne in upon us. He was quite restful, holding my wife's hand, and, as he was passing away, I spoke over him his own prayer, "God accept him! Christ receive him!" because I knew that he would have wished it.

I give the medical bulletin published next day by Dr. Dabbs:

The tendency to fatal syncope may be said to have really commenced about 10 A.M. on Wednesday, and on Thursday, October 6th, at 1.35 A.M., the great poet breathed his last. Nothing could have been more striking than the scene during the last few hours. On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the Shakespeare which he had asked for but recently, and which he had kept by him to the end; the moonlight, the majestic figure as he lay there, "drawing thicker breath," irresistibly brought to our minds his own "Passing of Arthur."

Some friends and the servants came to see

him. He looked very grand and peaceful with the deep furrows of thought almost smoothed away, and the old clergyman of Lurgashall stood by the bed with his hands raised, and said, "Lord Tennyson, God has taken you, who made you a prince of men! Farewell!"

We placed *Cymbeline* with him, and a laurel wreath from Virgil's tomb, and wreaths of roses, the flower which he loved above all flowers, and some of his Alexandrian laurel, the poet's laurel. On the evening of the 11th the coffin was set upon our waggonette, made beautiful with stag's-horn moss and the scarlet Lobelia Cardinalis; and draped with the pall, woven by working men and women of the north, and embroidered by the cottagers of Keswick; and then we covered him with the wreaths and crosses of flowers sent from all parts of Great Britain. The coachman, who had been for more than thirty years my father's faithful servant, led the horse.

Ourselves, the villagers, and the school children followed over the moor through our lane towards a glorious sunset, and later through Haslemere under brilliant starlight.

The coffin was taken to Westminster Abbey,[1]

[1] The question of the burial in the Abbey or at Farringford was left to the decision of the Dean. My mother telegraphed to him: "Decide as you think best. If it is thought better, let him have the flag of England on his coffin, and rest in the churchyard of the dear place where his happiest days have been passed. Only, let the flag represent the feeling of the beloved Queen, and the nation,

and, at the request of the Prince of Wales, covered with a Union Jack—lent by Lord Methuen and the brigade of Guards quartered in London. He was laid that night in the chapel of St. Faith.

On Wednesday the 12th the funeral procession was formed in the cloisters: the pall-bearers being the Duke of Argyll, Lord Dufferin, Lord Selborne, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Jowett, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Froude, Lord Salisbury, Dr. Butler, (Trinity College, Cambridge), the United States Minister, Sir James Paget and Lord Kelvin. The Abbey was crowded from end to end by a vast multitude of mourners. The nave was lined by men of the Balaclava Light Brigade, by some of the London Rifle Volunteers, and by the boys of the Gordon Boys' Home, in token of their gratitude for what he had done for each and all of them. Two anthems were sung: both were settings of words by my father; one, "Crossing the Bar," by Dr. Bridge; the other, "Silent Voices," a melody in F minor by my mother, and set by her at my father's express desire. Nothing could have been more simple and majestic than the funeral service:[1] and the

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and the empire he loved so dearly." Owing to his detestation of the gloomy pomp of funerals, black plumes, black coaches, etc., the coffin was conveyed from Waterloo Station to the Abbey on a simple, covered van.

[1] Many were seen reading "In Memoriam" while waiting before the service.

tributes of sympathy which we received from many countries and from all creeds and classes were not only remarkable for their universality, but for their depth of feeling. What I said then I can only repeat: "God bless all for the love and reverence shown to the memory of him who above all things loved Love."

On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great.—
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him.
God accept him, Christ receive him.

Next to Robert Browning, and in front of the Chaucer monument, my father was laid: and for weeks after the funeral multitudes passed by the new-made grave in a never-ceasing pro-

cession. Against the pillar near the grave has been placed the well-known bust by Woolner.[1]

[It has taken me four years to complete this Memoir of my father. Throughout, my mother's assistance has been invaluable. She passed away peacefully at Aldworth, August 10th, 1896, in her eighty-fourth year, with these last words—"I have tried to be a good wife,"—and we laid her to rest in the quiet churchyard at Freshwater. A few days before her death she expressed her satisfaction that she had lived long enough to help me to correct the proofs for the press.

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[1] This replica by the sculptor himself, from the original at Trinity College, Cambridge (1857), was given me by Mr. Charles Jenner of Portobello, Midlothian. Another replica is in existence and is the property of Mrs. Charles Buxton. It may be remembered that Woolner executed the earliest medallion in 1850, the second a profile in 1856, the third a three-quarters head in 1867. We have always thought that the finest work of art and the best likeness was the bust done in 1857. The only other bust (from life) of my father was made by Woolner in 1873.

The portraits by G. F. Watts, R.A. are :

	Painted in
A profile, gone to Melbourne.	1856
A three-quarters, owned by Lady Henry Somerset.	1858-9
Another, owned by Sir William Bowman.	1859
A full face, in the National Portrait Gallery.	1865
A three-quarters, presented to Trinity College, Cambridge, by G. F. Watts.	1891

A replica of this last was painted by Mr. Watts for the bequest which he has made to the nation. The portraits by other artists have already been named.

Crossing the Bar

Sunset & evening star,
And one clear call for me.
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound & foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight & evening bell,
And after that the dark:
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time & Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crost the bar.

From the Original MS.

1896 MEMORIAL TABLET

On the tablet, erected in the church to the memory of my father and mother, is the following inscription:

IN LOVING MEMORY

OF

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

WHOSE HAPPIEST DAYS WERE PASSED AT FARRINGFORD
IN THIS PARISH

BORN AUG. 6TH 1809
DIED OCT. 6TH 1892
BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY OCT. 12TH 1892

SPEAK, LIVING VOICE! WITH THEE DEATH IS NOT DEATH;
THY LIFE OUTLIVES THE LIFE OF DUST AND BREATH.

ALSO IN LOVING MEMORY
OF HIS WIFE

EMILY LADY TENNYSON

BORN JULY 9TH 1813
DIED AUGUST 10TH 1896

"DEAR, NEAR AND TRUE, NO TRUER TIME HIMSELF
CAN PROVE YOU, THO' HE MAKE YOU EVERMORE
DEARER AND NEARER."]

THE QUEEN

THESE letters, which I have the Queen's gracious permission to publish, will, I am sure, be read with heartfelt interest: giving as they do fresh proof of Her Majesty's deep sympathy with her subjects, and of my father's earnest and chivalrous devotion to her.

From the Queen

WINDSOR CASTLE,
Feb. 26th, 1873.

Though Lady Augusta Stanley has already conveyed the expression of the Queen's warmest thanks for and high admiration of the beautiful Epilogue[1] he has so kindly inscribed to herself, she wishes to repeat again herself to Mr. Tennyson these feelings on the occasion of the arrival of the copy of the very fine new edition of the "Idylls of the King."

Pray accept the renewed thanks of the Queen for the noble heart-stirring words addressed to her, and which were a complete surprise. It would give the Queen much pleasure could she, some day, when he is within reach of Windsor,

[1] Epilogue to the "Idylls of the King."

show him the Mausoleum she has raised over the earthly remains of her dear Husband, whom he knew how to appreciate, and so beautifully described, as she feels sure he would admire it and think it worthy of him who wore

"The white flower of a blameless life."

She also hopes that Mr. Tennyson will not find Osborne too far for a drive from Freshwater.

From my father (after a visit to Osborne)

August, 1883.

DEAR AND HONOURED LADY,

MY QUEEN,

Your Majesty's letter made me glad that even in so small a matter I may have been of some service to you. I will not say that "I am loyal," or that "Your Majesty is gracious," for these are old hackneyed terms used or abused by every courtier, but I will say that during our conversation I felt the touch of that true friendship which binds human beings together, whether they be kings or cobblers.

Madam, when I left your presence, those lines of our Shakespeare in his *Henry V.* came across my memory,

"O hard condition twin-born with greatness,

* * * * *

What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect
Which private men enjoy."

So it is, but I trust that in spite of the loneliness of the throne and your Majesty's many losses, and this latest[1] of your faithful servant, the return of your beloved daughter may be of some solace to you. I remember dear Princess Alice bringing her to me in the drawing-room at Osborne—a fair-haired child whom it was a pleasure to look upon.

My wife is very grateful for your Majesty's most kind remembrance, and

I am always your affectionate servant,

A. TENNYSON.

From my father
(after our voyage to Copenhagen)

ALDWORTH, HASLEMERE,
Sept. 22nd, 1883.

MADAM,

Our cruise was so unpremeditated as to direction that my wife could not forward your Majesty's letter to me, but could only place it in my hand just after my arrival at home yesterday evening.

I need not say that I have great pleasure in learning that the quotations suggested by me have been approved by your Majesty.[2] I feared that they were too elliptical.

[1] Death of John Brown.

[2] Lines on a tablet in memory of John Brown, the Queen's Highland attendant.

The sight of the Princess of Wales in the midst of her own family, all of whom seem so royally simple and kindly, was, I think, the pleasantest thing that occurred in our whole voyage, delightful as it was; for the longer I live the more I value kindness and simplicity among the sons and daughters of men.

Believe me, dear Madam,
Your Majesty's loyal and affectionate servant,
A. TENNYSON.

My father's letter to the Queen, accepting the Peerage

Sept. 1883.

MADAM,

I have learned from Mr. Gladstone your Majesty's gracious intention toward myself, and I ask to be allowed to express to your Majesty herself my grateful acknowledgments.

You, Madam, who are so full of sympathy for your subjects, will, I am sure, understand me when I say that the knowledge of your Majesty's approval of what I have been enabled to do, is, as far as I myself am concerned, all that I desire.

This public mark of your Majesty's esteem, which recognizes in my person the power of literature in this age of the world, cannot, however, fail to be gratifying to my nearest and dearest.

Believe me, dear Madam,
Your Majesty's loyal and affectionate servant,
A. TENNYSON.

From the Queen

BALMORAL CASTLE,
Oct. 9th, 1883.

DEAR Mr. TENNYSON,

I thank you sincerely for your two last kind letters.

It affords me much pleasure to confer on my Poet Laureate, who is so universally admired and respected, a mark of my recognition of the great services he has rendered to literature, which has so great an influence on the world at large.

How I wish you could suggest means of crushing those horrible publications whose object is to promulgate scandal and calumny which they invent themselves!

Hoping to see you in the course of the next few months,

Believe me always yours most sincerely,

V. R. I.

The following lines on the Duke of Albany (who died in March 1884) were sent by my father to the Queen.

PRINCE LEOPOLD

An Epitaph

Early-wise, and pure, and true,
Prince, whose Father lived in you,

If you could speak, would you not say :
" I seem, but am not, far away ;
Wherefore should your eyes be dim ?
I am here again with him.
O Mother-Queen, and weeping Wife,
The Death for which you mourn is Life."

From the Queen
(after the death of the Duke of Albany)

WINDSOR CASTLE,
March 31st, 1884.

DEAR LORD TENNYSON,

I truly value your very kind words. My sorrows are many and great !

Almost all I needed most to lean on—and who helped and comforted—are taken from me ! But tho' *all happiness* is at an end for me in *this* world, I am ready to fight on, praying that I may be supported in bearing my heavy cross—and in trying to be of use and help to this poor, dear young widow of my darling child,[1] whose life, which was so bright and happy for barely two years, has been utterly crushed ! But she bears it admirably, with the most gentle patience and courageous and unmurmuring resignation.

All these terrible sorrows show us however, truly and really, that here is not our abiding home.

[1] The Duke of Albany.

Still it is very hard to see such a young life, so full of talent, so gifted, and so useful, cut off so soon, and to feel that all the care and anxiety, which under Providence enabled him to attain full manhood, was unavailing at last.

I am well, and while I live shall devote myself to the good of my dear Country, which has on all occasions of sorrow or joy, but especially the former, shown such sympathy with me!

Ever yours truly,
V. R. I.

From the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne)

WINDSOR CASTLE,
April 12th, 1884.

DEAR LORD TENNYSON,

The Queen desires me to send you the enclosed letter [dated March 31st], and to say that she is distressed to find that through some oversight of one of her gentlemen, owing to the great press of business, the letter was misdirected; and thus the delay.

The Queen was much touched by your beautiful lines, and had hoped you would have received her letter some days ago.

The Queen is well, but the blow is a heavy one, and only by degrees will she realise what she has lost in that beloved son, who has been taken from her.

I do not like to tell you of my own sorrow.

I have lost the truest and dearest friend (besides the best of brothers) I ever had, the joy and object of a lifetime.

Believe me yours sincerely,

LOUISE.

From the Queen

OSBORNE.

DEAR LORD TENNYSON,

Though a very humble and unpretending author I send you my new book, which perhaps you may like to glance at. Its only merit is its simplicity and truth.

What a warm winter we have had!

Hoping that you are well, and wishing to be kindly remembered to Lady Tennyson,

Ever yours truly,

V. R. I.

From my father

FARRINGFORD.

MADAM,

This beautiful morning has brought me the pleasant surprise of your Majesty's most gracious letter and gift.[1]

I need scarcely assure you, Madam, of my gratitude at receiving the volume from your Majesty's own hands.

If I may venture to say so, I am certain beforehand of finding the lofty and tender

[1] Second series of *Journal of our Life in the Highlands.*

sentiments and the hearty enjoyment of nature, expressed in pure English, which cannot fail to make a book interesting, apart from the special interest which must of necessity belong to this particular volume.

My wife is most grateful for your Majesty's gracious remembrance.

Allow me, Madam, to subscribe myself
Your Majesty's devoted and affectionate servant,
TENNYSON.

From my father

FARRINGFORD, *July*, 1885.

MADAM,

I am honoured by your Majesty's most gracious letter, and, if I am fortunate enough to write what your Majesty would have me write,[1] and as your Majesty would have it written, I shall have true pleasure in having written.

The account of the young Prince[2] is very interesting, and your Majesty may well believe that in him another will be added to your "army of Heroes."

England, whose heart has rarely, if ever, beaten more warmly for her soldiers, nor with better cause than now, will rejoice that the Princess, whom she has loved as the devoted

[1] Dedication of "The Defence of Lucknow."
[2] Prince Henry of Battenberg.

daughter, has every prospect of being the happy wife of a soldier Prince, and of bringing a new solace to the life which year by year becomes more precious to the whole Empire.

Your Majesty's affectionate servant,

TENNYSON.

From the Queen

WINDSOR CASTLE,
July 8th, 1885.

DEAR LORD TENNYSON,

I am so grateful and touched by your kind letter.

It would give me the greatest of pleasures if you would come over for the wedding in our village church,[1] but I *fear* you will not do that! But pray come and see me when all is quiet again.

You will understand that Prince Henry, though an excellent soldier, has never been in the field as he was too young, the last German war being fifteen years ago, and he is only twenty-six.

You may also like to know that she will be followed by her ten nieces as bridesmaids, viz. my eldest son's three girls, Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, dear Alice's two motherless girls, Irene and Alice of Hesse, Princess Christian's two, Victoria and Louise of Holstein,

[1] Whippingham.

and my son Alfred's three, Marie, Victoria, and Alexandra Marie of Edinburgh.

I am yours very truly,
V. R. I.

[The Queen in a postscript speaks of "the death of that noble hero Gordon."]

From my father

July 9th, 1885.

Your Majesty is most gracious, but I think that blind [short-sighted] as I am, and, I fear, growing blinder, I am best away from the wedding, and I would pray to be excused, except that your Majesty had kindly anticipated my excuse for absence from a ceremony which cannot fail to be beautiful and touching.

Should the poem, which I send,[1] be approved of by your Majesty and the Princess, shall I have some copies printed?

Very often in the sorrowful period through which we have passed, we have thought of what the Queen must have suffered.

It cheers one that the present Prime Minister[2] speaks only of the interests of the Empire, leaving at all events in abeyance the fatal cry of party. Change must needs come in all human things, but I wish that statesmen would oftener remember

[1] On the marriage of Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Beatrice.

[2] Lord Salisbury.

the saying of Bacon :—"Mere innovations should imitate the work of time, which innovateth slowly but surely" (or some such words). We might then have such stability in our policy as is possible to our poor human nature.

I fully sympathize with your Majesty's feelings for our great simple soldier-hero Gordon, and I rejoice that the Mansion House Committee have adopted, as the National Memorial, the scheme proposed by myself and my son, which had its origin in a conversation with Gordon.

Believe me your Majesty's
Loyal and affectionate servant,
TENNYSON.

From my father

July 20th, 1885.

MADAM,

I have sent your Majesty one hundred copies of the poem, printed. I am glad your Princess approves it, for I, who enter my 77th year on the 6th August, might well give in to the fear that the power of poetry was faded or fading in me. To the Royal bride the old poet sends his blessing; and for her he, and his, wish "Queen's weather" on the 23rd.

Your Majesty's loyal and devoted servant,
TENNYSON.

Mr. Gladstone differs in *many* of his political views from myself.

From the Queen

OSBORNE,
Aug. 7th, 1885.

DEAR LORD TENNYSON,

I was not unmindful of yesterday's anniversary, and would wish to offer my warm good wishes on the return of your natal day.

It was also my son Alfred's and my son-in-law Lorne's birthday, and there was always a gathering at Osborne Cottage of my children, grandchildren and relations, and, as I gazed on the happy young couple, and on my two sons Alfred and Arthur and their bonnie bairns, I could not but feel sad in thinking that their hour of trial might come, and earnestly prayed God would spare my sweet Beatrice and the husband she so truly loves and confides in, for long, long to each other.

Till sixty-one no real inroad of any kind had been made in our circle, and how heavy has God's hand been since then on me!

Mother, husband, children, truest friends, all have been taken from me, and yet I must "still endure," and I shall try to do so. Your beautiful lines have been greatly admired.

I wish you could have *seen* the wedding, for every one says it was the prettiest they ever saw. The simple, pretty, little village church, all decorated with flowers, the sweet young bride,

the handsome young husband, the ten bridesmaids, six of them quite children with flowing fair hair, the brilliant sunshine and the blue sea, all made up pictures not to be forgotten.

Believe me always yours affectionately,

V. R. I.

From my father

ALDWORTH, *Aug. 9th*, 1885.

MADAM,

Tho' feasts and flowers seem to me only properly to belong to the birthdays of the young, and tho' I myself always pass my own over in silence, yet believe me most thoroughly grateful for your Majesty's gracious and kindly congratulations.

As to the sufferings of this momentary life, we can but trust that in some after-state, when we see clearer, we shall thank the Supreme Power for having made us, thro' these, higher and greater beings.

Still it surely cannot be unlawful to pray that our children, and our children's children, may pass thro' smoother waters to the other shore.

The wedding must have been beautiful, the Peace of Heaven seemed on the day.

* * * * * *

Your Majesty's affectionate subject,

TENNYSON.

From the Queen

OSBORNE,
April 16th, 1886.

DEAR LORD TENNYSON,

I cannot refrain from writing to express my deep concern and true sympathy with you and Lady Tennyson, who I know must be spared as much anxiety as possible at the present moment when you are in such trouble about your dear son.[1]

I am indeed grieved beyond measure for you and your dear wife, and for poor little Eleanor, whom I have known from her earliest childhood.

God grant that you may yet get better news!

Beatrice shares my feelings, having known Eleanor so well.

I cannot in this letter allude to politics, but I know what your feelings must be.

Believe me always yours truly,

V. R. I.

From my father

FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER,
April, 1886.

MADAM,

I beg to offer your Majesty the assurance of my own and my wife's heartfelt gratitude for your Majesty's most welcome letter of sympathy with us.

[1] The illness of my brother in India.

Our latest telegram was from Colombo, "no improvement"; but in this pause, as it were between Life and Death, since your Majesty touches upon the disastrous policy of the day, I may say, that I wish I may be in my own grave beyond sight and hearing, when an English army fires upon the Loyalists of Ulster.

Believe me always your Majesty's
Loyal and affectionate subject,
TENNYSON.

From the Queen
(after the death of Lionel)

OSBORNE,
April 25th, 1886.

DEAR LORD TENNYSON,

I wish I could express in words how *deeply* and truly I feel for you in this hour of heavy affliction!

You, who have written such words of comfort for others, will I am sure feel the comfort of them again *in* yourself. But it is *terrible* to lose one's grown up children when one is no longer young oneself, and to see, as I have done, and you will do now, the sore stricken young widow of one's beloved son!

I will not weary you or intrude on your grief by words of consolation, which in fact *can* offer none. But I say from the depth of a heart, which has suffered cruelly, and lost almost all it

cared for and loved best, I *feel* for you ; I know what you and your dear wife are suffering, and I pray God to support you.

Pray let your son Hallam write me a few words by the messenger, who takes this over, and say how you and Lady Tennyson are.

My dear Beatrice grieves deeply for her former playmate, poor dear Eleanor, and is very anxious to hear how she is.

Ever yours affectionately,

V. R. I.

I am very grateful for your kind letter.

From the Queen to Hallam Tennyson

OSBORNE, *April 26th*, 1886.

The Queen is very thankful to Mr. Tennyson for his kind sad letter, and for the enclosure from Lord Dufferin.

It is terribly sad.

She trusts his dear mother will be mercifully supported, and that fresh news will soon be received from poor Eleanor, and that the first meeting will not be too trying for her and for Lord and Lady Tennyson.

The Queen feels deeply for Mr. Tennyson, to whom the loss of his only brother must be a heavy blow, and lasting sorrow.

From my father

March 12th, 1887 [*the Jubilee Year*].

MADAM,

I am grateful for your Majesty's most kind letter. . . . I do indeed feel how the sense of loneliness may oppress your Majesty in the midst of these loud rejoicings. "Ihr Beifall selbst macht meinem Herzen bang," as Goethe says in his preface to *Faust*. The multitude are loud, but *They* are silent. Yet, if the dead, as I have often felt, tho' silent, be more living than the living;—and linger about the planet in which their earth-life was passed—then *they*, while we are lamenting that they are not at our side, may still be with us; and the husband, the daughter, and the son, lost by your Majesty, may rejoice when the people shout the name of their Queen.

TENNYSON.

From the Queen

WINDSOR CASTLE,
May 14th, 1887.

DEAR LORD TENNYSON,

I am anxious to tell you that your beautiful Ode[1] was performed at Buckingham Palace on the 11th with a full Orchestra. It was conducted by Mr. Stanford himself. We

[1] "Jubilee Ode."

greatly admired the music, which was very descriptive and well adapted to the words, and it was extremely well executed. I wish you could have heard it.

We have just returned from opening the People's Palace. There was an enormous crowd everywhere, and much enthusiasm and loyalty.

I must thank you for your last kind letter, and hope that you are well, as also Lady Tennyson and your family.

Believe me always yours affectionately,

V. R. I.

From my father to Princess Beatrice
(Princess Henry of Battenberg)

FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER,
Feb. 15th, 1888.

MADAM,

I did not know, till after your Royal Highness had left us yesterday, when I opened the parcel, that the memorial of the Jubilee Year was the photograph of the Queen. If I did not express my loyal thanks to your Royal Highness sufficiently by word of mouth for the kind and gracious gift, allow me to write them here.

Yesterday's visit will always be a pleasant memory to me, and I trust your Royal Highness has already forgiven me for introducing you

to such low company, as my old "Spinster and her Cats."[1]

With our dutiful remembrances,

I am

Your Royal Highness' faithful servant,

TENNYSON.

From the Queen

OSBORNE,
Aug. 9th, 1889.

DEAR LORD TENNYSON,

Though three days late, I hope I may still offer my best wishes for your eightieth birthday, and my hope that many more anniversaries may follow.

My time has been so much taken up by my grandson, the Emperor of Germany's visit, that I have hardly been able to write, but my thoughts were with you on a day which is dear to me from being the birthdays of my second son, and son-in-law Lord Lorne.

My grandson the Emperor of Germany's visit went off very well, and much cordiality between the two countries was shown on both sides.

Trusting that you are now quite recovered from your long illness,

Believe me always yours affectionately,

V. R. I.

Pray remember me to Lady Tennyson.

[1] Read to Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg when they visited us at Farringford in February, 1888.

From my father

ALDWORTH, HASLEMERE,
Aug. 1889.

MADAM,

Your Majesty has given yet another proof of that universal kindness (which has rejoiced so many hearts), by remembering your old Poet's birthday, and making time to tell him so in the midst of almost overwhelming work.

That the Emperor's visit has passed off so well must be a source of thankfulness, not only to your Majesty but to the two nations, nations too closely allied by the subtle sympathy of kindred not to be either true brothers or deadly foes.

As brothers what might they not do for the world?

May those so near and dear to your Majesty as son and son-in-law find every 6th of August happier and happier to themselves, in the consciousness of good achieved.

I have had nine months of a most painful and depressing illness. My doctors say that such an attack of rheumatic gout at my age very frequently is fatal. I am much better now, but possibly I shall never be quite the same man again, though always the same, I trust, in my devotion to the Queen, and my loyalty to her Throne of England.

TENNYSON.

My wife is most grateful for your Majesty's most gracious remembrance.

From the Queen

OSBORNE, *Feb. 9th*, 1891.

DEAR LORD TENNYSON,

I venture to send you two photographs of the Tableaux Vivants of "Elaine," which your son will have told you of, and which I hope you will like.

Of course the want of colour prevents the effect being as fine as it was, but I think they are very good.

Our stage is very small, so that it cramps large groups. Our new room will be finished next year, when I hope we may be able to represent larger Tableaux, or at least to bring in more people without crowding.

Hoping that you and Lady Tennyson are well,

Believe me ever yours affectionately,

VICTORIA R. I.

From my father

Feb. 9th, 1891.

MADAM,

I am very grateful for your Majesty's kind letter, and for the photographs of the Tableaux. That of Elaine in the boat seems beautiful, and Arthur's court with the splendid colouring of old armour must have been very effective.

May I be allowed to add how much my son and his wife felt the kindness of their reception at Osborne, and how much they enjoyed the Plays?

I am rejoiced to hear from them that your Majesty is looking so well.

With the loyal devotion of my wife and myself,

I am always your Majesty's
Ever affectionate servant,
TENNYSON.

The following inscription was sent by my father for the Prayer-book presented to the Queen by her children on the fiftieth anniversary of her wedding:

Remembering him who waits thee far away,
And with thee, Mother, taught us first to pray,
Accept on this your golden bridal day
The Book of Prayer.

From the Queen

OSBORNE, *Feb.* 10*th*, 1891.

DEAR LORD TENNYSON,

How kind it is of you to have written those beautiful lines, and to have sent the telegram for this ever dear day, which I will never allow to be considered a sad day. The reflected light of the sun which has set still remains! It is full of pathos, but also full of

joyful gratitude, and he, who has left me nearly 30 years ago, surely blesses me still!

Your son, whose acquaintance I was much pleased to make, was desirous of getting the photographs of our Tableaux, which he saw, and I send a set to-day for your acceptance, hoping you may be interested by them.

I hope that you are well, and that I may some day see you again.

Asking you to remember me kindly to Lady Tennyson and your son, believe me always

Yours affectionately, VICTORIA R. I.

From my father

FARRINGFORD, *Feb. 10th*, 1891.

MADAM,

I am glad that your Majesty did not consider my lines out of harmony with the sacred day. No words could more entirely express the feelings which of right belong to it than your Majesty's. The photographs of the Tableaux are most interesting. They will, I need not say, ever be highly prized, both for the giver's sake, and as a memorial of the pleasant days my son spent at Osborne, when his Queen was so gracious and kind to him. My wife and son send their most loyal duty.

I am ever your Majesty's

Grateful and affectionate servant,

TENNYSON.

From my father
(after the death of the Duke of Clarence)

FARRINGFORD, *Jan.* 1892.

MADAM,

I venture to write, but I do not know how to express the profound sympathy of myself and my family with the great sorrow, which has befallen your Majesty and your children.

I know that your Majesty has a perfect trust in the Love and Wisdom which order the circumstances of our life, and in this alone is there comfort.

I am always your Majesty's affectionate servant,

TENNYSON.

From the Marquis of Lorne

OSBORNE, *Jan.* 28*th*, 1892.

MY DEAR LORD TENNYSON,

The Queen was very much touched and very much pleased with what you wrote and sent to her.[1]

She is specially anxious that you should not think that the delay, that has arisen in her acknowledgment, has been owing to any want

[1] The lines on the death of the Duke of Clarence.

of feeling; but it has come through want of time, for since her loss she has been overwhelmed with work. As soon as the touching lines came, she spoke with tears in her eyes of their beauty, and I know that she felt much your goodness in sending them, and that they were really a comfort to her.

Believe me, dear Lord Tennyson,
Yours very truly, LORNE.

From the Queen

OSBORNE, *Jan. 28th*, 1892.

The Queen is very deeply touched by the beautiful lines Lord Tennyson has so kindly written (and sent) on this terrible tragedy, which is a real misfortune.

She thanks him warmly for writing and sending them. They are most affecting. But was there ever a more terrible contrast?

A wedding with bright hopes turned into a funeral in the very chapel where the former was to have taken place.

The Queen hopes that Lord Tennyson is well in the midst of so much illness everywhere.

She keeps well, but she is deeply grieved by the loss of her dearly loved grandson.

From the Queen to Hallam Tennyson

BALMORAL CASTLE,
Oct. 6th, 1892.

The Queen thanks Mr. Tennyson again for his very touching telegram, describing the passing away of his beloved father, whose latter years he soothed and sustained with so much devotion. That great spirit now knows what he so often reflected on and pondered over.

The Queen deeply laments and mourns her noble Poet Laureate, who will be so universally regretted, but he has left undying works behind him which we shall ever treasure.

He was so very kind and full of sympathy to the Queen, who alas! never saw him again after his last visit to Osborne.

Most deeply does the Queen feel for Lady Tennyson, whose delicate health will, the Queen hopes, not suffer from this great shock. The blank will be so terrible.

The Queen prays earnestly that they may all be sustained in this hour of grief and bereavement.

What was the cause of this fatal termination of his very short illness?

From the Queen to Hallam Tennyson

BALMORAL CASTLE, *Oct. 19th*, 1892.

I am much touched by your two kind letters, and the copy of the beautiful lines,[1] which I conclude were the last he ever wrote.

Everything must have been most touching and beautiful, and worthy of what the great poet was; the "passing away" with Shakespeare in his hand, the *very* simple and affecting departure from his own beloved home, and the last sad ceremony when the mortal part of this great man was laid in its final resting-place.

I am thankful that your dear mother is as well as could be expected, but the blank, which for some time must only increase, will be terrible.

May I ask who Miss Maud Tennyson[2] is, who has been mentioned several times?

I am anxious to have a bust of your dear father at Windsor, and would like to know which is the best to have copied.

I found this short account of your father's visit to me at Osborne in 1883, which I had hastily written down in my Journal, and have had it copied out, thinking it might perhaps interest you. Alas! I never saw him again.

[1] "The Silent Voices."
[2] Daughter of my uncle Horatio Tennyson.

He was several times ill, and the weather prevented his moving, so that I had not the pleasure and comfort of again conversing with him once more.

Hoping to see you when I return south,
Believe me always yours truly,
V. R. I.

Extract from the Queen's private Journal

OSBORNE, *Tuesday, Aug. 7th*, 1883.

After luncheon saw the great Poet Tennyson in dearest Albert's room for nearly an hour; and most interesting it was. He is grown very old, his eyesight much impaired. But he was very kind. Asked him to sit down. He talked of the many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there was another world, where there would be no partings; and then he spoke with horror of the unbelievers and philosophers who would make you believe there was no other world, no Immortality, who tried to explain all away in a miserable manner. We agreed that were such a thing possible, God, Who is Love, would be far more cruel than any human being. He quoted some well-known lines from Goethe whom he so much admires. Spoke of the poor Lily of Hanover[1] so kindly, asked after my Godchildren. He spoke of

[1] Princess Frederica of Hanover.

Ireland, and the wickedness of ill-using poor animals: "I am afraid I think the world is darkened; I dare say it will brighten again."

I told him what a comfort "In Memoriam" had again been to me, which pleased him; but he said I could not believe the number of shameful letters of abuse he had received about it. Incredible! When I took leave of him, I thanked him for his kindness, and said I needed it, for I had gone thro' much, and he said, "You are so alone on that terrible height; it is terrible. I've only a year or two to live, but I shall be happy to do anything for you I can. Send for me whenever you like."

I thanked him warmly.

TENNYSON, BY THE LATE EARL OF SELBORNE

BLACKMOOR, PETERSFIELD,
July 18th, 1893.

Lord Tennyson realized to me, more than any one else whom I have known, the "heroic" idea. Even in person, he was such a man as I could conceive Thiodolf the Icelander, the hero of that romance of De la Motte Fouqué which Sir Walter Scott most admired, to have been, when no longer young. The consciousness, which he could not but have, of his great vocation, and of the work which he had done, was tempered by a vein of modesty, almost childlike. His domestic affections were very strong; and he had a happy home, in which the influence of others told upon him, hardly less (I think) than his own did on them. Wordsworth's wish, that his "days" should be "bound each to each in natural piety," seemed to be perfectly fulfilled in him. It was easy to see that he never forgot the influences which surrounded him in childhood, and never lost the habit of observing and sympathizing with Nature, which colours much of his poetry. There was nothing in him conventional or commonplace, nothing artificial or affected. If he spoke of or recited his own poetry, as he often did among friends, it was from pure kindness, because he knew that they wished for it. But his

interests were not in his own vocation only; he thought much on religious, scientific and political questions, and expressed freely in conversation the opinions which he had formed on them. I did not see everything in exactly the same light that he did; but everything which he said had the stamp of reality, and it was wholesome and refreshing to listen to him. He looked at questions of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong, with a vision undisturbed by false sentiment, and free from the distortions of party spirit and personal sympathies or antipathies. He was noble, simple, manly, reverent as well as strong, with a frankness which might at times seem rough, but which was never inconsistent with the finest courtesy and the gentlest heart. I do not think I could better describe the impression which he made upon me by any multiplication of words. He was great in himself, as well as in his work; the foremost man, in my eyes, of all his generation; and entitled to be ranked with the greatest of the generations before him.

SELBORNE.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS, BY THE LATE MASTER OF BALLIOL[1]

BALLIOL COLLEGE.

It is nearly forty years since I first made the acquaintance of Lord Tennyson. He was at that time living in the neighbourhood of Twickenham, and had recently married, and I was staying with Temple[2] at Kneller

[1] This short memoir was Jowett's last literary effort. Up to within a fortnight of his death he was working at it, and expressed the greatest anxiety to live long enough to make a faithful portrait of his friend.

[2] The present Archbishop of Canterbury.

Hall, which, in those days, was the scene of many a happy gathering of Dr. Temple's old friends. He and I were invited to go and dine with the poet. There were no ladies present, but several of his Cambridge contemporaries; among them I remember particularly James Spedding and Tom Taylor. Our host was very cheerful and hospitable, and though I cannot remember what was said, I have a recollection that the dinner was what young men would call very jolly.

Tennyson was already a great man. Since the publication of the two volumes of poems more than ten years previously, he had shot up like a rocket, and, after the death of Wordsworth, there was no living poet who could be compared with him. In making his acquaintance we had the same kind of awe which Boswell describes himself to have experienced when he first met Johnson. Soon after the occasion of this dinner he removed to the Isle of Wight, where he kindy invited me to visit him. Those visits grew more and more frequent, until they were repeated two or three times in each year, with scarcely an interruption, as long as he lived. I was in the habit of going both to Freshwater and to Aldworth: they were among the greatest pleasures of my life.[1]

Having had the privilege of knowing Lord Tennyson intimately for so many years, it may be naturally supposed that I have something to communicate about him which is not known to the world in general. My own impression is, that anything which I or others may

[1] Since he became the possessor of Farringford, he found his quiet home and living with his wife and children the happiest place and life. Yet he was also extremely hospitable, often inviting not only his friends but the friends of his friends, and giving them a hearty welcome. For underneath a sensitive exterior he was thoroughly genial if he was understood.—B. J.

have to say of his daily life must, necessarily, be fragmentary and disappointing. A great man's character rarely, if ever, appears in the jests which he makes with his friends at table, or in the good stories which he narrates, although it is true also, as Dr. Johnson says, that every man "may be judged of by his laughter." But his truest self must be estimated in his greatest efforts. The best and deepest nature of the poet will be found in the works of his genius, such as "In Memoriam," or, to take an instance of another kind in "The Northern Farmer," as our best conception of Shakespeare may be gathered, not from contemporary gossip about him, but from the *Sonnets*, from *Hamlet*, and the *Tempest*, and the life and death of Falstaff.

Those who read Tennyson attentively and consecutively know much more about him than can ever be learnt from passing observation. They will read him, as they read Shakespeare, with an ever-increasing wonder at the depth of his thought, and the fertility of his fancy.

If I were to describe his outward appearance, I should say that he was certainly unlike any one else whom I ever saw. A glance at some of Watts' portraits of him will give, better than any description which can be expressed in words, a conception of his noble mien and look. He was a magnificent man, who stood before you in his native refinement and strength. The unconventionality of his manners was in keeping with the originality of his figure. He would sometimes say nothing, or a word or two only, to the stranger who approached him, out of shyness. He would sometimes come into the drawing-room reading a book. At other times, especially to ladies, he was singularly gracious and benevolent. He would talk about the accidents of his own life with an extraordinary freedom, as at the moment they appeared to present themselves to his

mind, the days of his boyhood that were passed at Somersby, and the old school of manners which he came across in his own neighbourhood: the days of the "apostles" at Cambridge: the years which he spent in London; the evenings enjoyed at the Cock Tavern, and elsewhere, when he saw another side of life, not without a kindly and humorous[1] sense of the ridiculous in his fellow-creatures. His repertory of stories was perfectly inexhaustible; they were often about slight matters that would scarcely bear repetition, but were told with such lifelike reality, that they convulsed his hearers with laughter. Like most story-tellers, he often repeated his favourites; but, like children, his audience liked hearing them again and again, and he enjoyed telling them. It might be said of him that he told more stories than any one, but was by no means the regular story-teller. In the commonest conversation he showed himself a man of genius. His tales were full of dramatic life, owing to the great love and interest which he had for human things everywhere,[2] far beyond the wonders either of Nature or of Art. The latter was connected with the poetical side of him, the former with the human realization of life.

Most of Tennyson's friends remember a small room high up at the top of the house [Farringford], formerly very bare except for books, afterwards made more comfortable, to which, when dinner was over, he retired, and, sometimes after half-an-hour's solitude, invited his friends to join him.[3]

[1] His humour was constant; and he never or hardly ever made puns or witticisms, but always lived in an attitude of humour.—B. J.

[2] He was not a man of the world in the ordinary sense, but a man who had the greatest insight into the world, and often in a word or sentence flashed a light.—B. J.

[3] However many easy-chairs there might be in a room, he always chose the hardest with the most upright back.

We either smoked with him, or, if we did not smoke, we had the privilege of hearing him talk, and of talking with him. This was his temple, or it might be termed his den, where his poems and a few favourite books were kept. It was a sign of more intimate friendship to be allowed to visit him there. At such times, if he was not deterred by shyness, he said just what came into his head. But, in general he was very free and frank; he had nothing to conceal, and he felt so keenly, that if he had, he could not have concealed it. He used to utter strong thoughts in strong language, about recent discoveries in Science, about the politics of the day, about the deeper mysteries of human life. On a few topics he would discourse again and again with undiminished energy. There was, perhaps, no political matter in which he took so deep an interest as the defence of his country. He would often, in fancy, draw pictures, half-ludicrous, of the consequences of an invasion to himself, as an inhabitant of the Isle of Wight. In projects for the extension of suffrage he took no part; it was another kind of ideal, much more distant, on which his eye was fixed. Hence he combined a singular affection for the great statesman who has become the wonder of the English world, with a recoil from his policy. "I love Gladstone," he said, "but I hate his Home-rule policy." This was the sum of many political conversations; but he never studied to put together or to systematize his views. "Locksley Hall," although spoken in the character of a disappointed lover, contains the sum of his politics when he was a young man, and though he wrote an epilogue to the poem sixty years later, the point of view from which he regarded the world in this poem was never really altered, but only underwent the natural change of old age. The daily and weekly movements of politics,

which, like the weather, are always changing, made little or no impression upon him; the weight of the unknown seemed to fall upon him more heavily.

In Natural Science he took a deep interest. In the first years of his childhood his grandfather had taught him some of the wonders of the starry heavens, in a manner which remained with him throughout life. Some paragraph in a newspaper or magazine about a comet, or fixed star, would often catch his eye; these he would invest with a light and life which he himself gave to them. He was greatly pleased at being informed that Mr. Procter had said of him that there were no mistakes about the stars in his poems, and a similar compliment was paid to him by an eminent botanist about flowers. He probably never went out on a starlight night without "thoughts too deep for tears" arising within him. He had the keenest and most delicate sense of the beauties of Nature. From his own windows he beheld, daily, one of the most perfect sea-views in England—the line of coast stretching from the Downs at Freshwater along the whole south-east coast of the Isle of Wight. He rejoiced in the sun and sky and sea, and would often walk down to the sands at Freshwater, about half-a-mile distant from his house, to pay his respects to some unusual excitement of the ocean. He was a student, like Ruskin, of the ways of the clouds, as well as of the paths of the sea. They seemed to enter into his soul and to whisper new thoughts to him. Having been brought up in the country, and having lived there during the greater part of his life, he learned many things about plants and flowers which his capacious memory ever afterwards retained. It was not so much that his mind was always wandering from one scene to another, as that it seized upon things that he saw or

imagined with an extraordinary power and intensity. He would have liked to have known more of astronomy and botany. It was one of his unfulfilled wishes, which he was continually repeating, to have seen the Tropics, but it is doubtful whether this greater variety and curiousness of knowledge would have made him a better poet.

He was very much of a scholar, but was not at all a pedant. Once he said to me, "I hate learning," by which I understood him to mean that he hated the minutiæ of criticism compiled by the Dryasdusts. They seemed to him to have no life in them, and to arrive at no result. More than thirty years ago I remember his making what appeared at the time a very striking remark, namely, that "the true origin of modern Biblical Criticism was to be ascribed not to Strauss, but to Niebuhr, who lived a generation earlier." He was what might be called a good scholar, in the University or Public School sense of the term; his father before him had been a scholar, and he inherited as well as acquired a good, accurate knowledge of Latin and Greek. Yet I seem to remember that he had his favourite Classics, such as Homer, and Pindar, and Theocritus. The books which were chiefly read at Eton more than half a century ago were best known to him, and not those which, since the days of Porson and Hermann, have chiefly occupied the attention of the youths of England. He was also a lover of Greek fragments. But I am not sure whether, in later life, he ever sat down to read consecutively the greatest works of Æschylus and Sophocles, although he used occasionally to dip into them. French, German, and Italian he picked up by himself, not attaining any great proficiency in them, but sufficient to enable him to read them with ease. He had a profound respect for Goethe. It is worthy of

remark, because it was a remark made by himself, that the description of Ulysses in the poem bearing that name is derived, not from Homer, but from Dante.

Several of his poems are the result of deep study. Like Milton, he had early been impressed by the Legend of King Arthur, and had intended to weave it into a new form. This was, perhaps, the earliest of his poetical dreams, but it was not one of them which was destined to be carried out. The great work which he had designed was in no respect like the so-called "Idylls" which have become so familiar to the public. His purpose was to have in some way or other represented in it the great religions of the world: but although it was definitely planned, this poem never saw the light. He offered to show me the rough sketch of it, but on enquiring some years afterwards about it, I found that it had already been destroyed. This change of purpose may be attributed to two reasons. First, because the time when he was meditating this poem was the time at which the greatest calamity befell him. One can hardly conceive the overwhelming impression made on a mind like Tennyson's by the loss of a friend who was more than all the world to him [A. H. Hallam]. Secondly, at this time, there also came upon him another great blow, the coldness and even malignity which attended his first efforts, when he had a very few admirers, and a host of enemies.

It is a proof of Tennyson's genius that he should have thus early grasped the great historical aspect of religion.

It may further be doubted whether the work could have been executed, or would have been understood, sixty years ago, at a time when men's minds were so little acquainted with Oriental speculations, and were so hide-bound in the controversies of Protestantism and Romanism.

To return to the "Den." Tennyson was constantly speaking of the thoughts which occupied his own mind, in which the following characteristics might be traced: —A strong desire to vindicate the ways of God to man, and, perhaps, to demonstrate a pertinacity on the part of man in demanding of God his rights. He was not a sceptic in the least degree, though deeply impressed by the wonder and mystery of the world which surrounded him, especially its physical character. He was one of those who, though not an upholder of miracle-mongers, thought that the wonders of Heaven and Earth were never far absent from us. He had many stories to tell about Mesmerism, which had some effect upon his mind, though he can hardly be said to have seriously considered the subject. There is no trace of such stories anywhere in his writings. He was very impressible, and very willing to believe what he was told by anybody whom he *knew*. Yet it would be equally true to say that he was quite unaffected by the opinions of others. He had the susceptibility of a child, or of a woman; he had also (it was a strange combination) the strength of a giant, or of a God.

There was no one to whom he was more absolutely devoted, no poet of whom he had a more intimate knowledge, than Shakespeare. He said to me, and probably to many others, that there was one intellectual process in the world of which he could not even entertain an apprehension—that was, the Plays of Shakespeare. He thought that he could instinctively distinguish between the genuine and the spurious in them, *e.g.* between those parts of *King Henry VIII.* which are generally admitted to be spurious, and those that are genuine. The same thought was partly working in his mind on another occasion, when he spoke of two things, which he conceived to be beyond the intelligence of man, and it was

certainly not repeated by him from any irreverence ; the one, the intellectual genius of Shakespeare—the other the religious genius of Jesus Christ.

It was in the spirit of an old saint or mystic, and not of a modern rationalist, that Tennyson habitually thought and felt about the nature of Christ. Never did the slightest shadow of ridicule or profaneness mix itself up with the applications which he made of Scripture, although he was quite aware that there were many points on which he differed widely from the so-called Evangelical, or High-Church world, and he always strove to keep religion free from the taint of ridicule.

There were some other peculiarities about him, which have furnished endless material for gossip, and which have never yet been properly explained. Persons have often asked how such a king among men could have been so sensitive to the opinions of the public. It seems to them unmanly that he who was one of the greatest men of the century should have been unable to stand up against the prejudices of the vulgar. It was easier to understand when looked at a little more closely. It was not really a desire of praise, or fear of blame which actuated him—he was above such feelings as these : but he was grieved at the injustice and meanness of mankind which was always seeking to depreciate the fair fame of another, which, the greater or nobler a man is, is always the more eager to decry him. He doubtless experienced a great deal of pain from the attacks of his enemies. I never remember his receiving the least pleasure from the commendations of his friends. The truth seemed to be that, as his fame became established in the world, he hardly thought much of what was said of him.[1] The feeling of pleasure, which was not wanting

[1] He never allowed himself to be puffed in the newspapers if he could possibly prevent it.—B. J.

in him, was due to an appreciation of himself in his own breast. He felt that he saw more truly than others how far he had succeeded and how far he had failed in the attainment of his purpose; all else was really as nothing to him. He once asked me which I thought the most touching lines in any of his works. I ventured to reply, the lines in "Maud," beginning:

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

He gave some sign of assent to the answer, adding, by the way, that they were not originally meant for that place. I have no doubt that innumerable verses of his, which gave so much pleasure to the rest of the world, have also given the truest and most natural pleasure to himself.

If it were possible, with propriety, I should like to say something about the wife who survives him, though I am aware that such a subject is beyond the proper limits of the biography. I can only speak of her as one of the most beautiful, the purest, the most innocent, the most disinterested persons whom I have ever known. He once told me, as indeed he told some things to everybody, which others keep to themselves, how she said to him, "When I pray I see the face of God smiling upon me." Such is the spirit of this remarkable life. As there is no chance of her giving me leave to repeat these words, and as I was not forbidden to do so by him, I venture to snatch them from the numberless sacred words which passed between them. It is no wonder that people speak of her with bated breath, as a person whom no one would ever think of criticising, whom every one would recognize, in goodness and saintliness, as the most unlike any one whom they have ever met.

Though not claiming to possess intellectual powers, which she assuredly has, she was probably her husband's best critic, and certainly the one whose authority he would most willingly have recognized. Yet, with all her saintliness, she is not at all puritanical in her views, either in regard to him, or to any one else. She has considerable sense of humour, and is remarkably considerate about her guests. The greatest influence of his life would have to be passed over in silence if I were to omit her name. These few lines I have ventured to insert without the permission of you, Hallam, lest by some inadvertence matters so important should pass out of remembrance.

She thinks a good deal about the conditions of society. She says that she is glad to have protracted life by a few years because she has come to see how small, comparatively, are the differences of good people, and how great the agreements. During the last thirty years and more, she has preserved not only life, but almost youth, on her sofa. She said to me, "About a future life we know hardly anything, but that little is enough." She is a lover of the good old times, and especially of the poor, though I must admit that she seems to me to wish to combine the happy condition of all classes, more than Political Economy can truly allow. And though she knows that "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and that the liberties of England were not carried without many struggles, she thinks that the life of Christ and of St. John may have a place in the world such as she has known in her youth. Yet she never for a moment desires that the world, or that mankind, should take a step backward in their course. By a happy inconsistency she thinks only of the good, and seems to have forgotten all the evils of the past. To her, whatever is best in the past is the only type of

good in the future which has been allowed to survive. A lady, well known in the world, who was a friend of Emily and Alfred Tennyson, Mrs. Cameron, and through them, of myself, used to say to me, that, though unknown, "she was as great as he was."

Should this remark of Mrs. Cameron's ever fall into Lady Tennyson's hands, she will only wonder that any one should seriously have thought that her husband shared his greatness with her, yet one who knew them both intimately is conscious that the poet himself was aware that these words were truly spoken.

Jowett had not quite finished this paper, and a few days before his death wrote to me as follows:

I had several more things to say about your father, but I think I had better stop here, because I have a distinct recollection of these being his utterances, but of other things I cannot be so sure, nor of the sense in which he meant them. I have been myself caught rather more suddenly than I expected. I cannot express the depth of gratitude which I owe to your father and mother. Would that I could have done more justice to their memories.

Yours affectionately, B. JOWETT.

1893.

LETTER FROM J. A. FROUDE

1894.

I owe to your father the first serious reflexions upon life and the nature of it which have followed me for more than fifty years. The same voice speaks to me now as I come near my own end, from beyond the bar.

LETTER FROM J. A. FROUDE

Of the early poems "Love and Death" had the deepest effect upon me. The same thought is in the last lines of the last poems which we shall ever have from him.

Your father in my estimate stands and will stand far away by the side of Shakespeare above all other English Poets, with this relative superiority even to Shakespeare, that he speaks the thoughts and speaks *to* the perplexities and misgivings of his own age.

He was born at the fit time before the world had grown inflated with the vanity of Progress, and there was still an atmosphere in which such a soul could grow. There will be no such others for many a long age.

Yours gratefully, J. A. FROUDE.

A GLIMPSE OF FARRINGFORD, 1858 AND "THE ANCIENT SAGE," 1885[1]

MY DEAR HALLAM,

Rude and repeated assaults upon my health during the last two years have left me but little strength for the task you would impose upon me. Last summer was spent among the Alps, in the hope that the mere presence of scenes of former vigour and delight would do something towards restoring the forces I had lost. For eleven weeks we clung to our lofty solitude. Southwards and westwards the mountains rose in glory, while to the east and north stretched the noble glacier which for five-and-thirty years on and off had been my play-ground. I was never able to approach it. On the 3rd of October we set out for home. I could not ride downwards, while transport by chair was abhorrent to me; I therefore descended on foot, with a strong arm near me ready to help in case of need. My guide was a pious Catholic. Prompted by some local circumstance, he halted at a certain point and said: "*Herr Professor, Sie wollen es nicht übel nehmen?*" (You will not take it amiss?). He then described to me some wonderful cures that had been wrought at a neighbouring shrine, and most earnestly recommended the celebration of a solemn mass at that shrine for my recovery. "It can do no harm," he urged; to which I cordially agreed. "But," I added, "the cures are always performed on believers, and I unfortunately am not a believer." This was admitted to be a difficulty, so we jogged amicably downwards.

From Brieg, with a loving companion beside me, I crept down the valley of the Rhone—halting two nights at Sierre,

[1] A Fragment, by John Tyndall, written in the autumn of 1892.

two at Vernayaz, and two at Lausanne. Here the news of your father's death reached us—Louisa first, me afterwards; for I was low at the time and she delayed the communication of intelligence which she knew must sink me lower still. On Monday the 10th, Miss Marryat, daughter of the celebrated novelist, secured for me a copy of the *Times*, wherein I read the brief and touching account by Dr. Dabbs of the passing away of Tennyson.

Your father's interest in science was profound, but not, I believe, unmingled with fear of its "materialistic" tendencies. This, however, is to me a point of secondary importance. His influence on the life of a scientific man touches me more closely. You were not born when that influence in my case began. Fifty years ago, in the sixth chapter of Carlyle's *Past and Present* I found the line:

"There dwells the great Achilles whom we knew";

to which was attached a footnote referring the line to Tennyson. At the time here referred to, Thomas Carlyle was the inspirer and strengthener of the noblest minds known to me. This footnote assured me that Tennyson was a poet whose acquaintance must be made without delay. Not very long afterwards, two young men might have been seen eagerly engaged upon a volume, in the corner of a modest hotel in St. Martin's Court, Covent Garden. The one read, the other listened. The one, after a life of usefulness and honour, was snatched from us last year by influenza, and now lies in Highgate Cemetery, the other remains to record the fact. The book in which my friend Hirst and I were then absorbed was entitled "Poems by Alfred Tennyson."

I do not know whether scientific men generally have found the warming up of the imagination as beneficial to them as it has been to me. Be that as it may, writings apparently far apart from science have often spurred me on in the pursuit of science. In 1849 I had gone to the University of Marburg in Hesse-Cassel; and the antithesis of my intellectual disciplines at that time is revealed by a brief remark in my journal on October 19th, 1850: "I must now turn from Tennyson, to whom I had appealed for inspiration, to Lefebre de Fourcy," a dry mathematician. I may anticipate matters here by

quoting an entry of later date. I had declined a position in London which I might well have been proud to occupy, and in reference to this subject, I write: "Many of my friends will deem me unpractical for refusing such an offer. Bence Jones, indeed, has already discovered from my letters that I am 'poetical.' Be it so. If poetry make me a dreamer, so much the worse for me. If it make me a worker, so much the better."

Under the date of Sunday, 20th October, 1850, I find the following entry: "Up at 6 A.M. and began the day by reading Tennyson. I am acquainted with no spirit so strong, pure, and beautiful. Every line sparkles with empyreal fire, so that it is difficult to make a selection. I will, however, notice 'The Two Voices,' simply because Tom [Hirst] has not placed upon it his prize mark. In this poem the tempter to despair is furnished with his best weapons, and foiled though armed *cap-à-pie*." Your father's dear friend and mine, the late excellent James Spedding, first drew my attention to the definition of poetry as "a fine excess," and certainly the effect of your father's inspired language upon the two young men above referred to could not be better expressed. It was wine to our intellects, and many a night between ten and eleven, during the winter of 1850-51, after the scientific labours of the day were over, we quaffed together of this noble vintage.

In 1853, after a health-excursion to the Blocksberg, with *Faust* in my pocket and the scenes of the Walpurgis-nacht around me, I joined the Royal Institution. In his sweet wisdom, Faraday, perhaps on the whole the tenderest and most beautiful spirit that I have known, looked after my welfare. One of his earliest monitions to me was: "Tyndall, take care of your health." It occasionally broke down under stress of work, and I took strong measures to restore it. Cumberland, Westmorland and Wales were respectively laid under contribution. But the sanative influence brought to bear upon me was of a dual nature, and I am not sure whether in those excursions your father's verses had not as much to do as the mountain air with the restitution of my vigour. It was my habit as I walked to refresh myself by reciting passages aloud, sometimes from one poem, sometimes from another, most frequently perhaps from "Œnone." On one occasion I remember straining up Styehead Pass in Cumberland, with a horse-

cloth thrown over me as a defence against the torrential rain, while the lines on *Will* at the end of "Maud," beginning:

O well for him whose Will is strong!

rang out cheerily among the crags.

But the place most frequently visited, because it was nearest to me, was the Isle of Wight. For many years my favourite expedition was a foot journey round the southern coast to the Needles; returning along the central spine of the island to Carisbrooke and Newport; thence to Cowes, and back by way of Southampton to London. Early in the month of April 1858, accompanied by the eldest son of Dr. Bence Jones, I was upon the island. I took the usual coast line to Freshwater Gate, and put up at Plumbley's Hotel. Letters had been addressed to me to the post-office, Freshwater, and these, I know not why, had been forwarded to Farringford. The letters were afterwards sent to the hotel, accompanied by a note from Mrs. Tennyson, inviting me to dinner. Her inherent courtesy expressed itself in the words: "Will you pardon Mr. Tennyson that he is not himself the bearer of this?" I had often wished to meet the poet, but had never made a move towards securing this pleasure. "It is wonderful," I remark in my journal, "how things gravitate in this world. Here is a great pleasure and a great privilege come to me without my seeking." On Tuesday, 5th April, I first called on Mrs. Tennyson. After a time the poet himself appeared—a fine, strong, frank-looking man, with large forehead and dark beard. The sound of his voice was straightforward and brotherly. It seemed the vehicle of perfect candour of thought. He always spoke without fear or concealment, as if animated by a grand and formidable innocence. The visit here referred to was a "morning call." We were engaged to dine, and were informed that we should meet Mr. Jowett at dinner. After talking for half an hour, about Frederick Maurice, about the adjacent Down, the daffodils upon the lawn and the resemblance of their colour to the hues of sunset, I came away. At the hour appointed we went to Farringford, and found Mr. Jowett already there. This was my first meeting with the learned and hospitable Master of Balliol. He was ruddy and of a fair countenance, and yet his hair was gray. Two fine little boys—probably in

Tennyson's estimation his best poems—joined us at dinner. They came trustfully and lovingly forward and kissed me. They had inherited, or had been taught, their father's straightforwardness. We spoke of the Tyrol, which Mrs. Tennyson would like to visit; of North Wales, of Switzerland and my climb up Mont Blanc. I also referred to my ascent of Styehead Pass with the poem on *Will* upon my tongue. But, wishing to be true to the science of the subject, I added that we must fall back in the long run on muscular force. This was a lowering of motive power from the moral to the physical; and, deeming probably that I had laid too much stress on the material side of the question, Mrs. Tennyson turned towards me with that ethereal expression which Watts has seized so faithfully in his splendid portrait, and remarked quietly, "You can at all events walk till you die." Taken in conjunction with her obviously frail physique, I thought the remark an impressive example of spiritual force and resolution.

After talking for some time about the influence and limits of the will, Tennyson turned to me and said, "I am glad that you are not one of those who disdain to quote 'Maud.'" We discussed the poem for some time, and he laid some stress upon the manner in which it ought to be read. We passed on to speak of the moon, of the change in its apparent size as it approached the horizon, then to the colours of the clouds, the hue of the firmament, and my work among the mountains of Switzerland. Later on we joined Mrs. Tennyson, for a moment, and then I accompanied the poet to his sanctum upstairs. There was a table on which lay a large scientific volume, a sofa, some chairs, and a rack over the chimney-piece in which were stuck fifteen or twenty pipes. The drawers of the table were crammed with tobacco of various kinds. He warned me not to smoke if I was not accustomed to it. I was, however, sufficiently educated to bear a pull. He filled a pipe for me, lit it himself, and transferred it to my lips. We puffed sociably side by side and continued to speak about "Maud." Surely the critics ought to be careful of the power which they wield. "Maud" had been savagely reviewed by the London press; but no journal would venture to speak of it now save in terms of admiration. Tennyson affirmed that the oftener he read the poem the more he was convinced of its merits. It

was, he considered, one of the best things he had ever done. The criticisms of the press irritated him. At Farringford, he pointed out, he was withdrawn from the world, and on taking up a paper and finding himself misconstrued and abused he suffered keen annoyance. "A flea will annoy me. Just feel my skin," he added, baring his wrist; "a flea-bite will spread a square inch over its surface. The term thin-skinned is perfectly expressive. I *am* thin-skinned, and I take no pains to hide it. I know it would be considered more dignified if I encased myself in a crust like Goethe; but that is not my nature. People imagine that I have described myself in 'Maud,' that it is the flower of my own life, and they ask, 'Is this all he has to give us?' Nothing could be more absurd. It is the vice of the age that a man cannot say anything without its being supposed to be personal." The writer of an article in the *Westminster Review* had affirmed that all kindness had deserted the poet. Among other things he was denounced for his supposed attack upon John Bright. Tennyson declared that he had no thought of John Bright when he spoke of the "broad-brimm'd hawker of holy things." He had no knowledge at the time that John Bright was a Quaker. The result of the reviewing, however, was that while 10,000 copies of the first edition of "Maud" had been sold, only 390 of the second edition had been disposed of.

We were joined by Mr. Jowett. Some time previously Buckle had lectured at the Royal Institution, and we spoke of his lecture and of scientific methods generally. While conceding its due place to "deduction," and admitting the power of imagination as an instrument of scientific discovery, both Jowett and Tennyson thought Buckle's lecture an empty performance. The "Master" having bidden us "Good-night," we continued our conversation. It presently became intensely interesting. With great earnestness Tennyson described to me a state of consciousness into which he could throw himself by thinking intently of his own name. It was impossible to give anything that could be called a description of the state, for language seemed incompetent to touch it. It was an apparent isolation of the spirit from the body. Wishing doubtless to impress upon me the reality of the phenomenon, he exclaimed, "By God Almighty, there is no delusion in the matter! It

is no nebulous ecstasy, but a state of transcendent wonder, associated with absolute clearness of mind." Other persons with powerful imaginations have had, I believe, similar experiences. Walking out with a friend one evening, the poet Wordsworth approached a gate, and laying hold of its bars, turned to his companion and said, "My dear sir, to assure myself of the existence of my own body, I am sometimes obliged to grasp an object like this and shake it." It was at the Bel Alp, and I believe by the late Professor Bonamy Price, that this incident was communicated to me. The condition here referred to appears to be similar to that "union with God" which was described by Plotinus and Porphyry. From this subject we passed on to the present condition of religion in this country. Tennyson looked with confidence to the development of Christianity, but the religion of our sects was not Christianity. The *Record* and the *Univers* though apparently hostile, were quite alike. He held undoubtingly the doctrine of a personal immortality, and was by no means content to accept our present existence as a mere preparation for the life of more perfect beings. He had once asked John Sterling whether he would be content with such an arrangement, and Sterling had replied that he would. "I would *not*," added Tennyson emphatically; "I should consider that a liberty had been taken with me if I were made simply a means of ushering in something higher than myself." Thus we conversed, with perfect frankness and cordiality—he with his foot against the bar of the grate, and I with my shoulder against a shelf at my right. Descending from our attic and having bid Mrs. Tennyson "Good-night," I was led through a series of rooms hung with pictures to a back-door which enabled me to take the shortest route to my hotel. Our parting was exceedingly cordial. He wished me to come again—to tea, to dinner, at all events to come. In fact we separated as if we had known each other for years.

The weather was stormy during this visit to the island, and the sea at times was very wild. By day and night I occasionally sat near the shore observing the advance of the waves and listening to their thunder. The pebbles and shingles on the beach are mainly of flint, and emit a sharp sound on collision

with each other. As the billows break and roll up the beach, they carry the shingle along with them, and on their retreat they drag it downwards. Here the collisions of the flint pebbles are innumerable. They blend together in a continuous sound which could not be better described than by the line in "Maud":

> Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave.[1]

I thought the line when I first read it intensely pictorial. It was denounced as extravagant. In this respect, however, as in others, the reviewers, or their wiser successors, have attained to a sounder judgment.

On the 7th I was again with the poet in his little room at the top of the house. The noble Atlas of Keith Johnston lay upon his table. In regard to metaphors drawn from science, your father, like Carlyle, made sure of their truth. To secure accuracy, he spared no pains. I found in his room charts of isothermals and isobars intended to ensure the exactitude of certain allusions of his to physical science. In illustration of this, the late Lord Houghton, while still Mr. Monckton Milnes, once told me that, having composed an exquisite poem upon a flower, Tennyson discarded it because of some botanical flaw. In comparing him with Carlyle, I noticed that the latter drew his imagery, for the most part, from what we call inorganic nature. Physics and chemistry were well advanced when Carlyle wrote, but modern researches in biology had scarcely begun. These latter fell into your father's hands, and he has made noble use of them from "In Memoriam" onwards. I asked him on this occasion for some explanation of a passage in "The Vision of Sin":

> God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.

He replied that the power of explaining such concentrated expressions of the imagination was very different from that of writing them. "What I say," he added, "will be considered nonsense by some, but you will not so consider it." We talked of Campbell and Wordsworth. He admired the bold

[1] Actually written about the beach at Freshwater.

swing of "The Battle of the Baltic," though it had some very faulty lines. He took me up rather quickly when I referred to the verse beginning:

> "But the might of England flushed
> To anticipate the scene";

remarking that it was the most faulty line in the piece. I did not however intend to detach the line from its context. I meant to refer to the whole passage.

> "'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried; when each gun
> From its adamantine lips
> Spread a death-shade round the ships,
> Like the hurricane eclipse
> Of the sun."

These lines Tennyson considered very fine.

It may be worth while to mention here how I first made the acquaintance of "Maud." Rachel had come to the Haymarket Theatre for a few representations, and I, anxious to see and hear the great actress, engaged a stall. I had picked up "Maud" at a bookseller's in Piccadilly as I went to the theatre. I had never seen your father then, but his previous work justified my anticipations of delight. I had read several pages before the play began. I read between the acts, lowering the book to catch sufficient light from the stage. Once I went out, and walked to and fro between St. James's Square and the theatre, still reading. Before I reached my lodgings I had finished the poem. I thought it true, strong and beautiful; and soon afterwards, meeting Mr. Monckton Milnes in Glasgow, I expressed to him my opinion. He emphatically agreed with me. "It is beautiful," he exclaimed, "and the reviewers are blundering." Lord Houghton, I may say, was a loyal soul, and he was to the backbone an Englishman, proud of the historic greatness of his country. His mode of life was one that I should not desire to imitate, but his friendship was steadfast; and to none perhaps more steadfast than to your father and Carlyle.

In the year 1885, that is to say twenty-eight years after the time here referred to, were published *Tiresias, and other Poems*,

by Alfred Lord Tennyson. For a copy of this remarkable volume I am indebted to its author. It contains a poem called "The Ancient Sage."[1] The Sage, who existed "a thousand summers ere the time of Christ," is described as having quitted his ancient city, followed by one who loved and honoured him, but who nevertheless was not his disciple. The younger man was "richly garb'd, but worn from wasteful living." He bore in his hand a scroll of verse. At the mouth of a cavern from which "an affluent fountain pour'd," the old man halted, turned and spoke :

> What hast thou there? Some deathsong for the Ghouls
> To make their banquet relish? let me read.

The allusions to "wasteful living" and "some deathsong for the Ghouls" indicate clearly the light in which Tennyson viewed the younger man. His moral and religious fibre are gone, and in particular he has lost all belief in a life after death. He is, briefly, what we should call a materialist, and the object of the nineteenth-century poet is to combat, through the mouth of the Sage, the errors of this view.

I would here remark, once for all, that the passages read from the young man's scroll, so far from being the language of a libertine—so far from being a "deathsong for the Ghouls" —are of a quality which no libertine or associate of Ghouls could possibly have produced. Supreme beauty and delicacy of language are not consistent with foul companionship, and never, even in Tennyson's own pages, has language assumed a form more surpassingly beautiful, more instinct with celestial melody, than in these passages quoted by the Ancient Sage.

> How far thro' all the bloom and brake
> That nightingale is heard!
> What power but the bird's could make
> This music in the bird?
> How summer-bright are yonder skies,
> And earth as fair in hue!
> And yet what sign of aught that lies
> Behind the green and blue?

[1] "The Ancient Sage" is not the philosophy of the Chinese philosopher Laot-ze, but it was written after reading his life and maxims.—A. T.'s MS. note.

This is exquisite. But to my mind the gem of the "Scroll" is to be found further on. The younger man had loved, and he had lost his love. My judgment may seem extravagant, but I do not think the English language has ever before been wrought into music equal to that of the lover's threnody.

The years that when my Youth began
  Had set the lily and rose
By all my ways where'er they ran,
  Have ended mortal foes;
My rose of love for ever gone,
  My lily of truth and trust—
They made her lily and rose in one,
  And changed her into dust.

O rosetree planted in my grief,
  And growing, on her tomb,
Her dust is greening in your leaf,
  Her blood is in your bloom.
O slender lily waving there,
  And laughing back the light,
In vain you tell me "Earth is fair"
  When all is dark as night.

My special purpose in introducing this poem, however, was to call your attention to a passage further on which greatly interested me. The poem is, throughout, a discussion between a believer in immortality and one who is unable to believe. The method pursued is this. The Sage reads a portion of the scroll, which he has taken from the hands of his follower, and then brings his own arguments to bear upon that portion, with a view to neutralising the scepticism of the younger man. Let me here remark that I had read the whole series of poems published under the title "Tiresias," full of admiration for their freshness and vigour. Seven years after I had first read them your father died, and you, his son, asked me to contribute a chapter to the book which you contemplate publishing. I knew that I had some small store of references to my interview with your father carefully written in ancient journals. On the receipt of your request, I looked up the account of my first

visit to Farringford, and there, to my profound astonishment, I found described that experience of your father's which, in the mouth of the Ancient Sage, was made the ground of an important argument against materialism and in favour of personal immortality eight-and-twenty years afterwards. In no other poem during all these years is, to my knowledge, this experience once alluded to. I had completely forgotten it, but here it was recorded in black and white. If you turn to your father's account of the wonderful state of consciousness superinduced by thinking of his own name, and compare it with the argument of the Ancient Sage, you will see that they refer to one and the same phenomenon.

> And more, my son! for more than once when I
> Sat all alone, revolving in myself
> The word that is the symbol of myself,
> The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
> And past into the Nameless, as a cloud
> Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
> Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
> But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self
> The gain of such large life as match'd with ours
> Were Sun to spark—unshadowable in words,
> Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.
>
> * * * * *

[Left unfinished and uncorrected Dec. 1893.]

IMPRESSIONS, BY T. WATTS-DUNTON

1883-1892

All are agreed that D. G. Rossetti's was a peculiarly winning personality, but no one has been in the least able to say why. Nothing is easier, however, than to find the charm of Tennyson. It lay in a great veracity of soul: it lay in a simple single-mindedness, so child-like that, unless you had known him to have been the undoubted author of poems as

marvellous for exquisite art as for inspiration, you could not have supposed but that all subtleties—even those of poetic art—must be foreign to a nature so simple.

Working in a language like ours—a language which has to be moulded into harmony by a myriad subtleties of art—how can this great, inspired, simple nature be the delicate-fingered artist of "The Princess," "The Palace of Art," "The Day-Dream," and "The Dream of Fair Women"?

Tennyson knew of but one justification for the thing he said, viz. that it was the thing he thought. Behind his uncompromising directness was apparent a noble and a splendid courtesy of the grand old type. As he stood at the porch at Aldworth meeting a guest or bidding him good-bye—as he stood there, tall far beyond the height of average men, his skin showing dark and tanned by the sun and wind—as he stood there no one could mistake him for anything but a great forthright English gentleman. Always a man of an extraordinary beauty of presence, he showed up to the last the beauty of old age to a degree rarely seen. He was the most hospitable of men. It was very rare indeed for him to part from a guest without urging him to return, and generally with the words, "Come whenever you like."

Tennyson's knowledge of nature—nature in every aspect—was simply astonishing. His passion for "star-gazing" has often been commented upon by readers of his poetry. Since Dante no poet in any land has so loved the stars. He had an equal delight in watching the lightning; and I remember being at Aldworth once during a thunder-storm when I was alarmed at the temerity with which he persisted, in spite of all remonstrances, in gazing at the blinding lightning. For moonlight effects he had a passion equally strong, and it is especially pathetic to those who know this to remember that he passed away in the light he so much loved—in a room where there was no artificial light—nothing to quicken the darkness but the light of the full moon, which somehow seems to shine more brightly at Aldworth than anywhere else in England.

In a country having a composite language such as ours it may be affirmed with special emphasis that there are two kinds

of poetry: one appealing to the uncultivated masses, the other appealing to the few who are sensitive to the felicitous expression of deep thought and to the true beauties of poetic art.

Of all poets Shakespeare is the most popular, and yet in his use of what Dante calls the "sieve for noble words" his skill transcends that of even Milton, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. His felicities of thought and of diction in the great passages seem little short of miraculous and there are so many that it is easy to understand why he is so often spoken of as being a kind of inspired improvisatore. That he was *not* an improvisatore, however, any one can see who will take the trouble to compare the first edition of *Romeo and Juliet* with the received text, the first sketch of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* with the play as we now have it, and the *Hamlet* of 1603 with the *Hamlet* of 1604, and with the still further varied version of the play given by Heminge and Condell in the Folio of 1623. Next to Shakespeare in this great power of combining the forces of the two great classes of English poets, appealing both to the commonplace public and to the artistic sense of the few, stands, perhaps, Chaucer; but since Shakespeare's time no one has met with anything like Tennyson's success in effecting a reconciliation between popular and artistic sympathy with poetry in England.

LETTER FROM FREDERIC W. H. MYERS

You have asked me, knowing well what pleasure the request would give me, to send you a few words, not of formal criticism, but of expression of intimate feeling as to your father's work;—your father, a greater man than whom I have never looked and shall never look upon. You tell me to approach the subject, "not from the side of Plotinus, but from the side of Virgil." I understand what you mean. On your father's prophetic message, as I must deem it, I have already said my say; and the other point at which my sympathy was deepest was in our common veneration for Virgil.

Such veneration is no chance preference or literary idiosyncrasy. Rather it implies the instructed, the comprehending

acceptance of a certain ideal of the poetic art. It would be absurd, indeed, to draw up poets in two opposite camps; especially absurd in treating of a poet whom those who best appreciated Romanticism held as romantic, while those who best appreciated Classicism felt him as classic to the core. Yet the words thus used express a real distinction; and it is well to draw out their meaning and to realise how we regard their leading exemplars. In each art, then, we tend to call the type *romantic* when the artist strives above all things to make his work fresh, vivid, interesting; infusing into it individual emotion, interweaving with it the attractiveness of other forms of art; filling it, as one may say, with the pulse and breath of life. The aim of him whom we call the classical artist is at first sight a narrower one. For his absorbing and primary desire is to carry to its utmost height that innate and inexplicable charm in the relations of sound or line or rhythm or colour which makes the essential principle of his art. When he fails, he degenerates into a *virtuoso*. When he succeeds, he enters in some sort into the hidden heritage of emotion which maintains the life of Art itself; and although his public may sometimes be small, he gives to *cognoscenti* a joy at least as penetrating and vital as any which the romanticist can bestow. Each type, I say, has its dangers, but there is need of both; not only of Wagner, but of Beethoven; not only of Shakespeare, but of Virgil.

Yet into such estimations there enters a practical question, which in judging of poetry is too often ignored. In order to appreciate the severer type of any art, long training is required. In music or painting no one questions the need of special and technical preparation, not only before a man can create, but before he can fully understand. In poetry, on the other hand, there seems to most men to be nothing to learn. The mere mechanism of verse, the scheme of English prosody, comes by nature, or may be mastered in an hour. This done, the boy thinks that he may read as he likes, and make his study of poetry a holiday thing. But it is not so; there is that to learn which takes years in the learning. For myself, I am no fanatical advocate of a classical education,—a form of training which must needs lose its old unique position now that there is so much else to know. But for one small class of students

such an education still seems to me essential; for those, namely, who desire to judge the highest poetry aright. Must it not needs be so? In all else we may be wiser than the ancients, but Evolution has not again produced a language or a race like the Greek. The *exemplaria Græca* should still, as in the days of Horace, be the study of night and morn; and with the Greek, too, we must rank that small group of poets on whose lips the language of Rome also was worthy of the mistress of the world.

Yet with modern studies, in this crowded age, the modern man of letters is often content. And classical education itself has felt the influence of science, and tends to make history and philology, rather than poetry, its leading aims. But surely not philology nor history, but such a vital sense of the spirit of classical poetry as your father possessed, *that* is the true treasure of antiquity and the flower of the Past. For indeed the highest use of language, the highest use, one may say, of history itself, has been to bestow upon mankind a few thousand lines of poetry for which all other study of bygone ages is but practice and preparation, and which should become by endless broodings no mere acquisition from without, but the inmost structure and prepotent energy of the onward-striving soul.

Praise Him who gave no gifts from oversea,
But gave thyself to thee.

And this the long line of poets themselves have been the first to feel. They have recognised the true tradition, and lived again the ancient song.

Quam pæne furvæ regna Proserpinæ
Et judicantem vidimus Æacum
Sedesque discretas piorum et
Æoliis fidibus querentem—

Those complaints, indeed, might seem ill to befit the ears of the pious, in their discrete abodes. Yet nothing draws us closer to Horace than this; his instinct in the face of death itself, that from Sappho's lips "things worthy of a sacred silence" must sound across the underworld.

What Horace here has done for Sappho, that Dante in his

noblest passages, your father in his most perfect poem, have done for the *altissimo poeta*. The one has expressed the veneration of the modern, as the other of the mediæval world. And surely that ode "To Virgil," read with due lightening of certain trochaic accents in the latter half of each line, touches the high-water mark of English song. Apart from the specific allusions, almost every phrase recalls and rivals some intimate magic, some incommunicable fire: "Landscape-lover, lord of language"; *Tum sciat aerias Alpes et Norica si quis*; "All the charm of all the Muses"; *Aonas in montis ut duxerit una sororum.*

But most Virgilian of all are the two central lines:

Light among the vanish'd ages; star that gildest yet this phantom shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and realms that pass to rise no more.

Ay, this it is which lives for us out of the confused and perishing Past! The gross world's illusion and the backward twilight are lit by that sacred ray.

And how noble a comparison is that of the elect poet himself to his one golden bough in Avernus' forest, which gleamed amid the sea of green!

Talis erat species auri frondentis opaca
Ilice; sic leni crepitabat bractea vento.

We are here among things that shall endure. It may be that our English primacy in poetry, now some four centuries old, is drawing to its close. It may be that the art must pass ere long to younger races, with fresher idioms and a new outlook on this ancient world. But whatever else shall pass from us, Tennyson shall remain. *His* rhythm also shall "sound for ever of imperial" England; shall be the voice and symbol of this age of mighty workings, this world-ingathering race.

We sail'd wherever ship could sail;
We founded many a mighty state;
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Thro' craven fears of being great!

How august, how limitless a thing is his own spirit's upward flight! In "The Voyage" he has given us the impulse of glorious youth; and in "Vastness" the old man's outlook, as of "one who feels the immeasurable world"; and in "Crossing the Bar" he has borne the soul onward, on "such a tide as moving seems asleep," into the infinity which men call death.

What honour for him, what progress still, in that unknown which we shall some day know!

Dicite, felices animæ, tuque optume vates;—

round him, as round Musæus of old, the souls shall press and cling; of him too shall we ask the heart-stirring question, and receive the wise reply; "things worthy of a sacred silence" he too shall utter among the dead.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY F. T. PALGRAVE (INCLUDING SOME CRITICISMS BY TENNYSON).

1849-1892

Despite the long privilege of Lord Tennyson's society with which I have been favoured, few and poor, I fear, will these recollections be found. My knowledge of him began with the youthful reverence due to one who, exception made of Wordsworth, then almost in his eightieth year and equally revered by both, was already accepted as the first poet wherever the "Yes" *si suona:* and this feeling towards the poet presently became that deeper, higher, and sweeter reverence for the man, which could only widen with the years. It was indeed on the very first day I visited him (April 2nd, 1849) that I see he gave me (first also of how many gifts!) the lines "You might have won . . .," just printed in a newspaper. Hence, impressed from the very beginning by the heart-felt praise which Tennyson here gave to "unrecording friends," I held myself absolutely barred by the fealty of friendship, from the attempt to make any memorial of his words. Deeply and often indeed did I long for such record, thinking with pain, after hours often carried past midnight in long dialogue, how much that one

would not willingly let die, what golden streams had flowed by to waste and Lethe. But "The poet's work is his life, and no one has a right to ask for more," he would always say: reaching once even the barbarity, as I could not help calling it, that if Horace had left an autobiography, and the single MS. were in his hands, he would throw it into the fire. And, consistently, he would never read such Lives.

Sometimes the thought also came, as the sense gradually grew, that against his recorded desire, he too must abide the natural fate, the penalty, in his eyes, of a "Life and Letters,"—might not then some note be silently made, to be used when his, too, must be reckoned among the "Silent Voices"? Yet that, again, seemed a default in true and absolute loyalty; and, over-scrupulous as this "self-denying ordinance" may appear to some judges worthy of respect, I can scarcely regret that I observed it.

On March 31st, 1849, through the kindness of Henry Hallam, youngest son to the great historian, and worthy himself to be Arthur's brother in beauty of character and pure nobleness of life, I was asked to meet Tennyson at the house of Hallam's cousin by marriage, W. H. Brookfield, in Portman Street. Tennyson's affectionate friendship has been one of the mainstays of my life; and this was the unconscious beginning of it.

At that time the two green volumes of 1842, with "The Princess" in its first form (1847), had been to me, as to thousands more, Gateways into a new Paradise. Hence, a pride in the thought of looking upon this great enchanter; a vague expectation; a planless pleasure. But I was here in the circle of his own friends, Thackeray amongst others; and except recognition of the features and abundant hair (familiar through the little print from S. Laurence's fine monochromatic portrait), and of a few words upon our common friendship with the Hallam family, I have preserved no memory of Tennyson during this evening. But at the close, discovering that our routes homeward began in the same direction, his to a house in the Camden Town Road, mine to Hampstead, we set forth together. As I always found it afterwards, his conversation (about "The Princess" *inter alia*) was on that evening frank, full, varied, yet never trivial: ending finally (if I may

be excused for repeating words which vanity, maybe, fixed in my memory) with, "I like what I see of you: you do not seem to have the distant air (or, airs of superiority) which Oxford men show," and parting with an invitation to visit him in his lodgings. I had then just left that University, and tried to repudiate the charge; a certain foundation for which, however, I have since recognized.[1] "He was very open and friendly," I wrote that evening: he had "the look of one who had suffered greatly: strength and sensitiveness blended."

Two days after, with a mixed sense of fear and delight (almost as if about to make a proposal), I accordingly climbed to the upper floor of the lodgings, one of a few houses fronting the Hampstead Road, just south of Mornington Crescent, and found Tennyson in a somewhat dingy room, sitting close over the fire, with many short black pipes in front, and a stout jar of tobacco by his side. Reverting to the Hallams, although I had to confess ignorance of the elder son, beyond what was conveyed in the very rare privately printed memoir by his high-souled father, Tennyson offered to read me certain poems he had written about Arthur, which his friends "seemed to approve." He then brought forth a bundle of beautifully copied verse: the name "In Memoriam" I do not think he used; and read several pieces. One was No. CIII., "On that last night . . .," which friends had specially admired: others from the early series describing the ship sailing "from the Italian shore" (No. IX.): and that, I think, where parents or sweetheart await a son's or a lover's return.

Poetry so rich and concentrated as this, and heard now for the first time from the lips of one who loved and mourned so deeply, I could but partly grasp, and knew not how to praise aright. But Tennyson's sweet-natured kindness, when he could give pleasure, down to the very last day and hour, I have never found exhaustible: and, taking up one of those note-books (upon which, as they lay about his room, many friends

[1] Bishop Charles Wordsworth when at Christ Church, some eighteen years earlier, similarly criticizes the common "donnishness" of Oxford society, compared with the tone of Cambridge. Tennyson made a line on the Oxford "masher's" general reception of a stranger:

With one Oxonian stare from heel to head.

must have looked as mines of hidden treasure), he went on to read certain songs which he thought he might do well to place between the sections of "The Princess." Thus, "Sweet and low," "The splendour falls," "Ask me no more" (on which he mentioned having observed the cloud shaping itself as described above the mountain top), passed before me; giving the sense of some great and splendid procession slowly unrolling itself, and that to the sound of its own music. In some cases also (whether in all, I have forgotten) he had provided second songs; one of which, painting the assault of warriors on a town, if I rightly remember, struck me as singularly brilliant. But when I afterwards enquired, the precious note-book had been mislaid: and lay *perdu* during his lifetime.

Tennyson's ready friendliness led him to be my companion half-way to Hampstead; and I left him with the sense that the Gateway before named had been personally opened to me, and a dim perception that the man was even greater than the work: a perception, as the years went by, to be revealed how clearly! and, I trust, to be recognized throughout these memorials, like the deep rich bass note of the violoncello, supporting the melodies above it.

Yet, whether from lack of courage or of chance, the next meeting was not (I believe) till the late autumn of 1850, when Tennyson, married in the June preceding, had fixed himself in Twickenham, within two miles of which town my own employment had then carried me. Here, in an old-fashioned Queen-Anne-like house, one of those built for the Court, called Chapel-House from its situation, with tall narrow windows and fittings of carved oak, I saw Tennyson standing by a lofty fireplace, his bride, long sought and lately won, near him resting on a sofa. A somewhat gruff-sounding "So you have found me out" were the first words. No doubt I looked duly guilty. But she, who was to be to me a friend no less loved and honoured—the

> Perfect woman, perfect wife,
> Tender spiritual face,

of the Duke of Argyll's deeply-felt "Elegy" (and she will not blame me for this quotation)—at once said, "You need not take Ally literally: he is glad to see you; but we came here

to escape from the too frequent interruptions of London." He laughed and agreed. *Causa finita est*, I might have thought when leaving; for henceforth, through the three following years, either in Montpelier Row, or at top of a tower which had been allotted to me as a smoking-den study in the grounds of the house where I was living, we met often. I remember long talks, and gay laughter, and things comic and serious discussed; the impression, the charm, and the gain for life; but the "effacing finger" has spared little beyond. It was only those earliest meetings which engraved themselves ineffaceably upon the mind; and with few more such detailed scenes shall I burden the reader.

In several of his summer journeys, whilst his own sons were children, Tennyson asked me to be his companion:—equally a privilege and a pleasure. Travelling together is said to bring out the whole man, in his natural gifts, his manners, his good sense and temper, or otherwise. My sketch of the poet (so far as it goes) will easily make good these points. Time after time I proved that no comrade could be more steadily charming, more deeply interesting, more considerate, not only to myself, but to all fellow-creatures in all stations of life he mixed with. If any of the inevitable rubs of the road met us, they were presently evaporated by his cheery honest laughter: his force of observation, fine yet always discriminating, brought enjoyment and sunlight into every scene. Like all eminently true men, Tennyson was a far simpler problem than some have fancied. He would never spoil the pleasant *laissez aller* of a journey by strict planning for the future. "We will talk of it after to-morrow's after-breakfast pipe," he would say. It was also his way that when we had entered on some scene of special beauty or grandeur, after enjoying it together, he should always withdraw wholly from sight, and study the view as it were in a little artificial solitude. Unless he worshipped thus "in the Temple's inner shrine" the spirit of the scene could not fully reveal itself.

It is not, however, to be hence inferred that this dear and honoured companion had anything which could be rightly called a recluse or exclusive temper. No one, in fact, could be less willing to be left to solitary wandering; to hermit-like seclusion. But on this point I shall touch again.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE

With some of Tennyson's family, and early friends, Spedding, Venables, C. Spring Rice, and his own greatly loved and gifted brother Charles, a poet equally exquisite and unappreciated, A. de Vere, and others, now mostly passed away, then or afterwards I became gradually acquainted. In September, 1852, a great gathering of them was held at Hallam's christening. Thither came the baby's illustrious Godfather, in vigorous old age, nobly resigned, though overshadowed by the loss of his son Henry in 1850; there I first saw Robert Browning (his wife detained by sickness); and there also Mrs. T. Carlyle, whose brilliant anecdotes and flashing incisive wit nearly sent some of us ignobly from the table to the floor. "Had her husband been here," said our host, "she would have sat in silence":—adding, "he has more of the woman in him."

Sometime in 1852 Tennyson read over to me his "Ode on the Duke of Wellington," discussing various points of detail. I think this was the sole occasion upon which, moved by the greatness of the man and of the memories which that colossal career called forth, the national sorrow and the loss of heroic example, he showed a certain anxiety about his own work. Yet he need not have feared. Heroism, at least since the days of Pindar or of Virgil, surely has never been sung of more heroically.

One other remembrance must belong to this period. He was speaking of a new edition of the *Poems*, then in hand, and of its contents, and agreed at once with the suggestion which I ventured, that certain of the pieces now headed "Juvenilia" had best be omitted: "Let us look them out": and between us, some six or eight were thus *obelized*. "It is, however, useless, I fear: the publisher (Moxon) will be sure to say that the edition would not sell, and *that* I cannot afford."

Some twelve or thirteen years later, when the further privilege of friendship with Browning had become mine, he also mentioned, with honest pleasure, that a fresh collected edition of his Poems was to appear. Remembering Tennyson's reception of my proposal, and thinking that it applied no less to Browning (as indeed to what poet, at least in modern days, would it not apply?)—to him in turn I suggested exclusion of his "earlier and less mature work." "Leave out anything!" cried he, in his animated way: "Certainly not: *quod scripsi*,

scripsi." By those who may read between the lines, these little anecdotes will be felt to go deep into the inner nature of the men, nor less, perhaps, into the quality of the legacies in their art which the two poets have respectively left us.

The low riverain position of Twickenham did not prove invigorating to the Tennysons, and he used laughingly to complain how malodorously thick and odious was the air from the many cabbage market-gardens all around. Hence by the close of 1853 the family removed to Farringford. They had nearly fixed themselves at S. Mary's, Trinity Hill, a house some three miles south of Axminster, which commanded a fine and uncommon view over tree and valley to the sea and lofty coast visible from Lyme. The ground of rejection was the want of sufficiently comfortable provision for the household: a point on which Master and Mistress were always sensitively considerate, with the natural result of faithful service, and an atmosphere of home comfort to the guest, as if the whole family joined in the welcome. I may illustrate this by a few words from a lady who (1881) had sent a body of working boys for a day's holiday to Aldworth: "When I told my maid how good your servants had been, she said '*that is just like them; they are the kindest people I know.*'"

At Farringford the ever-ready and genial hospitality of Tennyson and his honoured wife welcomed me at every Christmas-tide, I think, from 1854 to 1863. And either there or on his visits to London I enjoyed many other meetings. These, in after years (1875-1882), were often in London houses taken for a few weeks: and I may here note the free genial hospitality, the "honest talk and wholesome wine," with which friends (of all dates), or strangers desirous to become such, were received. The tales, in truth, which have painted Tennyson as a recluse, whether in London or in the country, could only amuse those acquainted with the ways of the family.[1] It was, indeed, more than most poets that

[1] If the poet, however, when at Farringford or Aldworth habitually reserved many hours to himself and solitary thought, he might have quoted the precedent of Michael Angelo. "Really zealous artists," as reported by a contemporary, he once said to Vittoria Colonna, "are bound to abstain from the idle trivialities and current compliments of society; not because they are haughty and intolerant by nature, but because their art imperiously claims the whole of their energies. The world is right in condemning a man who out of pure affectation or eccentricity shuts himself up

BY F. T. PALGRAVE

Tennyson (as justly has been remarked about Horace[1]) felt the two impulses described by M. Arnold, one driving the poet "to the world without," and "one to solitude": although the happier circumstances of Tennyson's life allowed him less of Rome and more of Tibur and the Sabine farm than fell to the lot of the great Italian.

When it happened that Tennyson was our guest, he always begged that he might not go forth alone into the "great city"; his shortness of sight and the crowded streets and crossings, with which he had now grown unfamiliarized, rendering him grateful for the sympathetic and admiring companionship which he always found. On these walks I, indeed, was then rarely able to be present. But very charming, I heard (and indeed as a guest in every way), did he make himself: nor had photography and fame then rendered him subject to that *digito monstrari prætereuntium* which he hated. Once too he was nursed in our house (1863) in an attack of that troublesome enemy, eczema: during which Mr. T. Carlyle came to see him.

To that house also (February 12th, 1864) Browning brought his will, in two autograph copies which he believed identical, to be signed in presence of Tennyson and myself as witnesses. Browning had taken Mr. Procter's advice upon the document: so he laughingly said something to the effect that "It would be a wonder if it were legally accurate, advised by one poet, written out by another, and witnessed by a third." And accordingly, after that much-prized friend had been taken from England and us at Palazzo Rezzonico (December 12th, 1889), it proved that the two wills differed in some point (which, however, lapse of time and change of circumstances had now rendered simply *technical*): and it yet was legally desirable that I should try to point out which document had first received Tennyson's and my signature. But we, on that long past irrevocable day, had been gay together in no formal, Court of Chancery humour: and it was impossible for me to clear up the dilemma.

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alone. . . . Those, however, who act in this way naturally, because their profession obliges them to lead a recluse life, . . . ought in common justice to be tolerated. . . . Do you not know that there are sciences which demand the whole of a man?" (J. A. Symonds: *Life of M. A. Buonarrotti.*)

[1] W. T. Sellar: *Horace* (1892).

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

For a record (and the only one of the kind preserved) of the guests at the dinner (which followed, or preceded, *quis dicat?*) I am indebted to the kindness of one among them, Canon T. Richmond. Most have been already named among Tennyson's friends: Mr. Gladstone also was one: and I may here conveniently give a slight note of a dialogue which at the time struck me forcibly, although it fell earlier (May 3rd, 1862), when he and Tennyson were guests with myself of the large-hearted and gracious lady who was then Mistress of Cliveden. There, Tennyson and I had been walking under groves by

Sheets of hyacinth [1]
That seem'd the heavens upbreaking thro' the earth,

—words which he recalled to me as exemplified at that moment —and were joined by Mr. Gladstone. The talk presently fell upon Oxford and Cambridge; the old contention, which had bred most men of first-class eminence. The familiar names on each side were quoted; and the representative of Cambridge could not repress his immense astonishment when the Member for Oxford as decidedly claimed not less than equal honours for his University. This claim (in which the earlier and truly greater Bacon was, I think, ignored) rested mainly upon Bishop Butler, as a giant unrivalled in religious argument, and upon the eminence of Oxford in the sphere of Dogma, in its technical sense. I thought Tennyson was hardly less surprised at the reasons given for Oxonian eminence than at the eminence itself asserted. For dogma, it may be conjectured, was commonly an alien thing from the tone of that gifted College circle by which the poet's current of thought, in some directions, had been deeply influenced. So the rival champions were fain to leave the great problem unsolved.

Returning to the evening above-named, another guest then present was my brother William Gifford, returning now to England for a short visit, after his strangely adventurous journey through Central Arabia. Even Tennyson was not a more devout and loving student of the highest poetry than he: and the "Locksley Hall" of 1842 was among his greatest

[1] Made in the hyacinth wood at Farringford.

loves. He[1] now, meeting Tennyson for the first time, ventured to remark on the truth of that poem to Arabian sentiment and manner. The conjecture proved correct: and Tennyson (as I noted at the time in the volume) told us that "Locksley Hall" had, in fact, been "suggested by reading Sir William Jones' prose translation of the old Arabian *Moallakat*": —a famous collection from the work of pre-Mahommedan poets.

Upon our journeys, or at Farringford, in a low-roofed upper room, sacred to books and papers and a man's doctrine of tidiness, where we sat commonly till late (as afterwards at Aldworth), or traversing the long Down far as the Needles' Lighthouse, the lavish stores of a mind which to its own gifts added minute study of the master-works in poetry, classical, mediæval and modern, day by day were unfolded. Here, one felt, was a man who, like Wordsworth, had lived, not indeed exclusively, but essentially, *inter apices*, among the highest summits, the purest air, the region nearest Heaven. With Lucretius and Horace, *Iuvat integros accedere fontis* might have been his motto. Tennyson's conversation was hence of a peculiar quality and interest which I can rather recall in its general tone and tints than describe. Among many men gifted in talk, whom I have had the fortune to know, he, I felt, time after time, ranked highest. It would be, of course, an inaccurate impression if what has just been noted were taken to mean that the talk ran commonly upon the great aspects of life or literature or landscape. In fact, I have known no one who had so large a store of anecdote, serious and comic, but (with him) always illustrative of human character in every phase, and always, also, given with lucid terseness clothed in perfect English speech. So sedulous, indeed, was Tennyson on this last point, that he would ever and anon good-humouredly correct certain Norfolk pronunciations which clung to me from youth; laughingly saying that he thought himself, as it were, officially a guardian of the Queen's English.

Every one will have seen men, distinguished in some line of work, whose conversation (to take the old figure) either "smelt too strongly of the lamp," or lay quite apart from their art or craft. What, through all these years, struck me

[1] He said that Tennyson had the clearness of pronunciation—every syllable given —of an Arab.

about Tennyson, was that whilst he never deviated into poetical language as such, whether in rhetoric or highly coloured phrase, yet throughout the substance of his talk the same mode of thought, the same imaginative grasp of nature, the same fineness and gentleness in his view of character, the same forbearance and toleration, the *aurea mediocritas* despised by fools and fanatics, which are stamped on his poetry, were constantly perceptible: whilst in the easy and as it were unsought choiceness, the conscientious and truth-loving precision of his words, the same personal identity revealed itself. What a strange charm lay here; how deeply illuminating the whole character, as in prolonged intercourse it gradually revealed itself! Artist and man, Tennyson was invariably true to himself, or rather, in Wordsworth's phrase, he "moved altogether"; his nature and his poetry being harmonious aspects of the same soul; as botanists tell us that flower and fruit are but transformations of root and stem and leafage. We read how, in mediæval days, conduits were made to flow with claret. But this was on great occasions only. Tennyson's fountain always ran wine.

Once more: In Mme. Récamier's *salon*, I have read, at the time when conversation was yet a fine art in Paris, guests famous for *esprit* would sit in the twilight round the stove, whilst each in turn let fly some sparkling anecdote or bon-mot, which rose and shone and died out into silence, till the next of the elect pyrotechnists was ready. Good things of this kind, as I have said, were plentiful in Tennyson's repertory. But what, to pass from the materials to the method of his conversation, eminently marked it was the continuity of the electric current. He spoke, and was silent, and spoke again: but the circuit was unbroken; there was no effort in taking up the thread, no sense of disjunction. Often I thought, had he never written a line of the poems so dear to us, his conversation alone would have made him the most interesting companion known to me.[1] From this great and gracious student of humanity, what less, indeed, could be expected? And if, as a converser, I were to compare him with Socrates, as figured for us in the dialogues of his great disciple, I think that I should have the assent of that eminently valued friend of

[1] FitzGerald once said: "I wish I had been A. T.'s Boswell."

Tennyson's, whose long labour of love has conferred English citizenship upon Plato.[1]

If we are lingering over these vanished hours, my excuse is, that in Tennyson conversation and recital expressed and indeed were the man, and cannot be omitted from any sketch which, even by imperfect hints, endeavours to perpetuate his likeness. One special charm of his society was the unvaried courteous good-nature, the simple pleasure in pleasing, which led him readily to comply with any wish expressed that he should read or repeat poetry. This was naturally most often his own: although if the choice were left free, he preferred the verse of others, notably Shakespeare and Milton. Thus none of his friends, and few even among occasional visitors, failed to hear him read. What poetical recitation, as distinguished alike from mere reading and from dramatic utterance, should be, no definite theory seems to exist; no authoritative code. Tastes at any rate here differ widely; and casual hearers have found Tennyson's method too little varied or emphatic, his voice and delivery monotonous. Yet those who knew the speaker could easily see causes which explained and justified his method. Tennyson's grand range and "timbre" of voice; his power of modulation; his great *sostenuto* power; the *portamento* so justly dear to Italian vocalists, might be the truer word; the ample resonant utterance: all was simply no deliberate art of recital but the direct outward representative, the effluence at once of his own deepest sentiment as to what Poetry should be, and of the intention, the aspiration, of his own poems. Such had they sung themselves to him, as he thought them out, often keeping them, even when of considerable length, in memory before a syllable was placed on paper: and in strict accordance with that inner music was the audible rendering of it. Whether this conformed to common practice or not, he "could no otherwise."

I spent some days at Farringford in September, 1854, when "Maud" was in course of completion. Alexander Grant, my much-loved college comrade, and endeared to Tennyson by his sympathetic enthusiasm and charm of nature, was, if I remember right, also there: and the entrancement, the intoxication (I hope I may be allowed the word), with which we listened for the first time, from the author's lips, and almost in the first

[1] *Sic*, July, 1893. *Iam, Requiescat in pace.*

flush of creation, to those passionate lyrics of indignation and love and sorrow is before me even now when writing. Nor could any one, I think, who heard them so recited wonder at the preference which, it is well known, Tennyson at times expressed for this poem; among his lyrical work, at least; for "In Memoriam" and the "Idylls" were not, I think, in question. "Maud," in truth, the "Wellington Ode," "Guinevere," "Enoch Arden," the "Rizpah," the "Revenge," and, in a somewhat different way, "The Northern Farmer" with its brilliant companions,—I am sure many who heard them so spoken will agree, these can never be heard again, no, nor read, to similar advantage. Something of their music, some part of their very essence, has passed with the Maker.

Various tales, more or less of "The Spiteful Letter" character, ascribing to Tennyson now vanity, now rudeness, have circulated. Hence there may be some who will have read with a little surprise, perhaps a suspicion of partial over-praise, what has been said above on his courteous good-nature and habit of ready compliance. The censures alluded to, if conversance with Tennyson during many years and many moods may be trusted, had, however, but little foundation; would never have stood the test of familiarity. From childhood itself he had been haunted by a singularly sensitive shyness, a ghost which no resolution can wholly lay. Thus, for a moment, after which smiles and natural courtesy awoke, I have known him silenced, almost frozen, before the eager unintentional eyes of a girl of fifteen. And under the stress of this nervous impulse compelled to contradict his inner self (especially when under the terror of leonization, may Johnson and Murray excuse the word!), he was, doubtless, betrayed at times into an abrupt phrase, a cold unsympathetic exterior; a moment's "defect of the rose." Then, as in dreaming the nightmare will suddenly leave us, and we find it day, that involuntary spell would vanish, and a singular frank graciousness of conversation follow, only the more charming by contrast with the chill preceding. No one could pass more rapidly from reserve to confidingness: no one throw himself into confidence more fully from the whole heart; almost (I sometimes thought) pathetic in his entire trustfulness.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE

Tennyson, to turn now to him as poet, although at times, when wearied by gossip or ill-natured attack, he would energetically ban Fame, and pretend (as I called it) to wish he had been a farmer on four hundred a year in a Lincolnshire valley, was intensely interested in his work: he thought, doubtless, that into it he had put his very best: he wrote always, it was impossible not to feel, with such entire conscientiousness, that when lighting upon one of the felicitous descriptive epithets in which he excelled, his pleasure was not less great simply in feeling himself true to nature, than in his success as an artist. He had, it may be hence inferred, an encouraging satisfaction in his work, which the severest censor must admit to be not only justifiable, but in itself a well-deserved incentive to progress. Of personal vanity as a poet I never saw the very smallest trace. Doubtless, he was not insensible to the long chorus of praise which followed the comparative neglect of earlier years. But words which were sometimes referred to vanity, long experience convinced me were really due to that surprised sensitiveness I have already noticed. When reading and talking over any poem he had lately written, the point of merit, unless now and then by way of comparison with other of his analogous pieces, was never raised. One exception indeed to this silence on his own work there was which a hearer could hardly forget. We were sitting (1857 or so) late at night in the Farringford attic-room already mentioned: and Tennyson read over to me the little Theocritean Idyll "Hylas"; eminent for beauty in a treasure-house where all are beautiful. He dwelt particularly on the tender loveliness of the lines which describe how the fair youth, carried to the depths of a fountain by the enamoured Nymphs, faintly answered the call of his companion Herakles:

τρὶς μὲν Ὕλαν ἄϋσεν . . .
τρὶς δ' ἄρ' ὁ παῖς ὑπάκουσεν, ἀραιὰ δ' ἵκετο φωνὰ
ἐξ ὕδατος· παρεὼν δὲ μάλα σχεδὸν εἴδετο πόρρω·

—*thrice he called on Hylas, and thrice too the boy heard, and faint came the voice from the water, and near as he was, he seemed afar off.* Tennyson, if I remember rightly, ended with that involuntary half-sigh of delight which breaks forth when a sympathetic spirit closes, or turns from, some masterpiece of

perfect art, in words or colours. "I should be content to die," said the author of "Locksley Hall" and "Maud" and "In Memoriam," "if I had written anything equal to this." The scene need not be spoiled by any comments.

But another incident must be added, belonging to a much later date, when Tennyson's imperial position in Poetry was fully established. And if in relating this I expose myself to censure, I will receive it *à cœur léger*.

In the company of Locker-Lampson he read to me a poem, just then prepared for publication, which I shall not name. This appeared to me at the moment—probably one of the hasty incorrect judgments which a single *hearing* is too apt to engender—considerably below his habitual proper level; and, with abruptness inexcusable, even had I been Rhadamanthus himself *in cathedra*, I owned that I could not find one good line in it. Little or no weight as this opinion was entitled to, a shade, a little shade, a hint, of vexation passed over the poet's face. But Locker kindly intervening said, "You should not feel vexed: he is probably the only one of your friends now left who would venture to speak out openly on such a matter." Tennyson smiled, and added (I think) a few modest words in defence of the perfunctorily ill-used poem. Nor did the occurrence (to give it too mild a name) ever make the smallest breach in his constant readiness to read to the critic his after-work: which indeed included some of his noblest, his most unique, efforts. How few, how very few, of the "irascible race" would show such forbearance!

Let us now try to enter a little into the studio of the artist, the inner secrets of his art. More than once he said that his poems sprang often from a "nucleus"; some one word, may be, or brief melodious phrase which had floated through the brain, as it were unbidden. And perhaps at once whilst walking they were presently wrought into a little song. But if he did not write it down on the spot, the lyric fled from him irrecoverably. So, doubtless, did motives, one or two bars long, spontaneously come to Mozart or Beethoven, bringing with them a kind of inward assurance that, if seized and worked out, some "treasure for ever" of an air lay concealed behind them. The instances Tennyson mentioned have escaped me:[1]

[1] Several instances have been given in these volumes.

but in some of the shorter lyrics one can detect or imagine them.

I asked once, whether the praises of Arthur Hallam which "In Memoriam" sets forth did not outrun the actual facts: whether affection and poetry together had not led him to overcolour: whether now, looking back (*cir.* 1853), he believed that his friend would really have been

A potent voice of Parliament,
A pillar steadfast in the storm.

Tennyson's earnest look is still before me as he gave the assurance that he truly and fully believed that, in no form or way, had he exaggerated Arthur's wonderful promise. And perhaps I may be allowed here so far to diverge as to mention that more than one school or college contemporary of Hallam's, intimately known to me, have exactly confirmed Tennyson's judgment.

His own rule for writing participles in *ed* was to retain the vowel when it formed part of the verb; to put the apostrophe in all other cases, unless the *e* was sounded *metri gratia*, when it should be accented. Verse, of course, is here thought of.

Did he ever use a rhyming dictionary? He had tried it in earlier days, but found it of little use: "There was no natural congruity between the rhymes thus alphabetically grouped together."

In regard to published criticism, more than once he remarked that it was his misfortune, and one which he felt unable to remedy,—to be little moved by praise, but long to remember points of censure.

A word may be here added on the illustrated editions of Tennyson's poetry. Whilst I believe he gratefully recognized the pains taken and skill shown by Maclise in "The Princess," by A. Hughes in "Enoch Arden," and the many eminent artists who were united to decorate the *Poems*, he would often say that in one sense these renderings did not satisfy him. "I can see every scene in my poems in the mind's eye: had I been trained to draw, I could set them all down according to my own idea of each." In this matter he must have envied the power which gives an exceptional value to many among his friend Thackeray's novels.

To take another point. Much discussion has been spent, or wasted, upon so-named "spontaneous" and "learned" poetry, and the great difference supposed to lie between these two classes. The distinction is, however, clearly one of more and less, not of essentially opposed kinds. The stream of art is always continuous; by the work of his predecessors every poet and painter is inevitably conditioned. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona;* and before Homer also.

It is among those poets with whom traceable references to their ancestors in art are frequent, allusions which, echo-like, multiply and sweeten their own strains; far-off hints, that render the spell over the soul more magical; that Tennyson, all know, is to be classed. Yet in whatever concerns the essence of his art, the substance of his verse, the form of his music, no poet (if I may venture the criticism) has truly been more constant to himself: *Qualis ab incepto:*—in the strict sense, more original. Tennyson's colouring indeed, the tone of his poems, has gradually passed from Titian to Rembrandt; the design, as a rule, has grown at once more precise and larger in style. Some flowers, but mostly from the gardens of old and of many lands, he has transplanted: in matter of form and substance he seems but little affected; and least by his own immediate contemporaries.

It is a favourite process of our day to trace the genesis of a poet as necessitated by the general circumstances of his period and country: as if he were evolved by natural law. An amusing instance of this very dubious argument, as applied to Tennyson, may be given.

Many years ago I met the accomplished French critic M. Taine. He asked whether Mr. Tennyson in his youth had not been given to luxurious living, and surrounded with things of costly beauty. I told how I had then lately visited him in the Camden Town Road second-floor lodgings: that he had gone on his way from College days with little of the world's goods, and that the picture of his style of life now drawn by the critic was imaginary. Whence had he learned it? "From the 'Recollections of the Arabian Nights,' and a few other early poems," M. Taine replied. I was glad of this meeting, as it happily enabled me to offer him a correction, perhaps of some little value, for the book upon English literature which

I understood he was preparing. Evidently his "siege was already made," at least in MS., for the lively critic listened with a disappointed air. However, when his elegant but somewhat flimsy and one-sided review of Tennyson soon after appeared, this conjecture about the poet's personal Sybaritism as the "milieu" of the early verses was barely perceptible.

Not a little ingenious labour has also wasted itself in the attempt to trace supposed previous authorities for this or that passage in Tennyson's poetry. Thus, to give another instance of these inferential fallacies; the influence of Shelley, supposed powerful and obvious in "The Lover's Tale" of 1827, I believe has been insisted on. Yet Tennyson recently assured me, when speaking of his early days, that the great lyrist was then, to his own belief, unknown to him. It was, in fact, after his College residence had begun (Feb. 1828) that Shelley became the study of the gifted Trinity circle.

Another and more vexatious error has now and then arisen from assignment to the poet's own opinion of the criticisms on life placed in the mouths of certain imaginary speakers. This misunderstanding may have been partly caused by the fact that he has carried the monodramatic form to a point of power and richness hitherto unreached, and employed it also on modern themes; more, however, from neglect by some readers to remember that in Monodrama it is essentially the mind of the character presented which lies before us, no less than in Drama proper. In each case the poet of course provides the sentiments and the words, but, even when these may happen in a general sense to accord with his own, they are only seen by us as modified in deference to the character: with the truth of which, not of his utterances, the poet is alone concerned. Shakespeare doubtless felt with, or perhaps through, Portia or Imogen: but this, because they represent womanhood in her simple loving graciousness. But the critic would almost exceed the wildness of Teutonic conjecture who should charge the dramatist with the misanthropy of Timon and Lear, or hold him personally identified with the mind of Juliet's nurse or of Emilia. Nor does any one fancy that Tennyson's view of the mediæval Church is embodied either in Queen Eleanor or Queen Mary. But enough upon a point so obvious, that notice of it is only justified by the somewhat perverse allega-

tions that Tennyson himself simply spoke his own thought through the madman-hero of "Maud," or the Hospital Nurse of "Emmie."[1] And, to close this subject, deeply as the spirit and the changes of his age, the great tidal waves of human thought, have moved Tennyson, throughout my intercourse, whilst he was ever ready to do justice to his contemporaries, yet never did I trace any symptom that he was affected by the latter in modes of thought or choice and treatment of his matter.

Returning now from these more general questions to actual life, let me put together such stray sayings as have survived in memory: poor gleanings, I fear, from that golden harvest of forty years.

Often, I believe, as life advanced, he would renew earlier familiarity with the great poets of all time; living habitually with the high society of Parnassus. Thus a portable copy of Homer which some friend had given him he had in his hands on our Cornish journey (1860), and kept sitting down to read as we wandered over a wild rock-island in the Scillies. We took Homer, however, so much for granted, that I do not recall many discussions in honour of *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. It would have seemed like praising "Monte Rosa."—On Pindar he once said, "He is a kind of Australian poet; has long tracts of gravel, with immensely large nuggets imbedded." This was in reference to the obscurity and inequality in the Odes: a hasty judgment, perhaps, on that colossal genius, if his work be closely studied as a whole.

One evening, in that upper room which could not be entered without a rising of the heart, a sense of exaltation, as of one admitted to the central shrine of Delphi, he read out off-hand Pindar's great picture of the life of Heaven in the

[1] This singular blindness may be exemplified by the following extract from a professedly scientific journal (1881). Every word in the "Children's Hospital," it should be remembered, comes from the mouth of the Hospital Nurse, and, as in all dramatic writing, is necessarily and rightly modified to express sentiments natural to such a speaker.

The paper begins by quoting a statement that "Another of the London hospitals is in danger of entering upon a career of rampant *nursedom*"; then adding: "It is somewhat significant that in the poem in which the Laureate has recently libelled the medical profession he contrasts an angelic nurse with the coarse unfeeling doctor."

The charge of libelling a profession which Lord Tennyson, like every rational man, notoriously held always in honour, is of course nothing but an unconscious witness to the dramatic force of his poem.

second Olympian into pure modern prose, splendidly lucid and musical. This feat, incomparably more difficult and effective than when the pseudo-poetic facile disguise of some archaic form of language is resorted to, so struck me, that I begged him to think of preparing a version of these all but unique relics of the Greek Heroic Ode for English readers. But he smiled and said that "in his mind the benefit of translation rested with the translator."[1] These were memorable words; but I fancy that ancient poets were at that moment before him. A decision even more trenchant by Shelley on the practical impossibility of translating poetry will be remembered by some readers.

"Why do you not write an Idyll upon the story of Ruth?" I once asked. The deep tone of conviction with which he answered still seems with me; "Do you think I could make it more poetical?"

Another time, late over the midwinter fire, reading the terrible lines in which Lucretius preaches his creed of human annihilation (Book iii. especially ll. 912-977, ed. Munro): and perhaps those (Book v. 1194-1217) on the uselessness of prayer, and the sublime but oppressive fear inevitable to the thoughtful mind in the awful vision of the star-lighted heavens: —so carried away and overwhelmed were the readers by the poignant force of the great poet, that, next morning, when dawn and daylight had brought their blessed natural healing to morbid thoughts, it was laughingly agreed that Lucretius had left us last night all but converts to his heart-crushing atheism.

More than once did Tennyson impress upon me that Milton, our "mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies," must have framed his metre upon that "ocean-roll of rhythm" which underlies the hexameters of Virgil: quoting as a perfect example the four lines, "Continuo ventis surgentibus . . ." (*Geor.* i. 356), in which the rising of a storm is painted. And similarly was he deeply moved by the Roman dignity which Horace has imparted to the Sapphic in the *Non enim gazæ* . . . (Book ii. 16): although in general Tennyson did not admire the Horatian treatment of that metre, which he would audaciously define, alluding to the "Adonic" fourth line, as "like a pig with its tail tightly curled." And he highly

[1] See p. 118.

valued the solemn pathos of that great but heart-saddening Elegy on Cornelia by Propertius, *Desine, Paulle* . . .

Not less fragmentary are the stray relics surviving from discourse on later poetry. I had put the scheme of my *Golden Treasury* before him during a walk near the Land's End in the late summer of 1860, and he encouraged me to proceed, barring only any poems by himself from insertion in an anthology whose title claimed excellence for its contents. And at the Christmas-tide following, the gathered materials, already submitted to the judgment of two friends of taste (one, the very able sculptor, T. Woolner, lately taken from us), were laid before Tennyson for final judgment. This judgment, in some very few cases then not followed, has been now (1891) carried out by omission of Constable's "Diaphenia," XV.; Sewell's "Damon," CLXIII., and Shelley's *Life of Life* . . .: about which Tennyson remarked that it was one of those flights in which the poet "seemed to go up, and burst." Between Shakespeare's Sonnets he hardly liked to decide, all were so powerful. With most by far of the pieces submitted he was already acquainted: but I seem to remember more or less special praise of Lodge's "Rosaline," of "My Love in her attire . . .": and the "Emigrant's Song," by Marvell. For some poems by that writer then with difficulty accessible, he had a special admiration: delighting to read, with a voice hardly yet to me silent, and dwelling more than once on the magnificent hyperbole, the powerful union of pathos and humour in the lines, "To his coy Mistress," where Marvell says

> Had we but world enough, and time,
> This coyness, lady, were no crime . . .
> . . . . I would
> Love you ten years before the Flood,
> And you should, if you please, refuse
> Till the conversion of the Jews. . . .
>
> But at my back I always hear
> Time's wingéd chariot hurrying near;
> And yonder all before us lie
> Deserts of vast Eternity. . . .

Youth, therefore, Marvell proceeds, is the time for love;

Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Through the iron gates of life:

on this line remarking that he could fancy *grates* would have intensified Marvell's image.

After reading Cowper's "Poplar Field": "People nowadays, I believe, hold this style and metre light; I wish there were any who could put words together with such exquisite flow and evenness." Presently we reached the same poet's stanzas to Mary Unwin. He read them, yet could barely read them, so deeply was he touched by their tender, their almost agonizing pathos. And once when I asked him for the "Lines on my Mother's Portrait," his voice faltered as he said he would, if I wished it; but he knew he should break down.

Petrarch, now stupidly undervalued, furnished a not dissimilar instance, in the ethereally-beautiful lines on the death of Laura ("Trionfo della Morte," Cap. i.):

Non come fiamma che per forza è spenta,
Ma che per se medesma si consume,
Se n' andò in pace l' anima contenta;
A guisa d' un soave e chiaro lume,
Cui nutrimento a poco a poco manca,
Tenendo al fin il suo usato costume.

I remember still the tenderness with which he dwelt on the words, the sigh of delight—almost perhaps, the tears—that came naturally to the sensitive soul, as he ended. "It is the pathos of *beauty*," Chateaubriand finely remarks, "which is the most perfectly pathetic."

And Petrarch's own contemporary English admirer, again, supplied Tennyson with another favourite passage; that in the "Knight's Tale," where Arcite, dying, commends his soul as a legacy to his love Emilie:

Alas the wo! alas the peinës strong . . .

* * * * *

What is this world? what axen men to have?
Now with his love, now in his coldë grave,
Alone withouten any compagnie.

It is with a doubly pathetic echo that the tone, amorously lingering, in which this dear friend always rendered Chaucer's last line, now returns to me.

These are small details, and somewhat egoistic: yet I hope for pardon. We shall hear that voice no more.

Here may be also noticed an incident of Tennyson's meeting with A. H. Clough, on a journey to the Pyrenees (1861). Clough's health was then fast failing; and Tennyson, speaking of him afterwards with the strong personal interest which he always exercised, as it were by some resistless spell, over those who knew him, said that Clough as he lay on the grass in some lovely valley near Cauteretz, had read aloud passages from his last and unfinished poem, the series of tales named "Mari Magno." These narratives of modern life have much delicately touched feeling, some passionate moments. "When he read them his voice faltered at times: like every poet, *he was moved by his own pathos.*"

Resuming Tennyson's *Golden Treasury* comments, which naturally fixed themselves in memory, another little poem greatly moved him: perhaps he was not very familiar with it: Scott's "Maid of Neidpath." This also he read, adding after the last stanza, "Almost more pathetic than a man has the right to be." We may perhaps say as much of "The Children's Hospital."

Tennyson was much struck by the plain force of Byron's "Elegy on Thyrza," and Moore's "Light of other Days"; saying of the last, "*O si sic omnia!*" In Wolfe's noble "Burial of Sir John Moore" he wished the last line but two could be changed; at the close of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" "Her evil *behaviour*" was a slight defect in that masterpiece. And the infelicitous "mermaid's song *condoles*" of the "Battle of the Baltic" tempted him to a "How easily could a little blot like this be cured! If we had but Tom Campbell in the room to point it out to him": adding, however, a tale how Rogers had done the same office for another poem; and how Campbell had bounced out of the room, with a "Hang it! I should like to see the man who would dare to correct me!"

Here let me add, that the selections from his own Lyrical poetry (1885), with the formation of which I was honoured by him, were submitted for his approval, and that those from

"In Memoriam" (peculiarly difficult to frame, from the reasons which I have noted above in regard to Shakespeare's Sonnets) follow a list which he gave me.

Memory supplies little else upon the poets. Shakespeare and Milton, as before observed, he read aloud by preference: always coming to *Paradise Lost* with manifest pleasure and reverent admiration: like Keats, devoted to

Miltonian storms, and more, Miltonian tenderness:

nor did voice and manner ever serve him better. I may name the passage describing the Gate of Heaven (*Par. Lost*, iii. 501-509), specially singled out for delicate beauty: and the great vision of Eden (Book iv. 205-311), which he read aloud at Ardtornish in Morvern (August, 1853), and often afterwards; dwelling always on the peculiar grace of lines 246-263. These are small points, and (with much else here written down) he would have laughed at me in his genial way for recording them. Yet some, I think, will look out the passages named, and read them with new interest.

One of Sir P. Sidney's songs to *Stella* he specially admired:

Only Joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care . . .

with its pretty refrain—

Take me to thee, and thee to me:
"No, no, no, no, my Dear, let be!"

From Donne he would quote the "Valediction, forbidding Mourning," the last four stanzas:

Our two souls . . .

where the poet compares himself to the moving leg, his love to the central, of the compass when describing a circle: praising its wonderful ingenuity. And similarly he would often quote the lines from the "Dunciad" upon the evening of Lord Mayor's Day:

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers *one day more.*

For their delicate music, again, he loved eight lines by his old friend S. Rogers, describing a girl imprisoned in some castle:

Caged in old woods . . .

Keats, more than once, he said, "promised securely more than any English poet since Milton."

Edgar Poe's "Raven," with all its skill, was too artificial for genuine poetry. That writer's ingenious narrative, in one of his prose essays, how the whole poem had been generated first from the vowel *O*, then from the word *more*, and so forth even to the details, he would not accept: it was another piece of artificiality.[1]

Tennyson often spoke of Goethe, in regard to his poetry. Much might be inferior: but as a lyrist certain pieces put him in the first rank. Amongst these favourites, which he gladly would read, were the "Nachgefühl": "Der Abschied," admired for its exquisite tenderness: he had *les larmes dans la voix* when he reached the second stanza,

Traurig wird in dieser Stunde . . .:

and perhaps even more did he prize the beautiful song "An den Mond," where I find he has in my copy tremulously pencil-marked the last two stanzas; familiar, doubtless, himself with the mysterious thoughts which at night-time "wander through the labyrinth of the bosom."

These poems are from Goethe's early *Lieder;* and in the same class of beauty is the much later "Elegie," of which Tennyson quoted two stanzas of "what I call Shakespearian beauty"; those beginning

Du hast gut reden . . .

and ending

Da bleibt kein Rath als gränzenlose Thränen.

Highly rated also, for solemn thought and deep calm insight into human life, were the well-known "Gränzen der Menschheit" and "Das Göttliche." On *Faust* I remember no remark.[2]

[1] He ranked Poe's tales very high as works of genius; see p. 43.

[2] The Prologue and songs in *Faust* he often quoted with lavish praise.—T.

Another poem, valued for its stately beauty and tender feeling for a friend, was that upon the sight of Schiller's skull; which he read out in the Inn at York (1853); on the same occasion, as it chanced, repeating that graceful piece of colour, the

Go not, happy day . . .

which found a place in "Maud"; at once pleased and amused by his "red man" and "red babe," as effective points of crimson in that rosy landscape. Of Heine, he did not find the songs remained with him in memory, like Goethe's.

A few scraps remain. It was with a sort of reverence that he would name certain poets of supreme dignity. Thus with Wordsworth. Yet critical truth compelled him, when the point was raised, to confess the inequality of Wordsworth's work, the heaviness of style seen somewhat too often in poems, the subjects of which more or less defied successful treatment. In these, he would say, "Wordsworth seemed to him *thick-ankled.*" "Crabbe has given us the most varied and numerous portraits of character after Shakespeare."—In G. Meredith's first little volume he was delighted by the "Love in a Valley" (as printed in 1851: the text in later issues has been greatly changed): in Rossetti's, the passion and imaginative power of the sonnet "Nuptial Sleep" impressed him deeply. And the writer will here ask pardon, if he does not deny himself the pleasure of noting that a little lyric of his own,

Ask what you will, my own and only Love,

was warmly praised by Tennyson. But enough, if not too much, of these side-gleams and snatches: although my hope is that in years to come, when Tennyson's great place in poetry shall be more fully and freely acknowledged than it has yet been, the slight notes here offered of the books and passages which he loved will have a peculiar interest of their own. One would surely give much for details of this nature upon Shakespeare or Milton.

Sir W. Scott's short tale, *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*[1] (how little known!), he once spoke of as the finest of all ghost

[1] *The Tapestried Chamber* also he greatly admired.

or magical stories. The novel by Michael Scott, *Tom Cringle's Log*, Tennyson greatly admired for its marvellous vividness of description: instancing the narrative of the approach to Santiago de Cuba in chapter xii. *Euphranor*, that little dialogue, lively and discursive, by his gifted friend Edward FitzGerald, which, here and there, in style comes so near Plato, he also highly esteemed; admiring especially (and no wonder!) the brilliant closing picture of a boat-race, with its glimpse of Whewell, "the high crest and blowing forelock of Phidippus's mare, and he himself shouting encouragement to his crew, conspicuous over all."

Tennyson about the same time, I think, commended to me warmly FitzGerald's famous *Omar* paraphrase, in which old Oriental thought is so marvellously refracted through the atmosphere of modern English style. This poem, at the date to which my literary notes mostly refer, was very scantily accessible to general readers in that limited first edition which contains the original preface in prose, one hardly knows whether more exquisite for its subtlety or its simplicity, and a text, not, perhaps, always altered in later issues to advantage. To the *Omar*, and its highly-valued author, Tennyson afterwards did public honour in the "Prologue and Epilogue to 'Tiresias'": two lyrics which, short as they are, truly rank among masterpieces of rendering, in pure poetry, the humorous and the pathetic sides of common life: balanced evenly between realistic and ideal treatment: truly, a rare triumph.

Gentleness, discriminating yet ever tolerant criticism, resolute,—indeed, indignant—rejection of all "literary gossip," to sum up the general impression left, marked Tennyson's attitude towards contemporary writers. I remember once attempting a silly joke about "balderdash" in reference to a recently published poem by S. Dobell. "That was a very easy and weak way of trying to dispose of a book," he at once said (nor was this the only time in which he performed analogous acts of a true friend's kindness); and then went on to point out the real merits of *Balder*; although, as he also noted about Mrs. B. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," the fault was that both works, striking as they were in many phrases, might rather be defined as "organizable lymph" than as compacted and vertebrate poems. And so, when I once casually remarked, Poland

being mentioned, that all interest about that country was now dead, he replied with deep earnest feeling how passionately he in youth, and still, felt for the cruel fate of Poland; and that such insensibility was morally wrong.

Kindness of heart, a deep and constant sense of human limitations, wide knowledge, natural refinement and penetration, the union of these essential elements in that much disputed quality, good taste, brought with it that rare and delightful result, the power of doing equal justice to the small as the great things of art. Hence of all critics known to me Tennyson most surely and fairly would point out for praise the successful touches in minor poetry. Much as he loved Horace, he rose above the epigrammatic narrowness of his brilliant *Non di, non homines* . . . : deeply conscious how difficult all fine art is, uniting always charity with justice, and prompt to be "kindly to his kind."

Let me in conclusion put together a few scattered memories (aided here by a brief journal) of the later visits when I was allowed to enjoy the society of this friend, faithful and true for more than forty years.

During many, perhaps most, of the summers since my first journey to Aldworth in the autumn of 1869, when the family was hardly yet settled in their new home, it was thither (not as of old, to Farringford) that its convenient vicinity to London led me.

Thus, on October 27th, 1886, he read aloud to me that piece of almost too terrible beauty, the "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," in which he has concentrated a wealth of thought and observance of life, a passion, whether of tenderness or of "world-sorrow," such as had been reached neither in the youthful "Locksley," nor in the later "Maud." When, truly, has our Virgil-Lucretius thrown his whole soul into song more completely than in these (if of any human work one may speak so) imperishable lines, dark as they are with the sadness by which the poet ransoms, as it were, his prophetic insight into Humanity? As he read them, in the spacious dimly-lighted room, with that "large utterance" before noticed, it was a scene such as only Rembrandt, in his mood of deepest intensity, could have adequately rendered.

The phrase "Virgil-Lucretius" I have used above, thinking of the second "Locksley Hall" and perhaps a few other lesser lyrics of Tennyson's later years, when the sense of the enormous significance of Life and of Death, of Here and Hereafter, Shadow and Substance, always vividly realized together by him, had naturally grown more vivid. Yet the gay boyish humour, the sunny sweetness, the delight in life, these never failed. For those solemn words, *as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing*, might be truly applied to the innermost being of this poet, whether in regard to his life, or his poetry. The man, rather than the writer, has been the subject of my story: but perhaps a few words of general survey may be permitted. It is, however, for "the days that remain" to bear witness to his real place in the great hierarchy, amongst whom Dante boldly yet justly ranked himself. But if we look at Tennyson's work in a two-fold aspect:—*Here*, on the exquisite art in which, throughout, his verse is clothed, the lucid beauty of the form, the melody almost audible as music, the mysterious skill by which the words used constantly strike as the *inevitable* words (and hence, unforgettable), the subtle allusive touches, by which a secondary image is suggested to enrich the leading thought, as the harmonic "partials" give richness to the note struck upon the string: *There*, when we think of the vast fertility in subject and treatment, united with happy selection of motive, the wide range of character, the dramatic force of impersonation, the pathos in every variety, the mastery over the comic and the tragic alike, above all, perhaps, those phrases of luminous insight which spring direct from imaginative observation of Humanity, true for all time, coming from the heart to the heart—his work will probably be found to lie somewhere between that of Virgil and Shakespeare: having its portion, if I may venture on the phrase, in the inspiration of both.

In Nov. 1888 I visited Aldworth shortly after death had suddenly carried off my dearly-loved adventurous brother Gifford (September 30) at Montevideo. He first met Tennyson in 1864, when the curious remark about the Arabian influence operative upon "Locksley Hall," already recorded, was made: and again in 1868. They saw each other no more until, in the late summer of 1887, Mr. A. Macmillan kindly brought Gifford to Aldworth for an afternoon from his house at Lip-

hook not far distant. Tennyson now read to me the beautiful lines named "Ulysses" after the title of my brother's last narrative of travel: a commemoration the honour of which he did not live to enjoy. "I think he was the cleverest man I ever met," when speaking of that visit, Tennyson twice said, and his remark has been repeated to me by other witnesses. And I may perhaps be allowed to refer to my dear brother's narrative of his journey through Central Arabia, to the "Ulysses" and other volumes, as the justification of that eulogy, *laudes viri laudatissimi.*

In 1889 I found Tennyson in the gradual process of recovery from the terrible illness of the preceding year, when (as Sir A. Clark said to me at the time) "he had been as near death as a man could be without dying." Doubtless, from the care of that great physician, who has now followed him to the grave, Tennyson had received all the aid which human skill could give. And (at all but eighty) so great were his physical powers that he led me down one of his favourite walks to the Sussex weald some 400 feet below the house, and then climbed the hill, with steps that allowed no hesitation to his companions, and resting only here and there; as indeed the heat of July and the charm of a landscape so singularly beautiful rendered natural. That most true friend, one of the very few who, I think, really replaced for Tennyson the old fraternal circle of Trinity, the Duke of Argyll, was our companion. He was the sole other visitor at the time: and he will, I hope, not grudge my saying that never did I listen to better talk than that between those two as we sate at tea on the garden terrace. Even that noble view, sixty miles of landscape fading into the blue downs of Kent, the "immense plain" which Tennyson confessed "sometimes weighed upon his spirits," would have been unheeded by a lover of Nature, seeing it for the first time, in presence of discourse so equal, so sincere, so satisfying; never trifling, yet never didactic; poised equally, as it seemed to me, between seriousness and humour:

Partem aliquam, venti, divom referatis ad auris!

one might have excusably said. From the indestructibility of Force some indeed have argued that the air-waves of sound somewhere in the Unknown preserve every human word ever

spoken. But from my memory, alas! that discourse has been swept into the void.

Upon this occasion it was that I noted Tennyson's first open concession to age and "the years as they retreated." Hitherto, after dinner and dessert, and a short time to himself, his guests had been invited to the poet's own room, whether first the attic at Farringford, or the high hall provided next at Aldworth, *novo Sublime ritu . . . atrium*, or that added in "the Island" home: in one or other of which, with an interlude, perhaps, below stairs, we might sit, and smoke, talk or be silent, hearing often the latest poem, through hours which no one cared to number. But in 1889 the interval of solitude was prolonged to 10 P.M. or later; the session, however, when it came, was hardly abridged.

At Aldworth in July 1890 a friendliness welcomed me even more delicate and tender than I had met since the days of Twickenham. The greatest of all losses had fallen on me: I could not have come, but for the thought not only of the years during which the affection rendered me by Tennyson and his devoted wife had never slackened, but of the years, also, now gathering over them. In contrast to such thoughts, I found the house brightened by the presence of the baby Lionel, and the grandfather himself seemingly restored to earlier health. On the terrace he asked if I should care to hear a classical legend which he had lately completed upon the lines of an early attempt. I thought it would have been read from the MS. But he began at once where we sat, in the left-hand recess, and repeated without pause or lapse of memory the whole of that beautiful "Œnone" which, latest to appear of all his Hellenic Idylls, is perhaps the one most instinct with the peculiar grace of Grecian simplicity.[1]

Illness in 1891 deferred a visit till October, when, after the lapse of near thirty years (traversing the street which meanwhile had grown up from Yarmouth onwards, "roofs of slated hideousness"), I was once more beneath the shelter of Farringford and among its trees, that ilex-*silva . . . iugerum paucorum*, so loved by its owner, which had meanwhile grown up to bowery overshadowing massiveness. Much lessened were now

[1] My father often said that this second "Œnone" had more of the pure Greek simplicity than the first "Œnone."—T.

the hours of converse: for the first time during three-and-forty years the evening session was in general exchanged for rest. But the bright welcome, the readiness to please, the charm, even the ever-youthfulness which made it difficult to think of him and old age together, all were there.

But we are nearing the end. In May, 1892, bodily decline had now too distinctly set in. The extent of this was unknown to me; nor, though lessened physical strength was perceptible, with Tennyson's unconquerable vigour of mind, and recent seeming rescue from the very grasp of death, did I admit any final fear. To those who love, such old age in fact appears as if already immortal.

Daily, from the little bower beyond the bridge, at the foot of his great Down, now no longer, as of old, constantly, except in mid-winter, climbed and traversed, to the Needles' lighthouse, did I accompany him in a narrower two-mile circuit of his fields and farms and cottages. One picturesque little group, which Tennyson had built, and marked with tablets bearing the conjoined initials of his wife and himself, we found receiving graceful record at the hand of Mr. Birket Foster.[1] Tennyson was suffering from cough, by which, always physically sensitive in a high degree, he was much depressed. But the old self would ever and anon break forth, as he pointed out to me some choice bit of that peculiar miniature beauty which marks the yet-unspoiled portions of the Island, or where in past days he had enjoyed the society of that singularly attractive and valued friend, Mr. W. G. Ward. Ward's fervent Catholicism is well known; with Monteith, Simeon, and Aubrey de Vere, also friends so highly and so justly prized, he was devoted to the Roman Church. But it was eminently characteristic of Tennyson that this difference in belief seemed always only to strengthen the union between them.

Let me once more, as at the beginning of these notes, ask pardon, if, with too little of worth to tell, and too much, perhaps, of egotism, I linger over my story. At the close of this visit my hosts asked, "Would not I bring my daughters for a sight of Aldworth when Summer came?" Thus it was that, the customary migration from Farringford being some-

[1] Mrs. Allingham's pictures of the Farringford cottages are well known to those who attend her exhibitions, and were much liked by Tennyson.

what delayed, July 19th, 1892, proved to be the last earthly meeting-time and sight of him whose friendship had been to me from youth onwards among the greatest blessings of life,—the most instructive, the most elevating.

"*Praise*," said Wordsworth, "*is a dangerous thing*": and, except inferentially or as it were inevitably, my desire has been to exclude it from these *Memorabilia*; if, indeed, I am not, rather, liable to censure for an unrepented unheroic over-familiarity. Now, however, whilst traversing the steep road from Haslemere to Blackdown, between ancient seemly cottages such as England only shows, and then, shadowy hedgerow trees, to the open downs, it seemed strange to my dear companions and me to remember that this visit was not only to the one who in all English-speaking lands could be truly named of all Englishmen at once both the most widely known and the most uniformly admired, but who also was, at any rate throughout every region of European civilization, absolutely the greatest of living poets. But the simple kindliness of greeting which the girls met from Tennyson with his wife and son and son's wife soon put aside the sense of approaching Royalty. And we had the added happiness of a day when, free from special pain or weakness, we found ourselves with Tennyson in his almost boy-like humour of openness and enjoyment, and seeking only how to make the pleasure of the visit more pleasant to youthful guests. Laughingly he pointed out how, though unable then to boast of the luxuriance of locks conspicuous in that excellent *chiar' oscuro* portrait by Laurence (now at Aldworth), through which he was first made familiar to every one, yet there was not a single white hair on his head. Over-ruling a little remonstrance from Hallam upon his cough, he took the sheets of the then-unpublished "Churchwarden," and read it through with due justice to the Lincolnshire dialect, clearly as ever, and like all true humourists, slyly enjoying his own fun. For as unless he weeps himself, who would make us weep, so it is with laughter.

Then followed a curious episode. Rain was falling, and only a short walk through the beautiful garden and hillside below Aldworth possible. So a phonograph which Mr. Edison, a few years back, had presented to Tennyson was brought forth and set in motion. Into this machine, at the time when

given, he had spoken the Bugle-song from "The Princess,"—a lyric which, through its cadences from loud to low, from voice to echo, was specially adapted to display the powers of the instrument.[1] After a concert and some other show-pieces, followed this song. Tennyson said he could not now recite it with the fulness of voice which was his when he gave it to the keeping of the phonograph: yet, at my request, ever-kind, he repeated the first stanza; and indeed there was little to be missed in his intonation. We found then, what the preceding musical reproductions had led me to expect, that it was a rough sketch of the real voice which we had heard, but all the finer tones, the higher delicate notes omitted. Tennyson remarked that the necessity of a decided *diminuendo* in the last line of his song had rendered the final words (which were inaudible) too faint for the wave of sound to record. When, however, the (second) "Northern Farmer" followed, that poem, spoken to the phonograph with less musically dramatic effect, was rendered more perfectly.

In this case the sound was carried to the ears of each person singly by elastic tubes. Hence all that was experienced by the rest of the party was an utterance at the mouth (so to speak) of the machine, of shrill tones almost too thin for hearing. Tennyson called it "the squeak of a dying mouse": and then, with a certain shade of sadness in the voice, "I often think *that* represents fame after a man's death; the *other*, contemporary glory." This was one of the very few occasions on which I have heard him touch on that subject, not perhaps, always treated by poets with such reticence.

This allusion to fame suggested to him two small stories which may be already known, although new to his hearers. Farringford, several years since, was the scene of both. Some traveller passing the gate in a carriage hired at Freshwater asked "Whose house was this?" "Nobody's in particular," the driver replied. "But whose is it?" "Mr. Tennyson's." "Do you call him nobody? He is a great man!" "He a great man! why, he only keeps one man, and he don't sleep in the house."

[1] Tennyson's baby grandson laughed uproariously as his father shouted down the tube; Tennyson thereupon laughed into the phonograph after the words—"Blow, bugle, blow"; and this laugh has a most weird effect on the reproduction.

Again: "A lady had been staying with us, and brought her maid. As the visit came to an end, she began a gossip with one of our housemaids (a temporary one) upon the family. 'What do you think of Mrs. Tennyson?' 'O, she is an angel!' 'And what of your master?' 'Why (with an inexpressibly scornful air), he is only a public writer.'"

Trivial tales, are they not? Yet they may serve to show how the lightsome spirit of youth, the "royal heart of innocence" survived, even though he was already far on in mortal sickness. And thus, even as he himself wished it of what soon, too soon, was to come, there was no sadness about our parting that evening: only the long-known cordial grasp, the little *tenerezza* in the voice. I said to myself, "This we need not think of as Farewell." Six days later, the Duke of Argyll paid his last visit, and judged the situation more truly and more mournfully.

One word, as we quit this memorable family group, may be ventured upon that beauty of united life which for more than forty years I ever found the atmosphere of the house: the chivalrous tone of that "school for husbands," as I often named it to myself: the high spiritual nature and aim, "yes, higher than I am," he once said when twilight favoured such confidence, of her to whom the most deeply-felt of all his lines were addressed:

Dear, near, and true

to him from youth to age, the counsellor to whom he never looked in vain for aid and comfort; but who now (May, 1893), in the words of Arthur Hallam's father, "submits to the righteous Will of Heaven which has ordained her to be his survivor."

Imperfect, sad, yet with a certain sweetness, my task is now ended. It is for others, for those nearer and dearer, for friends of more skill and insight, to frame some portrait in words of this man, emphatically not less good than great in the full range of his character. My attempt throughout has been only to offer truly, and "nothing extenuated," such lesser incidental traits as may, taken together, present a partial resemblance for the reader's own judgment. But the sketch will be a failure

if it does not give those who care to read it the one impression which, above all others, these three-and-forty years of unwavering friendship have left with me as the dominant note of Alfred Tennyson,—Loveableness.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF TENNYSON, BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

My dear Hallam,

Were it not that even details, which would be trivial when they concern ordinary men, may well be of lasting interest when they concern one of the immortals I should reluctantly attempt to add anything to the many personal characteristics which you have so well indicated in your memorial pages. But having enjoyed your father's friendship for forty years I may be allowed on your invitation to say a few words about him.

The first words I heard him utter remain indelibly impressed upon my memory. On being introduced to him at an evening party in the house of Lord John Russell, I said, perhaps with some emotion, "I am so glad to know you." Not in the tone or voice of a mere conventional reply, but in the accents of sincere humility he answered, "You won't find much in me—after all." The effect which these words produced upon me at the moment was deepened every time I saw him. Your father was a man of the noblest humility I have ever known. It was not that he was unconscious of his own powers. It was not that he was indifferent to the appreciation of them by others. But it was that he was far more continually conscious of the limitations upon them in face of those problems of the universe with which, in thought, he was habitually dealing. In his inner spirit he seemed to me to be always feeling his own later words:

"But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."

In close connection with this frame of mind was the profound reverence of his character. In speculation he was often bold—in a sense he was sometimes even daring. But he was always reverent,—hating all levity or flippancy in thought or language about divine things. He was full of a kind of awful wonder,—of a silent worship. His direct theological utterances were few. But he said enough to show that he clung to the divine truths of the "creed of creeds." Although perfectly tolerant as regarded the doubts and difficulties of his time, he was impatient of any rough or contemptuous treatment of the great Christian verities, and sometimes indignantly rebuked it. Both his reverence and his humility were revolted by disdain. On one of the last occasions on which I ever walked with him in his garden at Aldworth, it had been a wet day and all the grass and shrubs were dripping with rain. We were walking in single file to avoid brushing the drop-laden boughs, when after something had been said in our conversation which brought up this subject, he suddenly stopped, turned round, confronted me, and said "I hate scorn" with an emphasis which showed how deep-seated in his nature that hatred was. We must all remember how finely this sentiment is expressed in the description of Modred in "Guinevere."

The absolute truthfulness of your father was a striking feature in his character. We are too apt to think of this as common, and so it is, up to a conventional standard which is determined by the public opinion of society from time to time. But in its highest manifestations, as they were seen in him, I always think that truthfulness is one of the rarest of human attributes. The degrees are innumerable in which truth is more or less compromised in the usages of society, in the pursuit of politics, and of business, as well as in controversy of all kinds. Your father's nature was in all things so simple and sincere that it made him sometimes abrupt and apparently rough in manner.

I recollect an amusing instance of this which occurred many years ago. At that time it was rather usual in a certain literary circle to give breakfasts in London at which very often there were most agreeable parties gathered together from all directions of the compass. Macaulay, Bishop Wilberforce,

Lord Mahon, and Monckton Milnes were among the hosts whose breakfasts were most agreeable. I and my wife did our best occasionally to follow their example. On one occasion we had invited an excellent selection of friends to whom we were ambitious enough to hope that we might add the illustrious poet. He was then often with us, reading the proof-sheets of the "Idylls," and on one of these occasions the Duchess, who was an intense admirer, ventured to approach the subject, saying "We have got so and so, and so and so, and so and so to breakfast with us next Wednesday morning at ten A.M. Do you think, Mr. Tennyson, that you could be persuaded to join our party?" Your father's reply left no room for further negotiations. It was simple and effective. "I should hate it, Duchess."

The inexhaustible fountains of tenderness opened in his poetry, and which "In Memoriam" more especially revealed, could hardly have been suspected from his manner. In his deeper feelings he was intensely reserved. I was therefore all the more gratified and surprised by an indication of personal friendship which was granted to me very near the close of his life. I was to return to London next morning from a visit to Aldworth. Your mother had been at dinner and had bidden us good-night as usual. When, about an hour later, your father took me up to his smoking-room, as was also usual with him, we were surprised to find your mother lying on the sofa there. Your father expressed his astonishment and said, "My dear, you ought to have gone to bed long ago." Her kind reply was, "Oh, I wished to say good-bye to the Duke again as he leaves us to-morrow morning." At that moment you entered the room and at once carried your mother off. Your father, somewhat moved as I thought, occupied himself with putting fresh coals on the fire. Then, turning to me, he said in a deep and solemn voice, without mentioning your mother's name, "It is a tender, spiritual face,—is it not?" A better description, so full of truth and of poetry, could not be given of your mother's beautiful countenance, which I had so long known and had so often admired. These are the words I have interwoven into the last verse of the Elegy[1] written on your father's death, and which your mother was so good as to accept with

[1] *Burdens of Belief, and other Poems* (J. Murray).

some kind expressions of appreciation which have been a great pleasure to me.

Although I was a younger man than your father by a good many years, I am old enough to remember the first shining of his light above the horizon, and I have seen its steady culmination in a perfect day.

Very few men of the generation whose tastes have been formed on the older poets, and who had, for the most part, resisted even the popularity of Wordsworth, could easily appreciate your father's earlier poetry. It involved not only new rhythms, but also entirely new moods and tendencies of thought. Among those who stood absolutely aloof was Lord Macaulay. I had the happiness of being the medium of introduction through which he was at last subdued. When your father entrusted me with the proof-sheets of "Guinevere" I took them to Macaulay who was my next-door neighbour for some years before his death. I left the poem with him, telling him I would return next day to hear his opinion. I found him absolutely subdued, and I was much amused and interested in the few vain attempts he made even to qualify his admiration. He was, by natural disposition, highly critical. Himself a master in English prose composition, and the writer of some very beautiful bits of poetry, he could not easily surrender at discretion before an author whom he had hitherto regarded as at best the writer of some pretty lyrics. It was therefore with delight, but also with some surprise, that I heard him accost me at once, in a deeply impressed voice, with exclamations of unfeigned and reverent admiration. "Oh, it is very beautiful —very beautiful indeed," he repeated several times. Then, more moved than he was quite willing to confess, he tried to recover himself by making some critical reservations. "There is of course—" he would begin by saying,—or, "It is to be noticed however—," or some such phrase—repeated several times, but always broken off by a simple renewal of "Oh, it is very beautiful—very beautiful indeed—most touching." I confess I left him with a sense of your father's complete triumph over a very competent judge,—premonitory (as I felt assured) of his conquest over the living world and over the generations that are to come.

It was somewhere about the same time that I heard, and

took a subordinate part in, a very interesting discussion in my own house on the question how far it is possible for any generation whatever to predict, with even tolerable security, how far any poet, however popular in his own time, would maintain at all a corresponding place in the estimate of future ages. The interlocutors in the discussion were old Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and Lord Clarendon. The result seemed to be a general agreement that such a foreseeing is impossible. I venture to doubt the impossibility although fully admitting the many untraceable elements of deception. In your father's case I rest my assured confidence in his immortality on two strong foundations:—first, the mass, variety and elevation of thought in his poetry; and, secondly, the extraordinary perfection of form by which it is distinguished. It seems to me that for example "In Memoriam" can never die until our existing world has passed away. Sorrow is always at home here. And sorrow has never had such a voice to express all its moods whether terrible or tender. Again, your father's blank verse is as peculiar as it is magnificent. Not even the stately march of Elizabethan English in its golden time, can overpass it in sweetness or in strength. In its description of Nature in all her aspects, it is quite incomparable,—as for example, in "The Gardener's Daughter," or in the description of the thunderstorm in "Vivien."

But I must not run on into an essay on so large a subject as his poetry. I am speaking now only of what I conceive to be a few of the elements in it which may well give us an assurance of its immortality. To have been numbered amongst his personal friends I esteem as one of the greatest honors of my life.

Yours affectionately,
ARGYLL.

LETTER FROM GLADSTONE

FROM THE RIGHT HONBLE. W. E. GLADSTONE

HAWARDEN, *Oct.* 22, 1897.

MY DEAR TENNYSON,

I have now finished reading your monumental book. This has been for me an exploit, in my state of vision, and amidst other physical impediments. For *all* who read the work, its perusal must be a delight. But, speaking for myself, I find it to deserve another description, more than either of those which I have given. It is a discipline. This discipline involves a great lesson of humility. I have found myself rebuked in every page. I did not know, or I had not made the conception a reality to myself, how great the man would stand by the side of his great works. It was indeed well for me that, guided by a sober instinct, I excused myself from compliance with your truly flattering suggestion that I should send to you for publication such observations as I might have to make about him. It is delightful to see marshalled around him the noble hierarchy of his friends. For my part I find myself mentally promoting one or other of those friends, according to the position which they had attained within his inner circle. On only one of them will I make a remark, one whom I could not promote, for he is already at the top: of course I mean Arthur Hallam. Your father's life makes me feel with a revived keenness how great a loss that was. *He* I think could have done something even for your father: he could have helped even to integrate your father, and to enhance his greatness, through the wonderful maturity of his mind.

One lesson much impressed upon me by the Life

is how little I ought to say about it; how little I ought to say, because how little I know. The fact is that the whole material bulk, so to speak, of my intercourse with your father was but small. But I feel that small as it may have been, it ought to have been far more fruitful than it was. I am ashamed and astonished to think how little I did to turn my opportunities to account. It certainly was not his fault. Everywhere in your volumes I am treated with an extraordinary tenderness, and am appreciated far more than I deserve. I am driven to find excuses on my own behalf for my slowness and denseness in this matter. Some such I find in the cruelly absorbing nature of my profession, and the crowded labours of my life, which have made the word *leisure* for me like a word in an unknown tongue. Friendship outside the walls of Parliament and the Cabinet has been for me a thing paralysed and starved. However I have *now* been admitted to the spectacle of your father's life and character; and it is indeed a great spectacle. I unship, I discharge from my mind every political question: not because I am wholly at variance with him, but because a discussion of any differences between us would be unprofitable. I also pass by some questions of religious phraseology; such as those concerning the Holy Eucharist; yet here I will suffer myself to remind you of the great and wise words of Queen Elizabeth—

> Christ was the Word, that spake it;
> He took the bread, and brake it;
> And what His word did make it
> Such I receive and take it.

Approaching the life and personality as a whole, it is truly noble, and *that* I always conceive to be the *highest*

among epithets of praise. Comparing myself with him, I see him pursue, all along, an eagle's flight high in the empyrean, while I have been trudging and grovelling on the earth. All this renders the book a grave and salutary lesson, and makes me grateful to you for it. It also leads me to offer you my congratulations on the unsparing piety with which you have devoted yourself to this work, and made yourself both the servant and the partaker of your father's fame. I think that he was a soul both elect and exceptional, and that God had methods of treatment for him not altogether identical with His ordinary dealings, but constituting an education adapted to its high purpose. For me it is an edifying duty to look on, and adore the wisdom which is "fulfilling itself in many ways," and the ultimate disclosures of which will probably cause the whole of our present knowledge to seem as nothing in the comparison. . . .

Ever yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

EPILOGUE

(*Unpublished*)

Speak to me from the stormy sky !
  The wind is loud in holt and hill,
  It is not kind to be so still :
Speak to me, dearest, lest I die.

Speak to me, let me hear or see !
  Alas, my life is frail and weak :
  Seest thou my faults and wilt not speak ?
They are not want of love for thee.

APPENDIX

Summer tours that my father made with me, 1881 *to* 1892

1881. Sherwood, with a view to "Robin Hood" and "The Foresters."
1882. Dovedale.
1883. Voyage in the *Pembroke Castle* to the Orkneys, Norway, and Copenhagen.
1884. Rowfant (the Locker-Lampsons').
1885. Gavelacre. Mr. Stewart Hodgson's farm on the Test.
1886. Cromer and Cambridge.
1887. In the *Stella* to St. David's, Clovelly, Tintagil and Channel Isles.
1888. Chichester and Kingly Vale.
1889. In the *Sunbeam* to Cornwall and Devon.
1890. Holmbury and Monkshatch near Guildford.
1891. In the *Assegai* to Exmouth and Dulverton.
1892. In the *Assegai* to Guernsey, Sark, and Jersey.

GERMAN TRANSLATIONS

My father's works have been translated into various languages in many parts of the world. In France *Enoch Arden* and the *Idylls of the King* are popular, and have been placed on the Code of Public Instruction. The German translations are the most numerous. A list is appended, sent me by Baron von Tauchnitz :

Title.	Translator.	Date of publication.	Publisher.
Gedichte	W. Hertzberg	1853, 1868	Gebrüder Katz in Dessau
In Memoriam		1854	Vieweg und Sohn in Braunschweig
Ausgewählte Gedichte	H. Fischer	1853	Th. Enslin in Berlin
Aylmer's Feld	H. A. Feldmann	1870	H. Gruning, Hamburg
„ „	F. W. Weber	1869	F. Naumann, Leipzig
Ausgewählte Dichtungen	H. A. Feldmann	1870	H. Gruning, Hamburg
Enoch Arden	R. Schellwien	1867	H. C. Huch, Quedlinburg
„ „	R. Waldmüller	1869, 1875, 1880, 1883	H. Gruning, Hamburg
„ „	F. W. Weber	1869, 1878	F. Naumann, Leipzig
Enoch Arden, Godiva	H. A. Feldmann	1870, 1872, 1880	H. Gruning, Hamburg
Freundes Klage	R. Waldmüller, Duboc	1870, 1871, 1879	„ „
Königs-Idyllen	W. Schotz	1867	Georg Reimer, Berlin
Ausgewählte Dichtungen	A. Strodtmann	1868	Bibliographisches Institut, Leipzig
„ „	M. Rugard	1872	Newmann Hartmann, Ebbing
Königs-Idyllen	H. A. Feldmann	1872	H. Gruning, Hamburg
Zum Gedächtniss	A. von Bohlen	1874	Gebrüder Bornträger, Berlin
Enoch Arden	C. Hessel	1873	Th. Reclam jun., Leipzig
„ „ illustrirt	A. Strodtmann	1876, 1881, 1891	G. Grote, Berlin
Harold	Graf Wickenburg	1880	H. Gruning, Hamburg

Title.	Translator.	Date of publication.	Publisher.
Enoch Arden	C. Eichholz	1881	T. F. Richter, Hamburg
„ „		1887	Verlags Anstalt, Hamburg
„ „ illustrirt	R. Waldmüller, Duboc	1885	H. Gruning, Hamburg
„ „ Volks-Ausgabe	„ „	1883, 1891, 1892, 1893	„ „
Königs-Idyllen	C. Weiser	1884	Th. Reclam jun., Leipzig
Enoch Arden	H. Griebenow	1889	Otto Hendel, Halle
Bilder und Gestalten, illustrirt	Paget und Dickses	1890	Th. Strofer, München
Ausgewählte Dichtungen	A. Strodtmann	1887	Bibliographisches Institut, Leipzig
Locksley Hall	R. B. Esmarch	1888	F. A. Perthes, Gotha
„ „	F. Freiligrath	1888	H. Gruning, Hamburg
„ „	T. Feis	1888	„ „
Maud. Ein Gedicht	F. W. Weber	1891	F. Schoningh, Paderborn
Enoch Arden und Andere Dichtungen	A. Strodtmann	1892	W. Fiedler, Leipzig
„ „ „ „ „	M. Mendheim	1893	„ „
Aylmer's Feld	H. Griebenow	1893	H. Gesenius, Halle
Balladen und Lyrische Gedichte	von Harbon	1894	O. Brandner, Charlottenburg
Aylmer's Feld	E. V. Zenker	1893	Otto Hendel, Halle

F. Freiligrath translated some of the shorter poems.

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